

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



The Far East

ITOOK from three to five years for the results of the First World War to develop a full head of political pressure in Asia. It is therefore not surprising that only now, a year and a half after V-J Day, is it becoming possible to measure political events and trends in Asia after the Second World War with sufficient accuracy to make meaningful comparisons with the post-war Asia of twenty or twenty-five years ago.

Already two great changes stand out. Russia, which for some years after the First World War was a wavering question mark, has become a solid exclamation point. And in the field of Asiatic nationalism, there has been a major shift from the plane of theory to the plane of action.

A quarter of a century ago, a man like Sun Yat-sen could see clearly, in theory, what he wanted, but methods were still experimental. The personnel of nationalist revolution was top-heavy with generals and colonels and fatally weak in steady, dependable sergeants. Today, nationalism is a going concern. Both its conservatives and its leftists know how to tap and organize political manpower by deliberate selection along lines of social and economic interest.

These two great changes must be analyzed in combination. A quarter of a century ago the great powers had not yet conceded the ability of the Bolsheviks to survive even in Russia. The powers which invaded Russia and backed the Kolchaks and the Denikins were also the major colonial powers. The Russians, in their struggle for survival, therefore shouted the most bloodcurdling slogans they could think up, in order to incite the colonial peoples and create a diversion in the rear of the governments which were trying to stop the Revolution. In the colonial countries, however, and among the colonial peoples, Russian policy had no real roots.

Even the most radical colonial leaders who began to call themselves Communists were not Russian-trained. They were intellectuals, few in number, who had been in contact with Western European radical thought, and they were labor leaders, even fewer in number, who had learned something of the technique of trade-union organization. The Russians could in fact do very little in the way of creating colonial unrest; all that they could do was to take advantage of colonial unrest already existing.

The shift in combination can thus be well expressed by pointing out that now it is the colonial nationalists and revolutionaries who are in a position to take advantage of the fact that Russia exists. Russia — and not just Russia, but the Soviet Union, under Communist leadership and with a socialized economy — is a solid fact.

Asia's leadership

Leftist leaders in Asia now believe that they can speed up the emancipation of their own peoples either under conditions of world hostility toward Russia or under conditions of world coöperation. If coöperation is to be the policy, they can take part in the general coöperation. If hostility is to be the policy, then they can put pressure from the rear on any country that has turned its face in hostility against Russia.

Moderate leaders believe that the balance of world power between Russia and the Anglo-American bloc leaves them room for maneuver. They have long abandoned the Gandhi dream of a return to an idyllic, unmechanized, pre-Western — and unreal — Asiatic past. They are convinced that, however much they dislike their rulers, they must borrow techniques of political organization and economic production from these rulers if they are to survive in the modern world.

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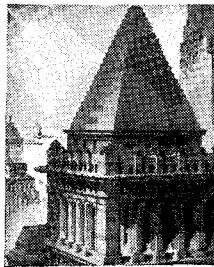
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Many of them believe that they can also borrow from the Soviet Union short-cut methods of education, political mobilization, and speeded-up economic progress without being captured themselves by Communism, or even Socialism. They can maintain freedom of choice, however, only as long as the balance between the Russians and the capitalist countries remains a balance.

The moderate leaders therefore resist Russian infiltration and excessive leftward trends within their own countries; but they also resist pressure from the outside to make them climb on any anti-Russian bandwagon. They feel safer with a capitalist world to hold Russia in check; but they also feel safer with a Russia strong enough to prevent capitalism from reverting to wide-open imperialism.

For the moment, however, it is the rightists of Asia who are most active; and they, too, take advantage of the existence of Russia. Last thing at night, the rightists of Japan remind General MacArthur to look under the bed for subversive trade-unions.

They have maneuvered Mr. George Acheson, MacArthur's political spokesman, into the weird position of defending not only the state of affairs in Japan but Japanese aims as "virtually identical with the Allied aims." Allied aims are presented and defended as aims which allow the Russians no elbowroom. Since the anti-Russian Japanese are also the Japanese who financed and abetted the Japanese militarists from the Mukden Incident to Pearl Harbor, the effect of such special pleading is to make Mr. Acheson the best spokesman of the Japanese militarist point of view since the ineffable Matsuoka.

The Philippine revolt spreads

In the Philippines, the drive of the rightists is to get American equipment and aid for the suppression of agrarian unrest. Although an old directive from President Truman, now forgotten, urged considerate treatment for the agrarian guerrillas, on account of their considerable services against the Japanese, the present drive for law and order defers the satisfaction of even legitimate grievances, and gives priority to the suppression of those who have grievances.

Thus far, the result has not been a narrowing of the area of revolt, but a spread of revolt to new areas. Several thousand former guerrillas have seized plantations which once belonged to the prosperous Japanese colonists in Mindanao, and are now squatting on them.

Title to these plantations had been transferred by the United States Alien Property Custodian, for one dollar, to the Philippine government. The conflict with the squatters has thus become a direct

conflict between the people of the Philippines and their government.

President Roxas has made some statements, which read excellently, on the subject of distribution of farm lands, but the trouble lies in an old and deeply entrenched technique of political abuse. New farm lands cannot be opened up without new roads; when new roads are to be built, knowledge of them is leaked to those who are politically on the inside, and the adjacent land is taken up by landlords before claims can be filed by bona fide homesteaders.

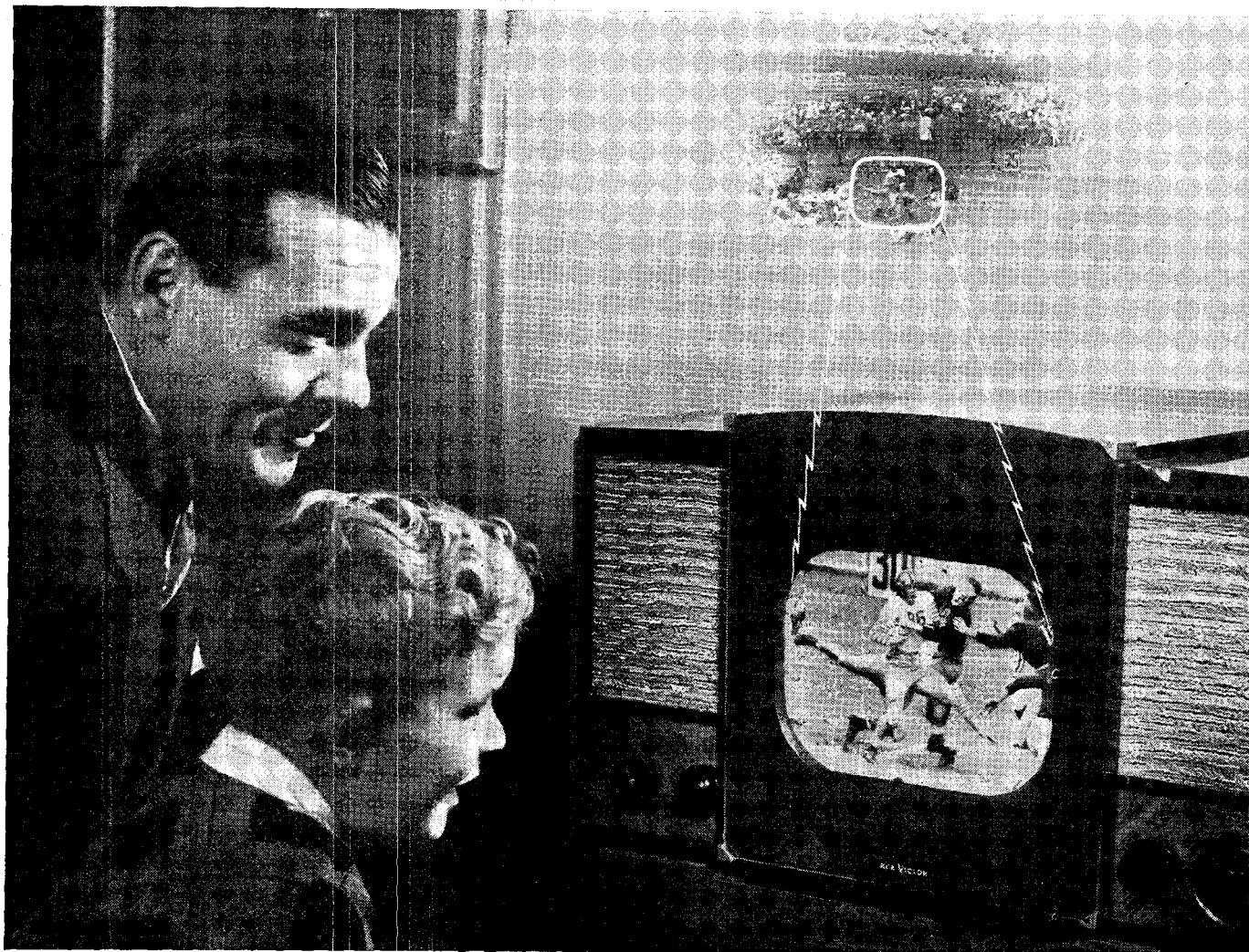
Since the most powerful supporters of President Roxas regard this kind of graft as a legitimate perquisite, the only way in which he could restrain them would be to increase the political rights and representation of the peasants, who are his only strong, organized opposition; and since this is exactly what he is not prepared to do, the war of internal conquest against the peasants goes on.

The Korean experiment

In Korea, the rightists also jumped into the lead at the beginning of the American occupation; but because the Korean rightists, in addition to having almost no popular support, are unbelievably incompetent, the increasingly agonizing headache of the American occupation problem threatens to outweigh the satisfaction of blocking the Russians. The word has already been spread in Washington to lay off expressions of admiration and support for Syngman Rhee, because the Military Government is now ruefully convinced that the more he is supported, the more unpopular the Americans become.

Disturbances in Southern Korea are becoming more and more widespread. Responsibility for disorder is attributed to "inspiration" from across the border in Russian-occupied Northern Korea. The rare Americans who get into the Russian zone report that the Russians are also unpopular, and that Koreans there will take the risk of sidling up to Americans to whisper, "Russians bad; Americans good." But for some reason, in the dismal competition to see which of the two occupying forces can make itself the more thoroughly disliked, the Russians have not had to face the kind of widespread, open, and popular manifestations of resentment which harass the Americans.

This may be because the Americans do not organize "inspiration" in the southern zone for infiltration into the northern zone. Or it may be because the Russian occupation forces are much larger, and able to crack down on popular resistance before it gets organized. Or it may be that the Russians are more intensely disliked, but by small groups of people, such as the landlords, while the Americans are more vaguely disliked, but by larger groups,



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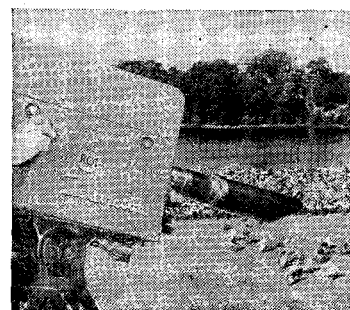
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such as the peasants. At any rate the situation cannot be cleared up until it is thoroughly aired; and Americans returning from Korea are outspoken in saying that it is high time for an airing.

Chinese puzzle

It is in China, however, that all issues linked with the position of Russia, the influence of Russia, and even the mere idea of Russia lead up to the biggest crisis. And this crisis tends more and more to become a crisis in American politics.

Already the gloves are off. Criticism of the extent of American intervention in China will increasingly be counterattacked as appeasement of Communism and of Russia. Demand for all-out support of the Kuomintang as the "only legitimate and recognized" government in China will increasingly be identified with a policy of hostility to Russia on all issues and in all countries, throughout the world.

The first subject of debate is General Marshall's mission. Has General Marshall failed? It is noteworthy that those who were the first to say that General Marshall had been sent on an "impossible" mission, and the first to advise that he be withdrawn, are those who demand, on all issues, a policy of hostility to Russia. On the other hand, the Chinese Communists have been increasingly reckless in accusing General Marshall of condoning aid to the Kuomintang to an extent that invalidates his function as an impartial mediator.

The truth is that General Marshall's mission has neither failed nor succeeded. It has merely been tacitly suspended. The real issue is not the month-to-month aid we are giving to the Kuomintang. That aid has been far too little to constitute a decisive intervention. It has in fact merely kept the Kuomintang from collapse and made possible the prolongation of a military stalemate which is still evenly balanced, in spite of the loss of Kalgan by the Communists.

To say this, is the same thing as saying that the real issue is whether to grant an enormous increase in aid to the Kuomintang, in order to enable it to assert a clear military superiority over the Communists, or to decrease American aid very slightly, which would instantly force the Kuomintang to make concessions to popular demands for a coalition government. It is because this fundamental decision has not been taken that General Marshall's mission can be regarded as in suspension; and it is a fair inference that policy in China has been under review at the White House level.

The importance of the loss of Kalgan or Chefoo by the Communists should not be exaggerated. The "prestige" troops of the Kuomintang, its American-

trained and American-equipped divisions, were fought to a standstill in the mountains between Peiping and Kalgan, suffering heavy attrition, which meant the acquisition of a lot of American equipment by the Communists. Kalgan was entered by the troops of Fu Tso-yi, a semi-independent war lord. Thus while the Kuomintang "won," it won without prestige for its crack troops, and in a way which encourages independent warlordism.

Moreover the Communists, while losing Kalgan, swung around and tore up a big stretch of the strategically important Peiping-Hankow railway. By disrupting Kuomintang communications more effectively than they had ever disrupted Japanese communications, they demonstrated once more that the Kuomintang is not so formidable an enemy as the Japanese were. The military situation, in fact, is still a stalemate.

Conscription, inflation, poverty

A military stalemate can last indefinitely, but there is no such thing as a political and economic stalemate. In politics and economics, a situation either gets better or it gets worse. In China, the situation is getting worse for the Kuomintang. When Kalgan was "liberated" from the Communists, no less than a quarter of the population, instead of waiting to greet the liberators, fled into the mountains. Of those who remained, Benjamin Welles cabled to the *New York Times* that "it was obvious that the Chinese civilians who were drawn up along the main streets to cheer the arrival of the Nationalist officials were not moved by any overwhelming emotion."

Hesitation in welcoming Kuomintang liberators is explained by the fact that the Kuomintang, for lack of popular support, is being forced to increasingly harsh measures. Heavy losses in the field have led to the resumption of conscription with full wartime rigor, in a war-weary country.

Two new measures are especially ominous. Communist currency is being repudiated, instead of exchanged, in areas recovered from the Communists. As a result, inflation and poverty are flooding regions which, under the Communists, had been prosperous and had been secure against inflation. Even more drastic is the cancellation of Communist land reforms — a cancellation which all too often penalizes the peasant, who fought against the Japanese, in favor of the landlord, who either ran away or collaborated with the Japanese.

Such measures bear most harshly on all non-Communists who prospered while the Communists were around. Worst of all, they make it nakedly clear that all the Kuomintang's financial and material aid from America is being used for civil war, and none of it for much-needed reform.

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Berlin

WHAT is the national future of Germany? A year and a half after the collapse, the country is slowly shifting into something radically different from what it used to be. The 1918 defeat, seen in perspective, was but an incident that did not break the continuity, although it bred deathly diseases. But the ruins of Germany today are taking on the weathered and timeless quality of the Roman Forum. They are enough to tell one that if something else will be built in time, it will not be by "rebuilding."

Mile after mile, the remains of what were once great cities stand there, their jagged brick aging to the mellow color of dolomite, haunted by the silence of lunar landscapes; a silence only enhanced by the furtive shapes emerging from cellars or dug-outs, and by the distant rumble of streetcars. The tall grass grows from the mounds of earth scattered by explosives on top of rusting locomotives. There are whole areas that will stay abandoned.

The human landscape tells the same story: haggard faces prematurely aged, maimed and brooding youth, dull apathy, sunken eyes that seem drained of tears — these characteristics recur to the mind with such obsessive insistence that one feels that George Grosz has at last come into his own; or rather, that the faces of his contemporaries have caught up with his fancy. The land has been swept by tidal waves of flight, evacuation, and migration, until the whole of Germany is one vast camp of displaced persons, pushing the local element almost out of the picture (the average density in housing in our zone is 2.8 persons per room).

Another striking symbol of the present chasm is the absence of books. German civilization had been built around books as no other was. Profuse reading seemed to be the lifeblood of it. But twenty

years of massive Nazi production had pushed or purged the good material from the shelves. This in turn has been purged, and good riddance to it. Now nothing is left. The incalculable stocks of Leipzig, its plates and presses and held-back manuscripts all went up in flames in one night of air raids. The great Berlin bookshops look now like old ships' libraries with their jumbled leftovers.

The penurious paper allowance has been used up for political tracts or for urgent technical reprints. Here, as in his makeshift economic production, the German is cut off from his normal past and from the comfort and reassurance of his old Western literature. He has lost his house and his library: even his favorite classics are gone.

Remnants of the past

There are, of course, constants of national behavior which inevitably re-emerge. These people, who have lost almost all, through bombs, flight, and plunder, will cling with snarling tenacity to the miserable remnants of their property and think of themselves as property-holders distinct from "the masses." Their habitual frames of reference have stuck to them through inertia; they understand little about the war except that Hitler welched on his promises; and they will give tongue on the familiar trails with canine simplicity. But all of this does not sum up to any definite outlook or clear-cut allegiance, nor even to enduring aversion.

Here and there one finds traces of the old arrogance. There will be many — and who can blame them? — who cannot reconcile themselves to the idea that the stupendous effort of the German Army must now be equated to nothing. There are even open centers of unrepentant nationalism, as in the universities. People will go on clinging to unreconstructed priests and officials and their parties,



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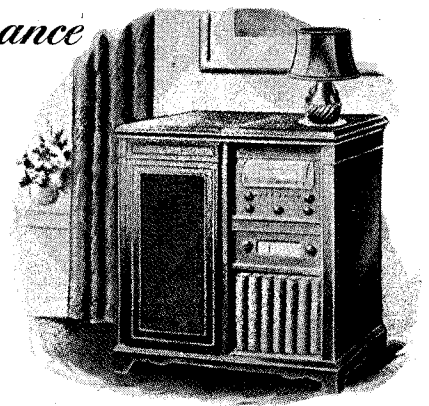


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holding to any shred of respectability for the vague sake of the protection it affords. But local authority is at best precarious; a *Landespräsident* counts for far less than an American lieutenant; and it is only in the helmets of the Allied MP's that the German is able to discern the symbol of lasting and legitimate authority — the *hohe Obrigkeit*.

The vanishing of authority and the liquidation of Prussia — these do not represent a mere crisis in German history, they are the end of a world. After that, there will be something else than the Germany we knew. And meanwhile, the Germans are vacant.

The vacant mind

The German is only too willing to be shaped by what he accepts and craves as authority, as his former ruling class knew, and he is now waiting to be shaped. This period of availability will not last very long, but if we miss it, we shall have only ourselves to blame. Certainly, if we were to let go now, the Nazi shape might reaffirm itself easily.

This does not imply only "re-education" in the conventional sense, although that too is useful. (One hates to carp at officials confronted with a staggering task, but there are certain failings which are inexcusable, such as the sudden cut in the paper allocation, which allowed us to bring out only one fifth of the schoolbooks required.) There is the crying need of the German for being organized and given purposeful work in a very large whole, which is for him tantamount to regeneration.

In that line, we have done worse than nothing. We have told the German to "mind his own business" as if that were not the most equivocal of terms. The German cannot understand democracy, except perhaps on the small local level, because he lacks the feeling of autonomy and the way of life which it presupposes. As one "democratic" truck driver remarked defiantly, "We should have many parties, all different, and someone should see to it that they keep different."

On the other hand, the average German is equally impervious to the Marxist faith. He has looked at the Russians. He reacts at present to realities and to experience, not to theories. But if he is kept purposeless and fallow, laboring only in rubble-clearing gangs, theories will crop up again, and on that diseased ground they can only turn to monstrous obsessions.

Today, the German is pragmatic and cagey. He is like the scalded cat. His own dream of freedom is largely negative. He dreams of not being pushed around blindly, restricted in his movement, exposed to *corvée* and deportation. This negative feeling

closes him to any propaganda. He lives in fear of what might happen to him at any time, of the Russian hand on his arm, of the foreign voice saying, "*Du! Mitkommen.*"

This is, of course, a cloudy and wavering mood. If the Germans find outside security to stabilize them, they will tend to stick to it. But if they feel cheated and miserable, there will be again the beating of tribal tom-toms and the firewater of *Wellanschauung*, and they will go back to their philosophical frenzies. For it is an established fact that whereas national unity means for other peoples self-sufficiency, for the Germans it has always meant ganging up on someone else.

Now there is just one thing Germany is offered from all sides on a silver salver, and that is her unity — theoretical. Both Mr. Molotov and Mr. Byrnes are ready with the same stimulant of nationalism. The Germans are understandably gratified, but, as they stand, they doubt their ability to play the difficult game.

The gap between the zones

Two virtual Germanies are superimposed on each other in the rival blueprints, and they are mutually exclusive. As far as unity goes, Russia has the higher bidding power, for only she can restore to Germany the territories east of the Oder and Neisse. Against that there is the fear she inspires — would she restore these territories at the expense of Poland if it ever became worth while; that is, if the Poles did not prove themselves a paying proposition in the Slavic brotherhood?

The Russians are not worried about sentiments. They have been carrying on a social depth-plowing of their zone which is bound to bring its results regardless of the feelings and expressed wishes of the population. Even if they make as many mistakes as the Germans did in France (and they do, and for the same reasons) their drive will end up in the creation of new economic relationships, in liquidation of the middle classes, and in rigid state control by their exceedingly capable German retainers.

We on our side have left the social structure pretty much alone and have confined ourselves to a literal-minded denazification policy which goes by party cards and does not remove the seeds of past evils. The Russians are substantially right when they accuse us of handing back the country to that same pre-fascist class which brought out fascism as its natural fruit. To which our weary retort is that there aren't enough real democrats to go around.

The underlying trend, encouraged by what remains of the Morgenthau plan for an agrarian Germany, might be described as towards some kind of attenu-



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ated Salazar-type regime. But this creates an impassable gulf. Practically two different countries are being created, and what is more serious, two types of ruling class which are each other's deadly enemies.

If union is to be attempted under such circumstances, it will show itself with time to be increasingly formal and devoid of content; it can amount to hardly more than a customs union between two foreign states (both of them under foreign commerce monopoly) with the shadowy central organ under four-power supervision.

The trend toward socialism

The victory won by the Social Democrats in Berlin is having deep repercussions in all four occupation zones. What the Russian-sponsored Socialist Unity Party (the S.E.D.) called contemptuously a "splinter party" has come to the fore. The Social Democrats won, notwithstanding disfavor from more than one occupying power, and notwithstanding their record of disaster in German history. For it is Social Democracy which is held responsible for the failure of the Weimar Republic. At the moment, it is the Social Democrats who are carrying the banner for reunification, Western style; and the Catholics, the "Christian Democrats," are making moves towards rapprochement.

One of the powerful influences behind the Social Democratic revival is the announcement that the British Labor Government intends to socialize the coal, steel, electric, transportation, and other basic industries in the Ruhr and Rhineland. That is an old German Social Democratic objective. The devastation of Western Germany has, of course, given the idea a tremendous new urgency.

It should be kept in mind that this decision by the British followed a strong complaint from the Social Democrats in the British zone against further coddling of German big-business elements by the supervisory power, and a frank expression of despair for the future unless the slate of the past were wiped clean of Nazi leaders and their former cartelists collaborators.

Britain's decision has given heart to Social Democracy in the American zone. It has been able to force a compromise for the Allied Military Government on the question of socialization of basic industries in Hesse. As a result, the voters of that province, in their election to adopt their new draft constitution, have been accorded the right to vote on making all essential iron and steel works, mining, electricity, and transportation public property. Christian Democrats and Social Democrats have found themselves agreeing with the Communist minority on this point.

This trend towards socialism is going to cause the United States anguish. For what seems entirely natural and sound policy in the British zone to a British Labor Government which is pressing nationalization of basic industries in Britain does not sit comfortably with the views of many formidable influences which are able to make their weight felt in Washington. These influences will find allies in Britain too, where the British Iron and Steel Federation is preparing for an all-out counteroffensive in favor of German cartel barons.

The Social Democratic victory does not remove the fundamental ambiguity of the situation. It indicates undoubtedly that Germans want the Western pattern and not the Russian, though to get it they may have to sacrifice unification. Privately they scoff at our idea that the Russians will ever let go of effective control in their zone. But now it would appear that Russia is willing to oblige the Social Democrats in their chief request for a higher level of production.

The bargain with Russia

If reports are trustworthy, Russia agrees to an overall increase of industrial production in exchange for our ceding to her 25 per cent of the Ruhr output as reparations. Certainly, one can see the advantages from Russia's point of view. With Social Democracy in the saddle, both agrarian reaction and financial monopoly capitalism are disposed of. An additional advantage is that steel produced in the Ruhr is badly needed in the East. But one could suspect the Russians, with whom dialectical considerations come first, of rigging their Social Democratic enemies for a fall.

As the leaders responsible for socialization, the Social Democratic Party may find itself in hot water before long. The chances are that the Western Allies are not going to encourage export; and an industrial population on depressed Central European wages will be a good breeding ground for Communism. These are the so-called contradictions of capitalistic rule. The protesting clamor of Mr. Pauley shows at least that the Russians have not misread the American business mind.

The predicament of Germany is more visible than that of its neighbors, but it is shared in greater or less degree by all European nations. If we provide a scheme of Western European economic integration which makes for prosperity, we can still save the democratic way of life. On that plane too, and not on the plane of reaction and disunion, lie our chances for a practical understanding with Russia. It is not comforting to think that the current Presidential emissary to Germany is George Allen, chief of the White House court jesters. Before we muff our chance, let us have a second look at it.



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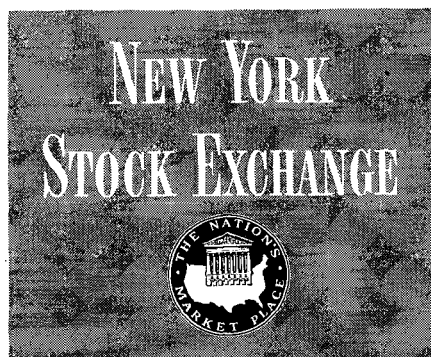
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ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

THE defeat of the Democratic Party in the mid-term elections has put the onus of responsibility for the organization of Congress upon the Republicans. Divided rule will thus be the nation's lot for the next two years. The situation is bound to reopen the question of succession to the Presidency. The House in response to President Truman's request passed a bill putting its speaker first in the line of succession. But the Senate would have none of it. If this bill had been passed, Representative Joe Martin would today be next in line to the White House.

A more plausible suggestion, which would require an amendment to the Constitution, has come from Representative Mike Monroney. It is that there should be two Vice Presidents: one to preside over the Senate and attend to other Throttlebottom functions, the other to take over the great burden of administrative detail that now devolves upon our Chief Executive. The administrative officer would be senior in the matter of succession. But the plain fact is that something should be done to prevent a divided government.

Anything for a vote

The electioneering was not very edifying. Foreign affairs were used as political footballs by both sides. An example was the letter from Truman to Attlee on the eve of Yom Kippur regarding the entry of 100,000 immigrants to Palestine. To be sure, charges of "politics" are always made against pronouncements of this sort at election time. But the circumstances of the Truman letter lend credence to the allegation.

The story is that David K. Niles, the President's adviser on race and religious relations, heard that Governor Dewey was about to let loose a blast against British policy in Palestine. Niles suggested that the bid for the New York Jewish vote be fore-

stalled. Forestalled it was, in spite of the British plea that the Truman letter be held up for a few days pending a delicate phase in negotiations in London, and Governor Dewey's speech came in the form of a counterbid. Dewey simply multiplied the Truman request for Jewish entries into Palestine.

Possibly the only good thing in the party competition is that the leaders of both parties are now on record as favoring more liberal immigration. It smacks of hypocrisy to ask other nations to open their doors while we are doing nothing special ourselves. We could take at least 200,000 merely by filling the immigration quotas that were unfilled during the war. Some of the refugees and displaced persons in Europe would make first-class citizens. Polish farmers and Baltic professionals are in the greatest number. What they have in common is a love of liberty, a biological persistence after great suffering, and a willingness to work.

The vote-bidding extended to many other groups than the Zionist minority. Catholics and Slavs were appealed to in the State Department *démarche* over Archbishop Stepinac. Wise diplomacy requires knowledge of facts before it essays intervention. In this case, however, Acting Secretary of State Acheson, in rebuking Tito, frankly acknowledged that no facts were available. "We do not have," he said, "a record of the trial, nor have we had a specific report from our Embassy in regard to it." But this lack did not prevent Mr. Acheson from reading Tito a lecture on civil liberties.

Again the hand of David Niles was seen in this reproof, which bespoke self-righteousness rather than wisdom, though there are those who thought the ultimate responsibility might belong to Senator Vandenberg, who has deserved well of the Administration as one of the architects of the biparty



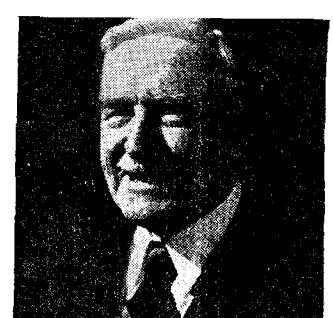
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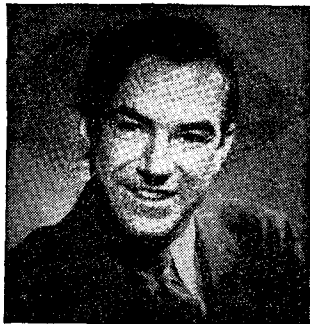
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unity on foreign affairs. Vandenberg was up for re-election in his state of Michigan, where he has sizable blocs of Slavic supporters.

A similar case at the expense of Yugoslavia occurred when we sent to Belgrade a bristling note accusing Yugoslavia of making American citizens work as slaves, and of causing the deaths of some of them in "horror" camps. There was room for at least reasonable doubt as to the citizenship of the persons involved. All told there are believed to be 165 of them. They include natives of Yugoslavia who came to this country, became naturalized, made enough money to return, and settled down, and who are now fearful of life under Tito.

Yugoslavia asserts they are Yugoslav. Cases of dual citizenship are not uncommon. They call for intergovernment negotiation, not for the use of such threatening gestures as we addressed to Tito.

The lingering death of OPA

Paul Porter said the election was fought on the issues of pork and Palestine. Meat, or the lack of it, was certainly a factor in the minds of the electorate. There could not have been any worse political timing than the August 20 decision of the Decontrol Board to put meat back under control.

The packers were up in arms against OPA. But try as it did, the Administration could find no evidence of a collusive campaign beyond the anti-OPA propaganda to stop meat from getting to the consumer. It was said that buying had been eschewed in centers like Omaha. But the real deterrent to buying was the unwillingness of the feed lot operators to sell.

This situation was quite understandable. With controls so clearly on the skids, farmers were bound to stay on the sidelines, especially as a bumper corn crop was being reaped for cheaper feed. But OPA's Porter took the President's surrender quite philosophically. "What a country to live in," he said, "where the question is not whether I shall eat but what I shall eat."

OPA is now trying to put its remaining controls in systematic order so that Congress can see the control situation at a glance. If the OPA had been given a choice in the control of meats or dairy products, which the Decontrol Board released, it would have chosen dairy products. Butter and cheese have soared in the freed market; and since very little butter is going into storage, we may face a shortage next spring.

As to industry, Congress will face a situation in which about 60 per cent of the products used will be controlled. The remaining controls are being re-

tained as long as such controls will aid production, keep down wage demands, or combat unhealthy speculation. But these criteria will not necessarily govern the present Congress. Decontrol has become almost a religion, and it will be a surprise to the Capital if there is any OPA left by next June, when the end is scheduled.

Selective control

The hullabaloo for the end of rent control will be diverted to the new Congress. Sporadic landlord strikes have been reported from Seattle to Washington, D.C. One ceases to wonder at this kind of pressure in the light of the success that has attended similar governmental holdups by labor and industry.

Thus far there is no disposition on the part of the Administration to wind up rent control. President Truman spoke about rent control "for a long time to come." As somebody remarked, "landlord is an obscene word in America," and the Administration would lose political capital in deferring to landlord demand.

OPA's reason for holding on to rent control is that the landlord has no problems of reconversion. To be sure, he has had to face extra maintenance costs, but these are counterbalanced in the eyes of OPA by full occupancy. However, the landlords have a justifiable complaint in the present period of selective control. Selective control, for which Leon Henderson contended in 1941, means discrimination, and is likely to work hardships.

The labor squeeze

Labor will be an immediate problem for the new Congress. Nobody can foretell the course of Congressional action, but action is needed to arrest the extremism developing out of the prevailing chaos. Washington's hotel strike, for example, was kept up unconscionably by the refusal of the hotels to agree to arbitration. On the face of it, this smacked of union-busting. The airline pilots, on the other extreme, struck after presenting to TWA an ultimatum in which they did not even spell out their demands and after having worked for a few weeks on an award handed down by a Presidential panel.

The moderates are hoping that the reaction will not be regressive legislation. A common feeling is that since organized labor has come of age the unions should be made to account for their actions. But how such an objective will be achieved is still in doubt.

The fact is that in the absence of an adequate labor law and of strict enforcement of what law there is, union heads are bound to play "follow the leader." John L. Lewis is now out in front. He has never



CLOSE-UP OF A MINNESOTA CROWD

A football crowd in Minnesota contains both heads of industry and the men who work for them. One guard on the team is often the boss' son—the tackle at his side has a father who belongs to the Minnesota Federation of Labor.

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MINNESOTA FEDERATION OF LABOR (AFL)

LABOR TEMPLE •

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Robert A. Olson
President

George W. Lawson
Secretary

WASHINGTON (continued)

recovered from his chagrin when Walter Reuther was allowed to sound CIO's tocsin for the 18½-cent raise for major industries last spring. Mr. Lewis, now a good A. F. of L. man, kept a rod in pickle for the President until election time. If Truman could be so partial to the CIO, and so unhelpful to the A. F. of L., then he would have to suffer the consequences.

Accordingly Mr. Lewis has put the Administration over the barrel in behalf of a new contract for his coal miners. His demands, as usual, are veiled in mystery. His tactics are in part political, in part economic. Certainly his covert threats of the meaning of his miners' votes in the coal-mining areas sent shivers down the spines of the party chieftains.

It is impossible to withhold admiration for Lewis's strategy. And one must agree with Attorney General Clark that the terms of Mr. Lewis's contract with the government are not so fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The contrary would be a foolish interpretation, no matter what the lawyers say.

But to say this, is entirely different from acquiescence in Lewis's role as a satrap who is using his satrapy as a means wherewith to squeeze the Federal government at will. Nothing is so contemptible, as John Ruskin said, as a mob pulling the strings of government. But we are getting perilously close to precisely such a situation. And nothing, it seems, is easier with a supine Administration than to throw an industrial management of which it has control into the political millstream.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The Capital has not yet recovered from the confusion arising out of the Republican victory. It has been suggested that the President should bow to the nation's verdict and resign. Such an act would be unthinkable in practical party politics. The massive protest from the voters, however, calls for some recognition from the White House.

Mr. Truman already has the good fortune to be the beneficiary of biparty unity in the conduct of foreign affairs. Some approach to the same harmony in domestic affairs must now be bought with concessions. It is suggested that the President appoint Republicans to every Cabinet post except the State Department. Without some such gesture the Capital sees nothing but deadlock ahead.

As for the election two years hence, the death knell of any Presidential hope for Mr. Truman has been sounded. Judging from history, though, the beneficiary will not necessarily be a Republican. But the Democrats realize that their only chance in 1948 is to groom a great national figure, and one hears General Eisenhower mentioned more and more in this connection.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



London

THE Republican landslide, following the Wallace-Byrnes controversy, has made Britain re-examine her defense and foreign policy. The result is self-questioning, uncertainty, and fear.

The British have become jittery because the whole domestic edifice of their post-war plans, promises, and programs was erected upon the assumption of Anglo-American solidarity in world affairs. Now they questioned not only where American policy was headed, but also where British policy was either going of its own accord or else being dragged.

For the first time since Dunkirk, British public opinion and party lines became crossed and confused on foreign policy. The liberal *Economist* and the left-wing *New Statesman and Nation* led the widespread demand for a British foreign policy independent of America's policy, a purely British one that would "mediate" between Russia and America; in other words, a policy which would be the British equivalent of the policy advocated earlier by Walter Lippmann, of American mediation between Russia and Britain.

It was even more confusing to find Anthony Eden speaking out for "a new spirit and a new approach to Soviet Russia" and ranging himself alongside such strange bedfellows as the Communist Party of Great Britain and all radicals in an attempt to avoid "entangling alliances" with America.

Secretary Byrnes strongly reaffirmed the bipartisan American policy in Paris and back home, and President Truman did likewise in his address welcoming the United Nations Assembly. Field Marshal Smuts addressed the Empire, and later the Dutch and Belgian peoples, trenchantly supporting Churchill's plea for a United States of Europe (to begin in the West if necessary). He warned his hearers

that much talk of peace did not make peace, and admonished those who put too much trust too soon in an unprepared United Nations that they would be wise to look to their defenses.

Britain's new defense system

These speeches high-lighted a lot of seemingly unrelated news items which collectively made anything but a pretty picture. Between swift visits to the United States, Canada, the Middle East, and more distant points, the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field Marshal Montgomery, said a few well-chosen words on Britain's need to learn from America's rapid system of officer training.

News of the integration of Canadian military and naval training, standards, and weapons with those of the United States for hemispheric defense was played down in Britain just when the Labor Government was being pummeled parliamentarily for its inability to secure greater defense collaboration with the Dominions.

There were also the little-publicized movements of British and American naval forces in the Eastern Mediterranean. There were equally underpublicized projected Canadian-American maneuvers in the Arctic Northwest. From the Far East came a small news item reporting that the United Kingdom authorities are now developing a defense system there on the assumption that neither India and Burma nor Malaya (including Singapore) and Hongkong could be major British bases in the future.

The Eastern bases in the future would have to be Australia and New Zealand, which implies a falling back from the new post-war Asia's mainland. And South Africa began to be played up as the biggest overseas base in the event of any closing of the Mediterranean.



Atlantic Monthly and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

AWARDS

FOR ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

In the next two years many men and women will have their first try at writing fiction. Some of them will have returned to college from the services; some of them will be in business; some will be venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. In 1946 and 1947 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

Atlantic "Firsts" will be paid for at our top fee. And at six-month intervals the *Atlantic* editors, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will make two awards, the first of \$1500, the second of \$750, to the authors of those "Firsts" which we have published and which in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors are the most promising. It should be understood that these stories will be judged as stories, and that MGM, like the *Atlantic*, is primarily interested in discovering and advancing the work of new writers. Neither one-act plays nor scenarios will be eligible for these awards. But if there are film possibilities in the prize winners, MGM will have the option to buy any of them at \$5000 each.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

THE PRIZE WINNERS

July—December, 1946

First Prize of \$1500 awarded to

ALAN R. MARCUS

for his story "Ratachusky's Return" in the August issue

Second Prize of \$750 awarded to

JACQUELINE SHOHET

for her story "Such Is Rachel" in the October issue

On top of all this came two official admissions about Britain's post-war defense dilemma: the Government's White Paper on the need to create a new and single defense ministry, and the Government's overdue confession that post-war recruiting programs for the Army and the Royal Air Force were almost two-thirds behind schedule.

So grave was the lag in recruiting that the Government was considering not only lengthening the scheduled period of service for draftees but also compulsory part-time service for ex-draftees in the territorial militia. Since the Government's objective for all post-war armed services was set at just over a million men, of whom only half were in training, the news of this lag had two immediate effects.

Britain's grand strategy

First, it threw a more comprehensible, if to Britishers more alarming, light on the Government's policies and positions and actions relating to Greece, Palestine, India, Egypt, Burma, and the Far East. Second, it led Churchill in the October foreign affairs debate to make a grandstand play with the figure of 200 Russian divisions strung across Europe alone (an estimate later whittled down by Stalin to 60 understaffed divisions), and to demand from the Government what it proposed to do to meet British defensive weaknesses.

Nine months ago the General Staff reportedly advised the Cabinet to pull out even the mere three or four British divisions locked up in Greece and Palestine. If military experts viewed this as too great a commitment, if the new Indian-run Indian Army must be left to look after affairs around the Persian Gulf, if British forces were unable in the future to operate in the mainland of Far Eastern Asia because of inability to maintain major bases there, the logical conclusion was inescapable even for Britishers themselves. It was that, in the age of the atom bomb and guided missiles and bacteriological warfare, Britain's vulnerability in the home islands cannot be exaggerated.

Britain's forty-eight millions are packed in the little islands within rocket range of the Continent. They are dependent for food and raw materials and oil (now replacing Britain's dwindling coal) on shipping and ports and railroads and cities. They are now coming to view the geographical limits of their home defenses as running from the North Cape in Norway down across Europe and ending at some hitherto undefined terminus in the Middle East. At that terminus Britain's defense sphere meets that of the new India and the new Egypt.

If these are the defense boundaries of Britain, they naturally tend to become the boundaries of British

foreign policy, especially as far as any initiatives go. For a defense policy still underlies and underpins a foreign policy for modern nations.

The Palestine imbroglio, which Churchill now proposes should be handed over to the United Nations, the ferment throughout the Moslem and Arab world, the Anglo-Egyptian accord for full alliance, the Turkish vulnerability around the Straits, and the Russian thrusts everywhere, simply underline for the British their great need to ensure orderly and peaceful political and economic developments, however new and strange they may be, on the fringes of an area more vital to Britain than ever.

With fewer able-bodied males in civilian work than before the war, with armed forces double the pre-war figures yet insufficient for commitments, with Lord Beveridge's "full employment" already overtaken by manpower shortages everywhere, with paramount post-war needs of three-quarters more exports than pre-war and double the output of new industrial apparatus, Britain is steering her defense and foreign policy through perilous waters.

America's loan will help for another two or three years. But then the sellers' markets may have disappeared and Britain will face a highly competitive world after great domestic, political, and economic convulsions.

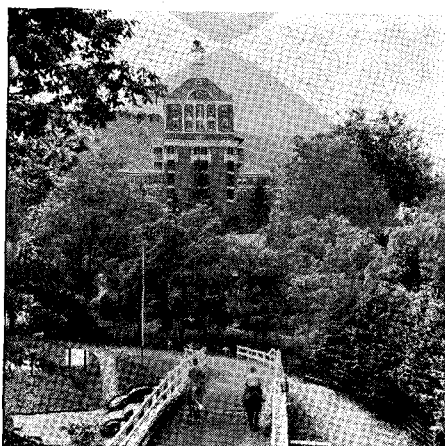
Can Britain go it alone?

The Government's quandary is obvious in the White Paper on a new defense ministry. "The higher defense organization which His Majesty's Government has decided to introduce" rightly aims to secure the utmost economy in resources. It is a plan "for defense to be dealt with as a single problem in the light of the economic position and strategic requirements of the country." It elevates the wartime Chiefs of Staff Committee to an independent and permanent status with over-all powers.

But if the country's resources are to be limited in the post-war period, so are its defensive strategic requirements. The country is now thrown back largely on its own position and resources as a European power. In the debates on the White Paper it was obvious that all the Dominions except South Africa had made clear in London early in 1946 their inability to contribute much to the defenses of the mother country.

In the post-war world of power politics Britain is unable to play her traditional dual role: namely, a great power in Europe up to the borders of Asia and Africa, and also the leading member of a worldwide — but not "regional" in the United Nations Charter's sense — association of like-minded nations with a common defense interest.

IT'S FUN TO BE HEALTHY



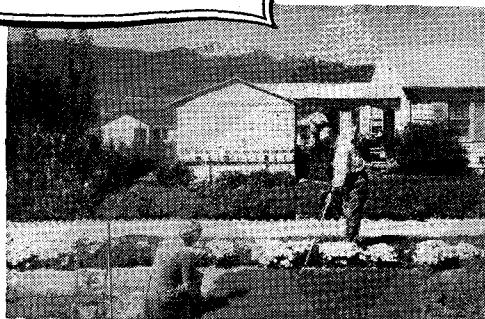
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LONDON (continued)

The White Paper admits this. Speaking of coöperation with the Dominions, it says: "Regional questions shall in the first place be studied in the appropriate regional center." In view of the Imperial General Staff's decision to decentralize parts of strategic industries and proving grounds to locations in the Dominions, and in view of the Canadian integration of defenses with those of the United States, many Britishers in the mother country feel that the Imperial defenses have improved but the United Kingdom's defenses have deteriorated — which is not comfortable thinking.

Over a century ago Tocqueville saw the impossibility of organizing the British Commonwealth for Britain's defense in Europe, because of the rise of two great powers to dominating positions in the world: Russia and America. Eighty years ago Walter Bagehot tried to make Britishers see it. War, Wallace, and the Republicans have brought it home to them. But to bring home is not to solve.

The fate of Britain is bound up with that of Western Europe and its extension to the Middle East. But the fate of Western Europe is bound up with what America does or does not do, on one side, and with what Russia does or does not do, on the other. So even under the new notion of a United States of Europe the dilemma of British defense and foreign policy is unresolved. But with Western Europe marches Britain henceforth, for good or ill.

Britain develops psychoses

Hence the current feelings of exasperation, frustration, and apparent apathy (only apparent) among Britishers. As many privately admit, these are signs of a strange new British feeling of inferiority in the world. It is even felt by the British authorities. Mr. Bevin does not relish being constantly placed by the brutal facts of Britain's position in the post-war world in a situation where he must appear on the defensive, apologetic, lacking in initiative, and playing second string to Mr. Byrnes.

In addition the Russians have played on Britain's weaknesses and developed almost as great a persecution complex in British minds as they suffer from themselves. Whenever Mr. Bevin bangs his fist at a conference, whenever he repeats, as he did in the October foreign affairs debate in Commons, that Britain "cannot and will not be dismissed" and that she is "entitled to a proper place and adequate consideration of her views in the councils of the nations," these are outward symptoms of Britain's changed fortune and position in the world.

The British Government's policy is still based on the motto laid down by Churchill in days only a little more critical than now: "Westward look!" Even if the land in that direction no longer looks so bright, the direction is still the same. The Bevin policy remains keyed to the Byrnes policy. But thoughtful Americans should find these facts — post-war Britain's facts of life — mighty sobering.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Latin America

Is the all-American front headed for an all-American crack-up? This question has been asked around Washington ever since the Stettinius regime in the State Department sponsored the admission of Argentina into the United Nations.

No longer is there a positive United States policy toward Latin America. The Hemisphere front was improvised and largely directed by President Roosevelt and the Hull-Welles State Department as an informal coalition — a working bloc of states responsive to United States leadership in world affairs. Since Mr. Roosevelt's death no serious effort has been made in Washington to maintain the coalition.

Mr. Spruille Braden, the Assistant Secretary of State for American Republic Affairs, no doubt intended to support the Roosevelt policies when he entered office in October, 1945. But he has been too bogged down with the difficulties of his Argentine program, and with opposition in the State Department and throughout the government generally, to carry them out successfully, or to function as an official channel for United States leadership in the Hemisphere.

This autumn there has been a further decrease in firmness. Secretary of State Byrnes's preoccupation with peacemaking indicates that for an indefinite period he will not be able to come to grips with major policy decisions in Hemisphere matters. President Truman, so far as Latin American relations are concerned, has remained an apparently willing cipher. Meantime it has been made clear in the State Department that no pronouncements on basic inter-American programs, similar to those which Mr. Welles often made, are expected from Mr. Braden until Secretary Byrnes is free to assist in their formulation.

Hence, with one exception, there have been no declarations or efforts pointing toward a new policy. The exception was a speech which Mr. Braden made in Chicago in mid-September, announcing his preference for "free enterprise investments" over "political loans" as a means of assisting Latin American economic development.

The Latin Americans know that little has been done to shore up Mr. Braden's position. Our Ambassador in Buenos Aires, George S. Messersmith, has been permitted by the higher State Department authorities to take a practically autonomous course in his working relations with the Perón government. This course is at variance on several points with the Braden view that the Perón regime is still failing to live up to its agreements on Hemisphere security, and it is based on the assumption that Argentina is now ripe for acceptance as a full partner in Hemisphere defense.

At the same time our Ambassador to Brazil, Mr. William D. Pawley, appears to have been granted license to criticize freely the Braden program of excluding Argentina from defense agreements, and all but publicly to lobby for promotion to Mr. Braden's post.

Mr. Byrnes temporizes

Under these circumstances, a slight tactical victory won by Mr. Braden late in October had relatively little importance. Secretary Byrnes disposed of rumors of Braden's resignation and Pawley's succession with the announcement that he did not know of any intention to quit on Mr. Braden's part. Then, along with praise for Ambassador Messersmith, he added that the United States position regarding the exclusion of Argentina from Hemisphere defense arrangements is exactly what it was last April when a firm note was issued.

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LATIN AMERICA (continued)

From Mr. Braden's standpoint, this statement meant that there was to be no sharp or open reversal of his policy along either the Messersmith or the Pawley lines, and that his hold on his job, if he wanted it, was reasonably secure, at least until Congress convenes in January.

But to the Latin Americans, with their special sensitiveness to power balances in bureaucratic politics, it meant that Mr. Braden's face was being saved rather than his influence on State Department decisions. It was from the angle of polite scorn that the Latin Americans interpreted Mr. Braden's Chicago speech. If it proved anything to them, it proved that so far as developing a positive program for restoring the Good Neighbor relationship was concerned, Mr. Braden was either a prisoner of his opposition or had gone over to it.

Mañana, mañana

In the same press conference in which he saved Mr. Braden from undue humiliation, Secretary Byrnes announced that the Rio de Janeiro Conference to draft a mutual military defense treaty for the Hemisphere powers — a gathering originally called for October, 1945 — must once more be postponed. Again the excuse was legitimate — that at least until early 1947 the responsible statesmen of the American republics will be busy attending United Nations or other world conferences.

These successive postponements of the Rio meeting, now mounting toward a year and a half, have been draining away from the coalition something of the impetus to act on specific and basically simple common problems. United States leadership has suffered in prestige through the fact that the State Department has usually been the principal advocate of postponement.

Similarly, United States economic prestige has declined. With the Hemisphere still almost as dependent upon us for machinery and consumers' goods as during the war years, little more has been done to relieve the need and in many cases the desperate shortages of the Latin republics. No concrete program has been worked out for helping them as industry in the United States lengthens its productive stride.

Left turn

The Hemisphere front is likewise suffering from subtle political complications. Since 1944 more than half a dozen Latin American governments have moved — through revolutions or elections — in liberal or leftward directions. Peru, Bolivia, Guatemala, and El Salvador have got rid of hard-boiled dictatorships. Paraguay has modified its government. Venezuela has come into the hands of a mildly left-of-center junta. And Brazil has exchanged the authoritarian Vargas regime for a measure of constitutionalism. Cuba moved definitely leftward by choosing Dr. Ramón Grau San Martín President in her 1944 elections.

But today many of the leaders of these governments who a few months ago might have been counted as among the best friends of the United States in Latin America have their fingers crossed. They are not opposed to maintaining a Hemisphere front, or as yet inclined to withdraw from it. But they are not disposed to make any commitments to it until they see where United States leadership — when and if it gets around to adopting a post-war Hemisphere program — proposes to lead.

Mr. Byrnes is unlikely to have time to draft a positive and concrete inter-American policy until his troubles with world settlements are over. It is unlikely that he could obtain domestic political support for a program so specific as President Roosevelt's Good Neighbor policy. And it would be still more difficult to place an Under Secretary in charge of creating and administering such a program who could hold the confidence of both a jittery executive and a skeptical Congress.

With these handicaps it is doubtful if a clear decision can be reached for a considerable time to come even on the question of the basic objectives of a Hemisphere policy. Will Washington's main efforts, for instance, be put forth to line up the Latin American states in a military alliance for a third world war, against Soviet Russia? And is the Good Neighbor policy to be scrapped as a means of direct help from one government to others, and the alternative aim adopted of utilizing our economic strength to build up a Hemisphere empire for the "free enterprise" of big business?

In the State Department and associated policy-making branches of the government, questions of this sort continue to agitate the Hemisphere program. But until world issues and domestic politics are out of the way, no one can settle which direction the key policy will take.

Latin American bloc?

One result of the decline of United States influence has been an apparent trend toward closer association among the Latin American states. The Latin delegations caucused at Flushing Meadow almost at once after the opening of the United Nations Assembly. The ostensible product of the meeting was merely an agreement to support Colombia for election to the place on the United Nations Security Council shortly to be vacated by Mexico, and there were explicit denials that any idea of forming a "Latin American bloc" was under consideration.

Nevertheless, in authentic trial balloon form a few days later, the chairman of the Cuban delegation, Dr. Guillermo Belt, suggested a possible chore for an exclusively Latin group. With their intimate approaches to the Spanish people and special un-

derstanding of Spanish problems, Dr. Belt proposed that the Latin American governments might try their hand at eliminating the Franco regime. Nothing came of the proposal immediately.

A little earlier an Argentine delegate had spoken to the Assembly in favor of avoiding political steps in Spain which might damage Latin America's "mother" culture. But the Belt suggestion indicates that the thought of using their own weight, apart from the United States, in international affairs is running strongly in the minds of certain Latin American leaders.

There is nothing intrinsically anti-United States in such a tendency, and in certain future international developments the Latin American countries are bound, from time to time, to have an interest which the United States does not share. But Hemisphere unity is likely to be weakened still further if the Latin governments, in default of United States leadership, should develop anything like a consistent practice of making their decisions on international issues "bloc-wise," without taking Washington into their counsels.

A few crumbs of comfort

Meanwhile, several developments have been favorable to United States interests. The Perón government in Argentina, for instance, has injured its project of founding an "austral bloc" of far southern republics by alienating the new government in Bolivia. Because of railway car "shortages," since the Perón-sponsored Villarroel government was overthrown in La Paz in the July revolution, Argentine wheat shipments to Bolivia have shrunk to zero and meat shipments to 10 per cent of normal.

In Venezuela's first free election, on October 27, Provisional President Betancourt's moderately leftist Democratic Action party won an overwhelming majority over all opponents in a poll of 1,000,000 votes. This ensures that Venezuela will be given a "liberal" constitution by the new Constituent Congress.

The Chilean Congress in October underwrote the 50,000 plurality which Gabriel González Videla rolled up in the September elections by voting him into the Presidency. On November 3, with five United States warships in the harbor at Valparaíso and the White House's top military adviser, Admiral William D. Leahy, in attendance as special Ambassador, he was inaugurated.

The big fleet was there quite obviously to impress the Argentines, and the Chilean Communists who contributed 40,000 votes to the González Videla victory. But no one supposes that the Chileans or any other Latin Americans really liked it.

ATLANTIC ~~SE~~ Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"In Defense of Mihailovich"

● "Mihailovich: A Post-Mortem," by Robert Lee Wolff, which was published in the October *Atlantic*, drew from Constantin Fotitch, former Yugoslav Ambassador to the United States, a defense of Mihailovich which appears on page 67 of this issue. Mr. Wolff's rejoinder is as follows:—

I naturally expected that Mr. Fotitch would reply to my article, but I thought he would make a stronger case. For the origin of his biased views I need only refer once more to my text.

Mr. Fotitch intimates that only Communist propaganda accuses Mihailovich of collaboration. He says little, for example, of the detailed documentary file of evidence of Mihailovich's collaboration, which was so convincing that it persuaded Mr. Churchill, not normally an easy target for Communist propaganda, to support Tito. A second glance at my article should explain away the passages Mr. Fotitch cites from an article by Captain Mansfield and from statements by British officers formerly attached to the Chetniks. As I hope I indicated, the Chetniks were anti-German, and collaboration was a matter of expediency.

Mr. Fotitch quotes several anti-Partisan statements from U.S. officers attached to Tito. This is easy; most Americans don't like Communist totalitarian practices; I hope I made it clear that I share this view. To Mr. Fotitch's sneer at people who do research at desks, it may be sufficient to reply that they see *everybody's* reports from the field, and are in a better position to make over-all analyses than any one man at any one point in the field. But then, the sneer could not have been meant for me, since I was in Belgrade talking to Partisans and anti-Partisans at a time when the Germans were less than 50 kilometers out of town, and that ineffectual army of Tito's to which Mr. Fotitch refers was the only thing between me and them.

Mihailovich's statements on democracy and Balkan

federation have convinced Mr. Fotitch and Mr. Dimitrov; they fail to convince me. One need not assume that German Intelligence was inadequate to prevent Mihailovich's rescue of Allied airmen. It is possible that he was so valuable to the Germans in assisting them against their effective enemy, the Partisans, that they winked at this; it is also possible that they were being kept so busy by the Partisans that they had not the forces at their disposal to prevent Mihailovich from rescuing the aviators.

Mr. Fotitch's views on the value of the U.S. mission to Mihailovich in 1944 and on the unfriendliness of the Tito regime to the U.S. seem to have been paraphrased from my article.

To dispel any doubts which may linger with *Atlantic* readers, let me quote from a letter received from Dr. Stoyan Pribichevich, former correspondent for *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*: "It is the finest, deepest, most intelligent analysis of the Yugoslavian case in this war, and it will undoubtedly become a standard reference for future historians. Furthermore, the piece has a clarity of background . . . almost never encountered among the more sprightly experts who write on the Balkans. . . . You were able to separate, in your thinking, the criticisms of Tito's present regime from the historical tone of the guerrilla war in Yugoslavia."

ROBERT LEE WOLFF
Cambridge, Mass.

"The Library in Our Town"

Sir:

Why did you have to publish Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "The Library in Our Town" (October *Atlantic*) at this particular time? For years Vermont and Massachusetts have been talking about the certification of librarians and this year are taking definite steps to do something about it. There is exactly as great a need for trained librarians as there is for certified teachers. But few converts will be won by an article belittling professional librarian-

ship, written by such a well-known and respected author, and appearing in a magazine of such prestige.

For seven years I was librarian in my home town of Waterbury, Vermont. There the circulation of books is about three times as large as in Arlington, of which Mrs. Fisher wrote. Those were not consecutive years, for an accident kept me in hospitals for many months. In Phillips House my life was saved by a nurse whom a discerning surgeon assigned to the case. By reading humorous and then inspirational books aloud she aroused in me the will to live.

From that nurse I learned what real service is. And to be a better librarian I took a year's training in an approved library school. Eventually I became head librarian in Springfield. The townspeople have always been proud of their library. In fact, this is one of the very few communities in Vermont meeting the A.L.A. requirement that the library appropriation be \$1.00 per capita. (This has been raised to \$1.50.) But until four years ago it did not meet one other requirement of the American Library Association: that a library of this size be in charge of a trained librarian.

The fact that the library was not fulfilling its whole duty was brought home to the public by a tribute in the local paper. It was for reference work done at the library, and it came from an influential business concern. Immediately people from all walks of life came in to say they did not know they could ask for information at the library. They knew they could borrow books and thought the service ended with that!

PAULINE MOODY
Springfield, Vt.

Sir:

Dorothy Canfield Fisher's article does not make me "shudder and grow pale": it makes me see fighting red.

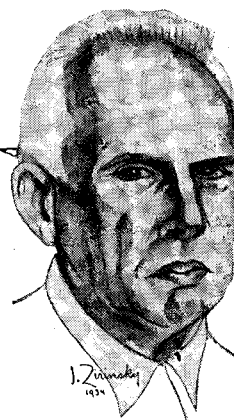
Her town is fortunate in having so many interested persons who are willing to take the time needed in selecting books for their community library. But Mrs. Fisher is giving the library profession a cruel and unjust blow when she states so dogmatically that we professional librarians are unable to select books for the communities we are so anxious to serve.

To say in one paragraph: "How can a professional librarian, no matter how skilled technically, be in touch with the many, many kinds of people in her town, intimately enough to know what books they will read?" and in the paragraph immediately below: "Churchgoers know instinctively what will be acceptable to their friends" is a contradiction. Librarians are churchgoers, too, if that is the comparison Mrs. Fisher would like to make. Many of them are also hunters and fishermen. In addition to this, librarians have received training and experience in a very special field. How is this training any different from that which is expected of the minister, the teacher, the lawyer, or any member of any other profession?

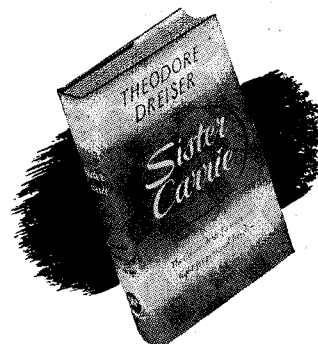
Mrs. Fisher appears to believe that almost anyone in the community, with the exception of the

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librarian, can select books "instinctively." Are we allowed no "intuitive hunches"? Surely with an ambitious training program, added to enlightened experience *and* a fair share of instinct, the librarian deserves a more respected place in the community than Mrs. Fisher is willing to allow.

What makes you think, Mrs. Fisher, that we are "shut up in the library mostly, living with books"? What, exactly, do you mean by the *mostly*? Are you critical of the minister, who spends his time mostly in church, or the actor who is mostly in the theater, or the teacher who is in the schoolroom mostly?

You present a very sad, old-fashioned, outdated picture. That poor, downtrodden, storybook individual left the library field long ago. Today our library schools are sending out intelligent, alert, eager-minded, competent, professional librarians, who go forth equipped to take a place right in the heart of the community, and to build, to create, to serve.

JOSEPHINE A. SMITH
Detroit, Mich.

Sir:

"The Library in Our Town" interested and cheered me. I now hope other towns and villages will take heart and work in the same democratic spirit for the kind of service they need.

In comparison with other countries, our libraries are of course impressive. I have availed myself of the wealth they offer in many different places, but I always feel that since they are so good they could with a little effort be better.

The most common shortcoming seems to me to be the library hours. They usually open at nine in the morning when few people are free to visit them for any length of time, and they close at the early hour of nine, if they open at all in the evening. Thousands of people who live in rented rooms could spend delightful winter evenings reading in the public library, but as it is now run there is not a long enough period. Readers are turned out while the evening is still young.

It would be illuminating if libraries, instead of making up reports on the basis of books circulated, were to report their actual membership statistics, giving the proportion of townsmen who actually used the library and explaining what was done to make an appeal to a wider representation. The fact that few libraries limit the number of books a member may take may mean that there are too few people using these books.

RUTH A. BABCOCK
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

I violently disagree with the thought that book committees are the proper agencies for the selection of books for a public library. It is evident that

Arlington, Vermont, has a very superior group to administer library affairs, but my contention is that no layman, no matter how cultured or literary, can select books for a public library as well as an experienced librarian.

Library patrons often request the librarian to choose their books from the library shelves, because they have found that she suits their tastes better than they themselves. And it is the individual who stands behind the desk, day in and day out, who knows most accurately what the public wants, and a conscientious librarian will keep a careful balance, in her book ordering, between the material indicated by superficial requests, and that more solid literature which *should* be read, and is the foundation of a good book stock.

Also the librarian should be better prepared than anyone else to choose what is worth while in the enormous product of the presses, because across her desk flows the flood of book advertising matter which she can check against the more or less unbiased reviews, to all of which she has ready access.

The library personnel, whether only one person or the members of a large library system, should be the final authority in book buying for their institution, because, if anybody has the training and equipment for it, they have, and their professional reputations are at stake to provide a public with books of the best cultural, recreational, and informative kind.

E. FRANCES ABBOTT
Wayland Free Public Library
Wayland, Mass.

The Nagasaki Bomb

Sir:

"That Day at Hiroshima," by Alexander H. Leighton, in the October *Atlantic*, reacquainted me with many scenes that I witnessed while I was serving with the occupation forces in Japan. I had many opportunities to visit Nagasaki after the atomic bomb hit the city. The houses in general were flimsily built with wood and tar paper; some were built with stone and cement. Most of these houses were destroyed. The outer frames of some factories and stone buildings were still standing, but inside there was a mass of rubble and broken glass. I saw steel railroad tracks that were torn and twisted and the locomotive was nothing but molten steel. The wheels of streetcars melted and stuck to the tracks while the car itself was a burned and blackened mass of ashes.

Contrary to the friendly feelings the people of Hiroshima had for the Americans, the people of Nagasaki were antagonistic. There was hatred for the Americans in their eyes and most of them did not care to talk with us. The shops and stores were open — that is, what was left of them — and business went on as usual.

The atomic bomb is capable of doing some very strange things. I learned from a few Japanese that some children were playing in the streets when the bomb exploded and they were burned to a crisp but

their clothing was not even scorched. There were many whose clothing was burned completely off their bodies. These strange phenomena may be explained by the radioactivity of the bomb. The heat generated by the atom was so great that people could feel it eight to ten miles from the original blast.

I do not know just how much of Nagasaki was destroyed by the bomb, but the damage was very great. The bomb exploded a few hundred feet in the air and this explains the widespread damage.

The aftereffects of the bomb caused almost as many casualties as the initial blast. The victims not killed directly by the bomb suffered from internal bleeding and shock. Their hair came out in patches and the gold fillings in their teeth were radioactive. The large trees were still standing but the leaves were burned off. The plant life was killed and the land was rendered useless as long as the radioactivity remained in the soil.

This atomic bomb is a terrible weapon and if ever there is atomic warfare no nation will be able to survive the terrific blows.

ALBERT W. CONNELL
Jacksonville, Ill.

El Supremo

Sir:

While reading Richard E. Danielson's column in the October, 1946, *Atlantic*, I was brought up with a start by his mention of two books written by Edward Lucas White: *El Supremo* and *Andivius Hedulio*. He said that they were corking books and that he had said as much when he reviewed them twenty years ago. I felt that he was a kindred spirit.

Many boys of my generation in Baltimore had reason to know Mr. White. He taught us Latin, five years of it, at the Boys' Latin School. The school is still very much in existence. He was a wonderful teacher; he drilled us in the rudiments, lifted us through Caesar, and got more poetry, via Virgil and Ovid, into us and out of us than seemed possible. In after years we realized how much we owed him. None of his schoolboys of course knew of his literary interest, and therefore it was a surprise when books from his pen began to appear. We read them and thought they were good and I still think so.

This explains why Mr. Danielson's paragraph gave me unusual pleasure.

E. O. HURLBURT
Director, Naval Research Laboratory
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

I don't know when I have chortled with as much delight as I did when I read Richard E. Danielson's article, "Publishing in the Dark." This state was caused by his comments on Edward Lucas White's two books, *El Supremo* and *Andivius Hedulio*.

For years I've been intimidated by librarians and booksellers for asking for these two books. I read *El Supremo* and after returning it to the library tried to buy it. No one ever heard of it—and

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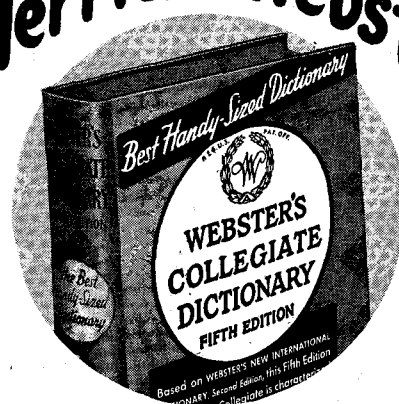
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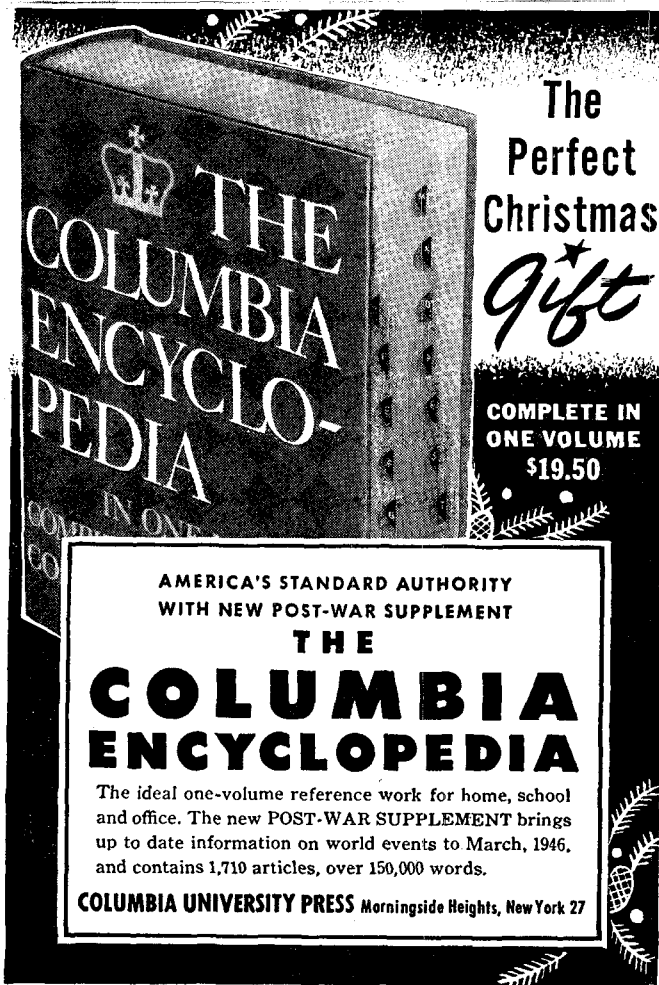
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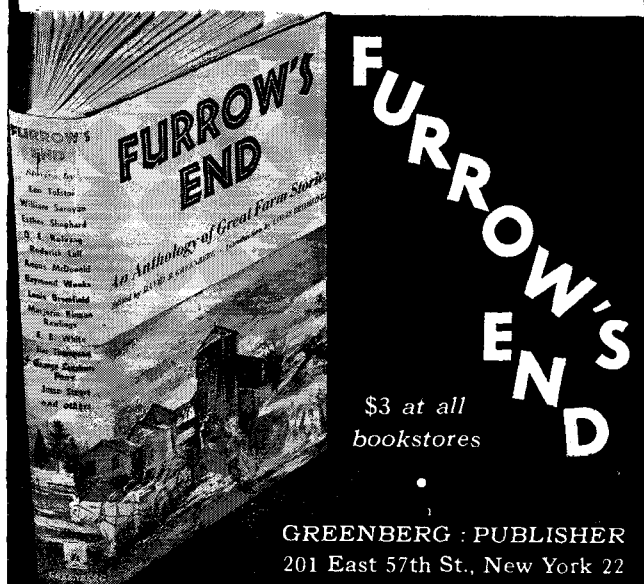
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when clerks went so far as to look it up, of course it was "out of print." That seemed to be that. (But I'm still drinking maté and remembering the elaborate directions for brewing it in *El Supremo*.) I went back to the library for weeks to get *El Supremo* out again — and finally the librarians reluctantly confessed that probably it had got dirty and had been thrown away. I was severely "shushed" for exclaiming in horror, "Thrown away, and didn't they replace it?" (I had hoped to buy the copy when the library sold it off.) I was luckier with *Andivius Hedulio* and acquired a copy.

Thanks to Mr. Danielson, I can now hold up my head when I go on hunting for *El Supremo*.

KATHARINE W. PHILLIPS
Hollywood, Cal.

Sir:

I have read *The Worm Ouroboros*, which Mr. Danielson mentions, twice already but must do it again. I quite agree with his estimate of it. I did not care as much for *Styrbiorn the Strong*. I think the reason *The Worm* did not go over as well as it should have when it came out was partly the title and partly the reviewing.

As for *Andivius Hedulio*, unfortunately I have no copy. A friend lent it to me, but, unlike Mr. Danielson's friends, I returned it. I bought *El Supremo* and enjoyed it. I feel that *The Worm* is caviar to the general, but anyone should be able to enjoy *Andivius*. I have an order in for a copy to give my granddaughter. The book made such an impression on me that when Imperial Rome is mentioned, I always think of it. Both are "escape novels" in the exact sense of the term. In the latter you actually live in Imperial Rome, and in the former, in a "never-never land" but one which seems quite as real as the present. *Green Mansions* had a better title as well as a better build-up. I do not think it touches either of the other books.

MRS. FREDERICK W. HARNWELL
Frederick, Md.

"The Peripatetic Reviewer"

Sir:

Edward Weeks really shouldn't write as he does in the October *Atlantic* about the waters and marshes of Ipswich Bay. It is an extreme form of cruelty to one pinned down with sacroiliac trouble. On the other hand, one can enjoy by proxy those delightful experiences he describes, and that is what I did when I read "The Peripatetic Reviewer."

JOHN H. CHASE
Milton, Mass.

Sir:

I have enjoyed reading "The Peripatetic Reviewer" in the October *Atlantic* so much that I should like to express my thanks and appreciation. I had just finished reading *The Sudden Guest* by Christopher La Farge and then I opened the *Atlantic*, to find a fine and beautiful description of the New England coast, with all it implies, merging into a review of the book. My enjoyment was complete.

EDITH AVERY
Park Ridge, N.J.

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OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933**

*of ATLANTIC MONTHLY
published Monthly at Concord, N. H.
for October 1st, 1946*

State of Massachusetts, County of Suffolk, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Donald B. Snyder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Atlantic Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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DONALD B. SNYDER

(Signature of publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September 1946.

[SEAL]

Erwin C. Thiessen, Notary Public

(My commission expires February 2, 1950)

Sir:

When I picked up the October issue of the *Atlantic*, and ran through the Contents to pick the articles which I would read (no, I'm not yet a cover-to-cover devotee) I noted the title "What Is 'Fireproof'?" by Maurice Webster.

My immediate reaction was: Why didn't the editor ask me to write such an article? He knows surely that I have been for years very active in trying to improve safety codes in Boston and Massachusetts, that I was on the executive review and editing committee which compiled the new Boston Code, that I regularly consult with the Massachusetts legislative recess commission on safety of persons in buildings, that I am a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Standards, that I am a member of the Boston Chamber of Commerce fire-prevention committee, that I am the safety consultant of the Retail Trade Board of Boston and Massachusetts, and so on. So why this Webster?

I read the article and I know why Webster.

His article is by far the best I have had the privilege of reading on the subject or related topics. It is clear, comprehensive, compact, and interesting. It is erudite and at the same time simple. Any layman can understand it and any "expert" can study it with profit. My hat is off to that kind of mind.

C. CLARK MACOMBER
Boston, Mass.

Sir:

I read with utmost interest and concern the article by David L. Cohn (August *Atlantic*) about the liking for women that American men don't have, and on the very first page in the footnote there are mentioned "the Robert Lynds," who are the authors of the famous "Middletown" books on American society.

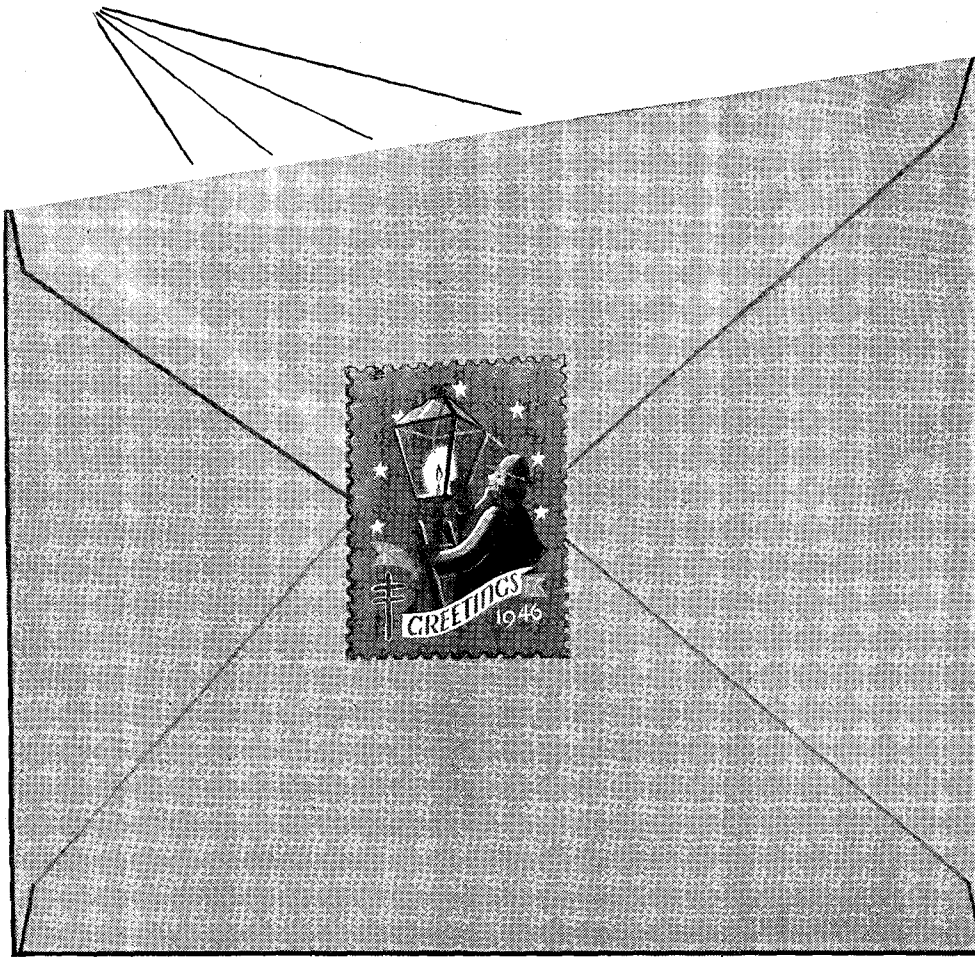
Now, the insult to women in that manner of designating a husband and wife (usually called a man and wife) escapes most people, but a few sociologists are acutely aware of the pressure and depression which wear on the personalities of American Christian women simply because of their ignominiously inferior position in relation to their husbands and all their other menfolk, an inferiority that is zealously upheld by all respectable institutions such as the churches, newspapers, courts, and Emily Post.

It is strange and also tragic that students like David Cohn never mention this. The wife of Robert Lynd, whoever she is, probably doesn't mind. Like the black slave of a century ago, she probably takes pride in being a good and conventional inferior. I believe that, in fact, women of today, like the slaves of the past, actually express their hazily realized resentment, not by open rebellion, but by underhand methods. Women have many distasteful traits of personality growing solely out of their low position; and this helps explain why men, both guilty and puzzled because of the bitterness in the situation, so often divorce wives and are divorced by them.

As for men liking women, how can you like your potential rival for the mastery of the planet?

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A YEAR OF PEACEMAKING

by WALTER LIPPMANN

FIFTEEN months have elapsed, as this article goes to press, since Potsdam, where the Big Three decided to approach the settlement of the world war by negotiating treaties for the European satellite states. A phase of this first chapter of the peacemaking ended with the adjournment in Paris on October 15 of the conference of the twenty-one nations. The Big Four, France having been admitted after Potsdam, are now at work in New York trying to conclude these treaties. They have fixed on the end of November as the time to begin to discuss a settlement with Germany. They have no agreement about when they will discuss Austria. They have not yet begun to discuss when they will begin to discuss the settlement with Japan.

The calendar and the agenda of the peacemaking are extraordinary, indeed astonishing. After no great war of modern times have the victors allowed so much time to pass before treating with their principal enemies. And though this is supposed to be the global settlement of a war that made this "one world," we have thus far confined our peacemaking to one region of the world.

If we ask why there has been this unusually long delay in coming to grips with the main issues of a settlement, why instead there has been this prolonged preoccupation with the satellites, the expla-

nation would, I suppose, be that it is inordinately difficult to deal with Soviet Russia. Now there is no doubt that Mr. Truman and Mr. Byrnes, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin, have found it inordinately difficult to deal with Soviet Russia. But this is not a sufficient explanation. For while it might explain a failure to reach agreement for a general settlement, which would require a settlement for Germany and Japan, it does not explain the fact that fifteen months have passed without a serious attempt to begin to negotiate a general settlement.

We must look for the explanation by asking how it happened, and why, contrary to all precedents in the making of peace, the Allies decided to postpone the settlements with the chief enemy states and to deal instead with the satellites of Germany. They took this decision at Potsdam. They took it, I believe, as the consequence of three considerations which at the time seemed of paramount importance to the Soviet Union, to Britain, and to the United States. The first was that Russia insisted on fixing *de facto* a new eastern frontier for Germany on the line of the Oder and the western Neisse. The second was that Britain had been given the sole control of Northwestern Germany, which contains 70 per cent of the pre-war German heavy industry, and is the most important economic region of Europe. The third was that the United States insisted that we should have the sole control and the deciding voice in the occupation of Japan. By these three decisions each of the Big Three powers got what each of them most wanted immediately. After that a general settlement of the war, which would have had to deal with Germany and Japan, was postponed indefinitely.

Had Germany been put first on the agenda for

As Secretary of an organization which prepared data for the Peace Conference of 1919 under the direction of Colonel House, WALTER LIPPMANN took an active part in defining the Fourteen Points. As one of our foremost authorities on foreign affairs he has followed closely, both here and abroad, the negotiations of the peacemakers in this peace year. Mr. Lippmann's political philosophy has found timely and influential expression in three of his recent books, *The Good Society*, *U.S. Foreign Policy*, and *U.S. War Aims*.

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Europe, the concession to the Soviet Union on the eastern frontier would have been reopened at once. The British control of the Ruhr and of German heavy industry would have had to be re-examined. There would have had to be negotiations about all the frontiers of Germany, not merely about the eastern. Silesia would have had to be examined along with the Ruhr, and East Prussia along with the Rhineland, and instead of the simple decision conceding the claims of Poland and the Soviet Union, there would have had to be an equal consideration of the claims of France, the Netherlands, and Belgium. It would have been necessary to strike a balance that took into account the security of all of Germany's victims, and their right to reparations, and the future of Germany itself as a viable state. It would have been necessary, in short, to negotiate, and not to postpone, a European settlement.¹

But the United States was inhibited from insisting upon a European settlement around Germany because the Russians would have countered by asking for a simultaneous settlement in Eastern Asia around Japan. We were as little anxious to negotiate immediately about Japan as the Russians or the British were about Germany. Russia and Britain and America would each have had to surrender the special and peculiar position it had obtained — Russia because she had played the main part in defeating Germany and was at the Elbe, Britain because Mr. Churchill had persuaded President Roosevelt to let him have the Ruhr, we because we had conquered Japan and were in possession of it.

2

WHEN the Potsdam Conference had confirmed the Russian position in Eastern Germany, the British position in the Ruhr, and our position in Japan, the Allies had left on their agenda only the European satellites. And so, contrary to all precedents in settling wars, they chose to begin their peacemaking with the satellites of their principal enemy.

This meant that they would attempt to govern the moon in order to regulate the sun. For a satellite is by definition a secondary planet which revolves around a larger one. Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, Finland, Hungary, and also Austria, were, are, and are destined to remain, secondary powers. What becomes of them, what should be done with them

¹ Speaking in the House of Commons on October 23, 1946, Mr. Bevin said: "For the sake of the security of the future the two main aggressive nations of the world are being left till last on the ground that it is essential to continue to exercise such control over them, and occupation, as to prevent their ever becoming aggressor nations again." For that reason, he said, "we are proceeding from the circumference instead of from the center." But if the need to control Germany and Japan was the reason, then why is November, 1946, a better time than November, 1945, to talk about Germany? Are not Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin agreed that the control of Germany may have to last forty years? If Mr. Bevin's explanation of the agenda of the peacemaking is correct, a settlement with Germany ought to have been postponed not for one year but for thirty-nine years!

and for them, and what can be done, depend on the structure of Europe as a whole. Europe cannot be reconstructed around the satellites: the satellites have to be fitted into the reconstruction of Europe. For this reason no statesmen interested in a general world settlement would have considered it possible or wise to deal with the satellites until there had been a settlement among the great powers. But after Potsdam the Allied statesmen had foreclosed a general settlement.

They were confirmed in their choice of the satellites as the subject of their labors by two opposite but complementary purposes. The Soviet Union was interested in dealing with the satellites first. For this meant that the settlements would be made while the Red Army was still near its maximum power and prestige. Excepting Italy, all the satellites were under Russian military occupation, and, therefore, Russia would have the first word and the last in the negotiations. In the case of Italy the Russian and the Yugoslav claims had a better chance if they were pressed before a settlement with Germany had removed the reason for maintaining huge armies in the heart of Europe.

The British and Americans were also preoccupied with the satellites. Mr. Churchill was most particularly concerned about the strength of the Red Army and its advance to the Elbe River. Now Mr. Bevin and Mr. Byrnes were unable to force the Red Army to retire from Central Europe. But they undertook to make the Red Army retire by concentrating on the satellites. The Russians were as far west as they were because they were occupying the satellites. Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin thought that if they could conclude treaties of peace with the satellites, the Russians would then have to evacuate Central and Eastern Europe. This would, they told themselves, arrest the spread of communism, would re-establish democracy and liberty behind the iron curtain, and would restore the balance of power in Germany and in Europe, which had been so radically upset by the advance of the Red Army to the Elbe River.

From the London Conference of September, 1945, through the Paris Conference which closed in October, 1946, they worked on this particular project to the exclusion of all other projects for the settlement of the world war.

The Big Three chose to begin the settlement of the world war in the eastern half of Europe. This was a gigantic blunder, made by men who had had no part in the strategic conduct of the war, and failed to take into account its strategic consequences. For it narrowed the issue between Russia and the West to the very region where the conflict was sharpest and a settlement the most difficult.

Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, and Finland had been occupied by the Red Army. The greater part of Venezia Giulia to the suburbs of Gorizia and Trieste was occupied by the Yugoslav Army. The Italian peninsula, up to the line to which Tito's

troops were pushed back, was occupied by British and American troops. The Italian colonial empire was occupied by British troops. Given the military position at the end of the war, it would not have been possible to choose a worse theater of diplomatic negotiation in which to initiate a world settlement.

Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin had set themselves an impossible task. While they held firmly for the Western powers the whole position in Africa and the Mediterranean — which they had won by defeating Italy — and the whole of Western Germany containing 46 million Germans to 18 million in the Russian zone, containing the greater part of the demobilized and disbanded veterans of the Wehrmacht and 70 per cent of Germany's pre-war heavy industry, they undertook by negotiation and diplomatic pressure to reduce the position in Eastern Europe — which the Soviet Union had won because the Red Army had defeated two thirds of the German Army.

I am not saying that it was not a desirable and a necessary thing to reduce the military expansion of Russia. I have no doubt that it is. But I am saying that it was an impossible thing to do immediately, and as our prime object, in the first few months after the war. Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin, armed only with the Atlantic Charter and the Yalta Declaration, were attempting to take by frontal assault the main positions held by the Red Army. These positions are looked upon by all Russians as the British look upon the Low Countries, as we look upon the Caribbean region — as vital to the security of Russia against invasion. Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin picked the one region of the globe where the Soviet Union was the strongest, and we most nearly impotent. In this region the Russians were in possession and could act; Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin could only argue and protest.

In any other region they had power, influence, and possessions with which to bargain. They had two thirds of Germany, much the best part of Germany. They had Japan. They had the leading position in China. They had as their close partners France and the highly civilized nations of Western and Northern and Southern Europe. They had the Mediterranean. They had the Middle East. They had the whole of Africa. They had Southern Asia. They had the whole colonial world. They had the whole democratic world. They had the whole capitalist system. They were preponderant in the organization of the United Nations. They had command of all the seas. They had command of the air. They had the atomic bomb.

The one thing they did not have was ground armies to match the Red Army in the region which the Red Army had just conquered triumphantly, and at a terrible cost of blood and treasure. Yet that was the region where they elected to put to the test their relations with the Soviet Union and the whole great business of a world settlement.

Was it not certain that here they must fail, as in

fact they have failed, and in the failure to reach a settlement where it was most difficult to reach it, that they must make it infinitely difficult to make any general settlement? Let no one seek to explain away the failure by pointing out how brutal, how stubborn, how faithless, how aggressive the Russians have proved themselves to be. The worse one thinks of the Russians, the greater must be deemed the error of having elected to challenge the Russians first of all on the ground where they were most able to be, and were most certain to be, brutal, stubborn, faithless, and aggressive.

3

WHEN Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin decided to concentrate their efforts on Eastern Europe, they may have believed that they could not deal with Germany, with Europe as a whole, with the Mediterranean, the Middle East, the Far East, and the colonies unless they could first reduce the power of the Soviet Union. But they had no way of compelling the Soviet Union to relax its grip on Eastern Europe. There may have been as many as 200 Soviet divisions within reach of that region of the world, whereas the British and American forces were being withdrawn and demobilized rapidly.

If, as many of Mr. Byrnes's advisers believed, the Russians wished to keep the non-Soviet world unsettled while they consolidated their own conquests behind the iron curtain, then Machiavelli himself could not have devised a plan which served better this Russian purpose. Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin have spent their energies assaulting the strongest position of Russia's vital interests. Thus they have furnished the Soviet Union with reasons, with pretexts, for an iron rule behind the iron curtain, and with ground for believing what Russians are conditioned to believe: that a coalition is being organized to destroy them.

At the same time Mr. Bevin and Mr. Byrnes have subjected the small nations, which they meant to befriend, to the cruel ordeal of having to stand up publicly every day and, in the presence of Messrs. Molotov and Vishinsky, to say whether they are with the Soviet Union or with the Anglo-Americans. As a result we have compromised the political leaders and parties in Poland and elsewhere who wished to be independent of Moscow. We have sponsored them without in fact being able to support them. All this Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin have done with the best of intentions, in the interest of the Atlantic Charter, the Yalta Declaration, and the Four Freedoms. But the strategical plan of their efforts ignored the realities, and was self-defeating: they have led from our own weakness against the strongest position of the Soviet Union, and they became so preoccupied with this unequal struggle that they have neglected to exert our own influence where it was in fact much greater than Russia's.

For the effective answer to the Soviet domination of Eastern Europe was to lay the foundations in Western Europe of a general settlement in which the whole of Europe could eventually be included. Though geographically Europe is divided in half, the western half is, as respects power, population, resources, and its cultural importance, by all odds the more important half. The three western zones of Germany contain three quarters of the German population and nearly three quarters of the industry of Germany. The United Kingdom, France, Belgium, and the Netherlands are incomparably the strongest part of Europe. Had we labored among them and with them for agreements on the political structure of Germany, on the place of German industry in the economy of Europe, the situation would have been radically different today.

The question would not have been whether we can intervene in the Russian orbit. It would have been whether the Soviet Union could prevent the Germans, the Poles, the Czechs, the Hungarians, and the others from participating in the general settlement of Europe. But as long as the future of Trieste, Silesia, and the Danube were separated from the future of Hamburg, the Rhine, and the Ruhr; as long as the political structure of Eastern Europe was debated apart from the political structure of Germany, the peacemakers could have no general plan of a European settlement and reconstruction. They were doomed to treat Europe as the stakes of the diplomacy of the three non-European great powers.

The question, then, was not how peace could be made. It was, as the newspaper headlines have testified, how in the event of war Europe could be controlled by the non-Europeans. By trying to solve separately and in the first instance the problem of Russian expansion in Eastern Europe before they attempted a European settlement, they followed the course which was most certain to divide Europe. It is no answer to this criticism to say that we have moral obligations under the Atlantic Charter and the Yalta Declaration. Of course we have. The independence of Poland and the other small nations of Eastern Europe is a necessary objective of our policy and it is a moral obligation to persevere in achieving it. My contention is that we have fought the battle of freedom, nobly, perhaps, but that we have not fought it well.

Poland is no more independent than it was — though we have pounded on the iron curtain for more than a year. For Poland cannot be made an independent state simply by detaching Poland from Russian domination. The fact is that Poland cannot live independently in a political vacuum. Poland can be independent only if she is attached to a European system which has settled with Germany. The same holds for Austria, for Hungary, and for Czechoslovakia. They cannot, they will not, they dare not, detach themselves from Russia unless there is something else to which they can attach them-

selves. That something else cannot be the waning power of Britain or the distant power of the United States. It can be only a framework for continental Europe.

It was not possible, obviously, for the Western powers to establish a general European system without Russian consent. But it was possible, and it may still be possible, for them to organize a very large part of Europe with a view to creating a European system. The issue with the Russians would then have been whether they would participate in a settlement which completed the European system. Had the Russians refused to come in, they would have isolated themselves and the captive states. That would have been unfortunate for us. But it would have been more unfortunate for them. For Russia can perhaps endure isolation, and even profit by isolation, if the rest of the world is unsettled. But to be isolated in a world where the strongest and richest, the morally and technologically most progressive, of the nations have become united would not be attractive. It would not be a profitable, or a practicable, kind of isolation.

The answer to Russian domination in Eastern Europe was to confront them with the solidarity of the West, as an accomplished fact. Then, instead of our pushing against and picking at the Russian orbit, we should have been pulling the people of Europe away from it, pulling them not into a British-American orbit but into the orbit of Europe itself. The peoples of Eastern Europe would have had another place to go. They would have had reason for going there. But now, as we have managed the matter, we have invited them to quarrel with the Russians though we can give them only our moral support. We have not offered them the prospect of the solidarity of Europe but a choice between the Russians and ourselves — with the Continent as the appointed theater of another war.

4

It is most significant, I think, that in this country and in Great Britain, the men who have been trying to settle the war are a different set of men from those who conducted the war. This is most unusual. The leading figures at the Congress of Vienna and at the Paris Conference of 1919 were the leading figures of the war. But this time they have not been. Roosevelt was dead, Churchill was out of office, and Stalin had withdrawn into the recesses of the Kremlin.

Yet if, as Clausewitz taught, war and diplomacy are the same process using different means, then surely it has been a great disadvantage that the transition from war to peace has been managed by men who had no personal experience and responsibility for the strategical conduct of the war. That may help to explain the fact that the peacemakers have had no conception of a general settlement

and so great a misconception of the strategical situation which the war had produced.

Messrs. Truman, Byrnes, Attlee, and Bevin have meant to carry on and complete what their predecessors began. They have been faithful to the promises. But they have not, I believe, understood the operation by which the promises were to be fulfilled. They had not participated in the crucial deliberations and decisions where high strategy and high politics are inseverably connected. They meant to maintain the unity of the Big Three. But they had not participated in creating it, and thus they did not know at first hand how the coalition had been put together, and how it had been nursed, protected, and maintained.

Churchill and Roosevelt had formed and guided the British-American combination, and had drawn around it the whole Atlantic community of states. Roosevelt had kept the connection with China. Churchill had made the alliance with the Soviet Union. Churchill had been the intermediary between Roosevelt and the French resistance. Roosevelt had been the intermediary between Chiang Kai-shek and Churchill and later between Stalin and Churchill.

By a singular coincidence and good fortune both Roosevelt and Churchill had a great natural aptitude, a lifelong interest, experience during the First World War, in just that field where diplomacy and military strategy come together. Churchill, who knew himself to be the descendant of Marlborough and the heir of Pitt, was not only a Prime Minister but the generalissimo of the armed forces of Britain and of Western Europe. Had he worn a regular uniform, and not merely the costumes he enjoyed wearing, he would be recognized as one of the greatest of the military commanders of modern times.

Roosevelt had been the Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the First World War, and in fact the acting head of the Navy as a fighting force. Long before he was a New Dealer, he had learned to think of himself as the Roosevelt who would follow in the footsteps of the great Theodore. T.R. was the first President to recognize that the century of isolation under the aegis of British sea power was over, and that America was a world power in its own right and responsibility. F.D.R. became the President under whom the change was consummated.

In the complex nature of Franklin D. Roosevelt the deepest of his faculties were those which he exercised in diplomacy and the strategical conduct of war. Here he was, so to speak, in his native element; here he had instinct, intuition, a passionate interest, and knowledge of a quite different order and quality from that which he could draw upon elsewhere. He was never thoroughly at home in the field of domestic reform and civil administration. There he was not the professional, but spasmodically, when he was at his best, the inspired amateur. For his knowledge was not original. It was acquired, and his interest was not instinctive but sustained by

an effort of will. Though he was a reformer who inaugurated and presided over momentous changes in the internal life of the country, his knowledge of his own measures was never deeply grounded or critically disciplined. He was casual, almost frivolous, in much that he did because he was, I believe, at bottom indifferent and quickly bored. He had been persuaded that he had to deal with these subjects. But he did not love to deal with them, and when he dealt with them, he had not the craftsman's pleasure or his artistic integrity.

But in the councils of war and peace, in the map room and in his intercourse with chiefs of state and of commanders, he was a different man. With the generals and the admirals, with ambassadors and ministers, with Churchill and Stalin, he was in no sense the layman among professionals, the mere civilian and the amateur. He was in the full meaning of the term the Commander-in-Chief, who knew how to take, who was prepared to take, the final responsibility in the strategic conduct of war and the relationship of the powers. It was as Commander-in-Chief that he dealt with Churchill and with Stalin. Their meetings were councils of men who brought together the whole power of the three great states, and the whole array of their interests.

When Roosevelt and Churchill ceased to be the chieftains in the West, the inner council of the coalition dissolved. Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin were left to deal with M. Molotov and M. Vishinsky. The council of heads of governments was reduced to a council of heads of departments. At the critical moment the commanders-in-chief of the coalition were replaced by civilians who had had no part in organizing and directing the coalition.

The death of Roosevelt, moreover, was followed by the disappearance of almost all the key men who had played a leading part in shaping the high strategy of the war, and had known at first hand the issues which had been resolved in order to organize successfully the military coalition of the United Nations. Admiral Leahy alone remained of the principal figures. For one reason and another Hopkins, Stimson, Marshall, King, McCloy — the principal advisers of President Roosevelt on the crucial issues of war and peace — ceased abruptly to be the advisers of President Truman. Not only the captain was dead. His lieutenants too were gone. Thus the connecting threads were broken, and though Mr. Truman and Mr. Byrnes meant to carry on the "Roosevelt policy," the men who knew how to operate it were suddenly removed.

5

THE unity of the Big Three was not a contract which would automatically fulfill itself. It was a complex and delicately balanced operation conducted by three men who were at one and the same time heads of governments and commanders-in-chief. They

united in themselves the indivisible functions of war and diplomacy. They did not all want the same things. They wanted many differing things. But they bore the same kind of responsibilities, they had the same kind of authority, and all three were versed in the calculations of power and in the art of strategical judgment. Thus they knew how to respect and to exert the inducements and the compulsions by which a unity in diversity is achieved through an equilibrium of power.

As the war was concluded and before it could be settled, Roosevelt and Churchill were replaced by Truman and Attlee, Byrnes and Bevin. The peacemakers for the Western world were men to whom the problems of war and the settlement of war were novel. They had experience only in the internal politics of the two democracies, where the consideration of high strategy and high diplomacy plays no part. The settlement of the war, which was integral with the conduct of the war, was abruptly transferred from the commanders-in-chief to civilian politicians.

Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin had, to be sure, been members of the War Cabinet, and had no doubt been kept reasonably well-informed by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden about the course of the war. But they had been immersed in domestic affairs and neither of them had, I believe, ever participated in any of the international councils of war before they took over at Potsdam. Mr. Truman had been a Senator who investigated aspects of our own mobilization. He had had no part in the direction of the war. Mr. Byrnes had been at the White House, and therefore much closer to the center of things. But until he attended the Yalta Conference, his task was to act for the President on matters that were not in the field of high policy, so that the President would be free to devote his main attention to the strategy and diplomacy of the war.

The civilian politicians, suddenly and unexpectedly charged with the settlement of the war, were unable to learn quickly the vocabulary and the grammar of diplomacy. Thus they mistook the strategical realities, and committed themselves to the task of negotiating the Soviet Union out of the sphere of its maximum interest and influence. When they found that they could not do this by arguing with M. Molotov, they fell back on the procedure and the tactics which they had learned to use against their opponents in domestic politics.

They tried to operate a peace conference as if it combined the best features of a legislature and a party convention. Mr. Byrnes, Mr. Vandenberg, Mr. Connally, and Mr. Truman had been schooled in the Senate, and Mr. Bevin in the Trades Union Congress and in Parliament. Unable to induce or compel M. Molotov by what they regarded as diplomacy, they sought to outvote him, and to arouse public opinion against him. The theory of this procedure was that by bringing issues to a public vote, an aroused public opinion would do to the Russians

what it has done now and then to Tammany Hall and Mayor Hague, to Mr. Joe Martin and Senator Taft.

But to apply the methods of domestic politics to international politics is like using the rules of checkers in a game of chess. Within a democratic state, conflicts are decided by an actual or a potential count of votes — as the saying goes, by ballots rather than bullets. But in a world of sovereign states conflicts are decided by power, actual or potential, for the ultimate arbiter is not an election but war.

To apply among sovereign states the procedures of a democratic state is, therefore, to invite trouble. The voting cannot decide the issue. But the issues are sharply defined by the voting. This causes everyone to speculate on the chances of war. Mr. Byrnes came home from Paris and deplored the amount of talk about war. But if day after day the use of public votes has advertised — the apologists say “clarified” — a conflict among armed states, and if it is demonstrated day after day that a majority of votes does not decide the issue, it is inevitable that men should think about war, which is the only arbiter that can decide an irreconcilable issue among great powers.

So what the world has seen is not the triumph of democracy but a failure of diplomacy. Yet it is only by diplomacy that the interests of sovereign nations can be modified, adjusted, and reconciled.

This failure of diplomacy is not necessarily fatal and irreparable. The first year of peacemaking may prove to have been the hardest and the worst. For while the peacemakers have not advanced towards a settlement, or even conceived in outline the form and structure of a settlement, their peoples realize it. They themselves may realize it. What they have come to is a deadlock and a stalemate. But since everywhere the hatred of war is much stronger than the willingness to fight a war, there is a margin of safety in the diplomatic failure.

The actual situation is what it was at the end of the war. There has been no substantial change in the military boundary lines which mark the zones of influence among the victors. The orbits of the powers are what they were on V-J Day. And it may be that events have now demonstrated to all of them that none can reduce the orbits of the others or expand its own. Therefore the opportunity may be at hand when the British and Americans will recognize, as Castlereagh said at the beginning of the Congress of Vienna, that “no effectual progress can be made in business until some plan of European settlement can be prepared ready to be submitted.” The realization that the strategical relationship of the great powers is deadlocked has already in all the leading countries caused men to examine the results of the first post-war year. It will cause them increasingly to reconsider the assumptions and the reasoning by which the settlement of the war has been thus far so badly muddled.

HERALD ANGELS MISS THE BOAT

by AGNES NEWTON KEITH

IF IT was possible to hate one time more than another in camp, I hated Christmas. Then was the time one wanted to give: gifts, joy, happiness. Then was the time material and spiritual paupery hurt. Christmas, 1944, was the worst.

The Christian religion taught us that one thousand nine hundred and forty-four years before, the Saviour of the world was born. His promise was peace on the earth, good will to men. He showed us the way by love. The irony of celebrating His birth and teaching, while we were following their antithesis, overcame me.

Then we had another rice cut; four-year-old George had a toothache again; I heard that my husband, Harry, was ill; and Christmas was coming.

I wanted to cut it all out; I felt that I could not pretend. I suggested to the other mothers that, as both energy and materials were nonexistent now, we should keep Christmas as the Sisters did, as a religious festival only, and agree not to give any presents to our children. If no child had anything, they could not compare, they would not be sad.

But the majority of mothers felt that the children would be disappointed if they did not receive gifts, as we had made things for them the two previous Christmas seasons in camp. And if some children had gifts, then they all must have.

So the Christmas rush started. We cut off sleeves, shortened dresses, cut off collars, sacrificed anything, in the excitement of creating, to get bits of material out of which to make presents. Many of us had slept in evening dresses for a year or so, our night-gowns being worn-out; now the good parts of these were sacrificed. We unraveled stockings and socks to get thread to sew with. I had one pair of kid gloves which I cut up to make dolls' shoes. Out of bits and pieces of every sort of material, we made small dolls and fancy animals, and never have I seen their like for originality. Nothing was what it seemed to be.

Their bodies were made of flesh-colored under-

pants or nighties or beige stockings, and stuffed with kapok, tea, or shredded rags. Hair was made of hemp, unraveled from the ends of rope, or else of wool. Faces were embroidered on, or rubbed on with pastel, or painted. I had a few pastels which the Japanese Domei news reporter had given me when he had posed me for a propaganda picture of "artist at play" the year before; these I used, combined with my own lipstick and rouge, to paint faces. I put the pastels on with a wet match stick to make them more lasting, and finished each face with a coat of my face powder.

The Christmas before, I had done fifty dolls' faces for people this way, and nearly exhausted my make-up and patience. Now I said that I would trade each doll's face for a scrap of extra food, or smokes. The barter did not discourage trade as much as I had hoped.

We cut blocks of soft rubberwood and carved small toys; we used liquid rubber tapped from the rubber tree in camp to glue things together. And anything with any claim of edibility was bartered for and hoarded until The Day.

If I hadn't been exhausted anyway, if I hadn't grudged the energy and time, if my heart had been in it, it might have been fun.

The day came. The children went wild. The barrack was bedlam, the holiday bustle was there, the excitement and comparing and quarreling. Each Sister came along with a food titbit for some child, and contributions arrived all morning. Gifts came from their fathers, permitted by the Japs: scooters, swords, guns, carts, and blocks, made of soft rubberwood, put together with nails made from the twisted-off barbs of barbed wire.

The Japanese office sent word that we were to meet our husbands for half an hour, in the field outside the barbed wire. We put on our make-up and went.

Lieutenant Nekata, who had charge of our camp, was there, looking benevolent or malevolent, according to your interpretation of him. Miss Takata, the interpreter, was there, announcing and pronouncing the rules and regulations and taboos of the occasion with her own natural vocal arrangements, which surpassed any ordinary loud-speaker.

AGNES NEWTON KEITH is the author of the *Atlantic* prize autobiography *Land Below the Wind*. With her English husband, Harry, who was Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture in North Borneo, and their young son, George, Mrs. Keith was taken into captivity by the Japanese shortly after Pearl Harbor. In Boston this autumn she has been working on her new book, *Three Came Home*.

The armed guards were there, sweating and prodding their way among us. Colonel Suga, the Commandant, was there, sweeping by in his motorcar, he bowing, we bowing. Sweet biscuits arrived to be distributed to the children.

We sat with our husbands quietly under the trees. They held their children lovingly to them, and yearned over them. But the children would not have much of that. They were outside the barbed wire today, in the fields with the trees and the stream, running wild, climbing trees, picking flowers, burrs, buds, any living wild thing, running free. Fathers were secondary to freedom.

Harry looked ill, always more ill, always more thin. At the end of half an hour the parting came. As always, I felt that I had forgotten the most important things, that I had not made it clear enough that the only thing that mattered now was to be with him again; that I had talked about food, and hunger, and anxiety, when all that I should have said was, I love you.

We parted. The men were mustered and marched off down the road. Some looked back striving to hold the moment longer. Always there was the feeling that danger, destruction, death, would strike before we met again. Always each meeting seemed the last. I looked after them as far as I could see. Was it better, or was it worse, to meet like this, I wondered.

In the afternoon we had the Christmas tree. It had been sent from the men's camp with all the decorations on it, made by the civilians and the British soldiers, and arranged for by George Colley, the American from Manila. George had no children, but there was no child in camp whom he did not father, send presents to, feed sugar to, whenever he had it.

The tree was pleasant, a small *Dacrydium* with bending boughs. Flowers and tiny scraps of colored cloth or string or paper were used to make it bright. There was a present on it for every child from George Colley, and a few had additional ones. The smaller gifts were hung on the tree, and the heavy ones placed under. It was like every Christmas tree, the shrine of great promise.

A Christmas angel in spangles, with limbs of seduction and face of enticing dissipation, teetered drunkenly on top, created by Fifi, the British Tommy, in the likeness of a prisoner's dream.

Long before the presents were distributed the boys had spotted the best ones. These were two wooden motor trucks, a train, and a large and splendid ship carved of rubberwood. These were outstanding and stupendous, they were manly and pretentious. All over the tree were hung various-colored stuffed animals and dolls which represented Mama's garments and undergarments of the past — most ingenious considering — considering! The materials for these had been sent to Fifi and the other

men to work with, and there were giraffes, tigers, elephants, zebras, spotted ponies, dogs, cats, bunnies, and golliwoggs — whimsical, fanciful, phony. We thought they were wonderful, considering — considering — But who wants to consider.

The boys looked at this stuff lethargically, and even the girls were blasé. There comes a time when Mama's clothes should either be buried or burned.

But at the foot of the tree the boys all crowded and handled, and grabbed, and dribbled on, and panted over the trucks, the boat, and the train.

George said happily, "That's mine, isn't it, Mum? That big big boat?"

"I don't think so, darling. That is so very big it must be for the biggest boy. But there is *something* lovely for you on the tree, I know."

"I want the boat, Mum."

"But all the boys want the boat, and they can't all have it. You must wait and see."

"But I want it, Mum."

"Wait and see."

The distribution started. George waited breathless and confident, to receive his boat. I was praying; if only one child could have that boat, it might as well be George!

One by one the gifts were distributed. Still George didn't have his, and the boat was still there. And then George was handed a white pony with red spots and an orange mane and a beautiful Christmas card, "To George."

"Say thank you, George."

"Thank you. But when do I get the boat?"

"That is for somebody else, dear. You have your present now."

"I don't want this pony. I want that boat."

"I think we'd better go home now, George." Something was about to start!

"I won't go without my boat!"

Just then the boat was presented to Vicki! It was actually taken and held by Vicki, and it was removed by Vicki.

George watched it go. His world broke into bits. This was worse than the war, or being hungry, or toothache. This was the end of everything.

So he acted accordingly.

Oh, George, my darling, I know just how you feel. I would have got it for you if I could. I didn't know in time. But it was too late then for me to make one, or smuggle one, or steal one.

It wasn't nice of you to throw that pony on the ground and stamp on it. It wasn't nice to scream and shout, "I hate that bad-smell pony!" It wasn't nice, but I know how you feel.

Dusk comes, quiet comes, children sleep. Christmas is over again. I say my prayers: "Oh, God, before next Christmas comes, give me a boat to give my son."

» Speaking straight from his own experience, the fighting head of the Alleghany Corporation denounces the banker-government domination of our railroads which, he says, if it be continued, will lead to insolvency and then to socialization.

A STRANGE ALLIANCE FOR MONOPOLY

by ROBERT R. YOUNG

1

EVER since the first tie was laid, railroad history has been dominated by the banker. When most potent this banker-railroad power has named Presidential candidates and dictated foreign as well as domestic policy.

What started in 1933, with the Pecora investigation, the Banking Act, and the Securities Act, as a complete rout of the bankers, in time developed into a strange new alliance of government and New York financiers — an alliance which was the outcome of the railroad bankruptcies of the thirties. Control of these properties, and of the banking and political plums to flow from them, has resulted in a new form of American monopoly.

The businesses of this country which have made outstanding successes are those having a close relationship between owners and managers. It should be a matter of national concern that we are moving rapidly away from this principle in our railroads.

Nothing is more dependent on the railroads than the Army, unless it be the Navy. Should it come to atomic warfare, the railroads will probably surpass both in cold essentiality. An Army in Europe or a Navy in the Dardanelles may only embroil us, but a sound transportation system at home will go far to defend us. From the repeal of the Neutrality Act to date, the Army has cost the taxpayer 179 billion dollars, and the Navy 99 billion. During the same period the railroads did as much to win the war, — if it is won, — rendered countless productive services, and paid more than 6 billion dollars into city, state, and federal treasuries.

But let us blink away the threat of war and consider all the other things that the railroads mean to us. Railroad securities to the sum of 4 billion dollars, mostly senior mortgages, are held by insurance companies for the account of their 70 million policyholders. Banks, charitable and other institutions, hold 3 billion dollars. The balance in bonds and

stocks, having a par value of 10 billion dollars, is owned directly by 5 million individuals, most of whom are women. No other American industry has its securities so widely distributed.

Our 135 major railroads employ 1½ million individuals. If each employee provides for a family of five, this makes 7½ million Americans directly dependent upon the railroads for their livelihood. There are, of course, many times this number who through supply or service are affected by the ebb and flow of railroad efficiency and prosperity.

The man in the Western town who goes down to the station of a summer evening to watch the east-bound train pull in, the returning schoolboy who feels a tight little spot in his middle when the train swings around the last curve and a vista of his home town opens across the meadows — each of us has his own feeling of nostalgia about his Katy, Pennsy, or Monon. For a century, the railroad has figured in most annals of birth, death, and love. The clicking joints on a frosty night, the far-off whistle of a summer's eve, rouse equally poignant memories.

In the thirties, 37 out of our 135 Class I railroads, or over 25 per cent of railroad mileage, went into bankruptcy. Many of them are still there, held in ransom, after ten, twelve, and fourteen years, although they are in stronger cash position and better physical condition now than most solvent carriers.

For three generations Morgan and Kuhn, Loeb had dictated the policies of the railroads *without a dollar of permanent ownership*. Now and then independent figures like Harriman, Vanderbilt, or Van Sweringen bobbed up, but eventually financial or social pressures brought them into line.

This system of complaisant vassalage extended into the life insurance companies, the banks, trust companies, investment trusts, and brokerage houses: custodians of large concentrations of the people's voting securities. Through friendly directors maneuvered onto the boards of railroads, industrials, and utilities (who are large issuers of securities), and of insurance companies, banks, trustees, and charitable institutions (who are large buyers of securities) it was a simple matter for the banker to sit in between — to advise one to sell at 95 and the

This is the second of a series of articles by ROBERT R. YOUNG, who since 1937 has been Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Alleghany Corporation and since 1941 Chairman of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. To the operating problems and the financing of a great railroad he brings the candor and audacity so characteristic of his petitions to the American public, and an unshakable belief in American independence.

other to buy at 100. The bond issue might be 100 million dollars and the bankers' spread 5 million. Were this process repeated often enough, the bankers' "take" could ultimately equal the value of the property.

Rail financing, traditionally, had been in bonds. From the point of view of the bankers, who controlled rail policy, the more debt that came due and the oftener it was recharged, the better. Businesses whose earnings are highly cyclical, like steel and railroads, are more wisely financed with stock. The error made by the bankers in the railroads was as dangerous as their policy of lending money on call to security speculators on thin margins. Both policies, when touched off, set up chain reactions as disastrous to bank assets as to employment. Rail earnings vanished. The dilemma of the railroads was aggravated, as it had been in no previous panic, by 23 million automobiles, 3½ million trucks, and 100,000 buses operating over new tax-built highways.

Congress, alert to the injustices that could come from harsh creditors, protected home and farm owners from foreclosure; and for the railroads, required that new capitalizations should recognize future normal earnings.

This was the situation, then, in the desperate thirties when the creditors of these railroads began to pile in and when control of a large segment of the industry was subjected to the possibility of change. Fees for insurance, legal services, advertising, auditing, financing, stock transferships, paying agencies, equipment trusteeships; countless emoluments, political and economic, that flow from the control of an immense amount of bank deposits, purchasing, salaries, and jobs were threatened on a grand scale.

The ruling houses rose to the emergency. They would set themselves up as protective committees for the security holders to reorganize the railroads and relaunch them safely. For this they resorted to the voting trust. It was a device so odorous that even the New York Stock Exchange in the days of Whitney had condemned it; nevertheless, with proper circumlocutions and window dressing, and with coöperation from Washington, it might work.

Voting trustees usurp the voting rights of the stockholders: they become vested with complete control of the railroad, its directors and its officers, subject only to their own consciences. In drawing legislation designed to prevent abuses of power or privilege inherent in positions occupied as officers and directors, Congress overlooked their absolute master in the bankrupt carrier: the voting trustee.

The Senate Committee's Report of April 11, 1946 said:—

Many of these railroads could have been left out of the reorganization proceedings altogether, as 10 of them actually were left out for 4½ years until the institutional group decided to put them into court for purposes of consolidation. Fifteen of these roads have

no right to be in court at all . . . ; there is no ground for burdening the court to reorganize them; they can pay all their debts . . . not merely of an intercompany bookkeeping nature.

What would the Securities and Exchange Commission do to a banker, unbacked by high government officials, who put even solvent corporations into bankruptcy and wiped out his customers for purposes of consolidation?

2

THE Interstate Commerce Commission is a bipartisan body of eleven men appointed by the President to preserve a sound transportation system. Their term is seven years, but by reappointment their tenure usually is life. Eager as they are for continuance in office, they become keenly sensitive to pressures from a multiple-term Chief Executive or his Postmaster General, Republican or Democrat.

Labor and shippers are organized and articulate. The railroad security holders are neither. By liberal wages and niggardly rates the government can save labor and shippers. This raid upon public savings for political gain can be made invisible to the extent that interest-paying debt and dividend-paying stock can be wiped out in reorganization—a principle which, once established and repeated a depression or two, could soon reach the last dollar of the capitalistic system.

Thus the New York group found a powerful ally: the trade would abdicate your, and my, and Aunt Jane's property rights in exchange for voting trusts. The national interest and incentive enterprise could be damned. The lifeline Congress threw to the sinking railroad security holder in 1933—the requirement that capitalization recognize *future* earnings—was to be used to garrote him. For ten representative railroads, the ICC *guessed* earnings would be only 2.04 per cent on ICC's own official valuation of 3 billion dollars. This guess—unobjected to by the bankers—of an *unfair* rate of return, by a body responsible for maintaining a *fair* rate of return, was in my opinion a clear declaration of misintent.

The forfeiture that was taking place did not merely shift title from an equity holder to a creditor as it does in the case of the farm or home which is foreclosed. The senior holder too was scaled down in order that voting stocks might be received in exchange for non-voting bonds.

The group was surprised at the readiness with which Washington fell in with the scheme. The bankers were to continue control tighter even than before. Old stockholders were to disappear. New ones created through the drastic dilution of old bonded debt were to have no voice in the management of the new company. This 100 per cent disenfranchisement of the owner was to occur even if the insurance companies reduced or sold their hold-

ings before the reorganization was consummated, which in many cases they have done.

This unconscionable laxity was not unrelated to the fact that the RFC had become a creditor in nearly every railroad bankruptcy. Its personnel, too, liked voting trusts — liked them so well that many present or past agents (some of them former Wall Street men) occupy positions alongside the bankers in numerous railroads, and will continue to occupy them long after the RFC is paid off. Here, also, is a case of unwarranted trespass and seizure which only death or legislation can end.

This was business the bankers had been engaged in since 1861, and they did it very cleverly. If you will analyze each one of these voting trusts you will find that invariably the bankers have three out of the five members. The other two are usually window dressing: eminent citizens along the line. The bankers do not care if they have Molotov for a partner, if they have three votes out of five.

Congress gave the background of the problem, in the spring of this year, in introducing a Bill, S. 1253, to Provide for Voluntary Modification of the Financial Structure of Railroads: —

The bill enables railroad companies to adjust their financial affairs quickly, economically, and on a business basis. . . .

The existing law, section 77, was enacted in 1933 . . . in the belief that it would help railroads to correct their financial affairs. It was found to do the opposite. It has placed in the hands of Government officials extraordinary power. . . .

- (1) to demolish every part of the financial and corporate structures of those railroads;
- (2) to plan in every respect the financial and corporate future of those railroads;
- (3) to pick men to control those railroads; and
- (4) to decree the forfeiture of \$2½ billion of investments.

The present bill puts an end to every one of those powers and restores the operation of railroads to their managements. . . .

Opposition to S. 1253 grew in the dank corridors of the Capitol as the spring advanced. The bill, however, passed both houses by an overwhelming vote in the closing days of the last session.

Early in August of this year, I was in France when a phone call came through to me.

"The President will veto S. 1253," my friend said. "Ridiculous!" I laughed. "It would be contradictory to everything in his record."

"I tell you," he said, "the insurance people are working through the Secretary of the Treasury."

The connection was bad, I did not believe the President would fail to sign the bill, there was little I could do at that distance — so I hung up.

My confidence in the President was based upon the recollection of his Senatorial statements back in 1937: —

If government regulations and the depression brought about the present condition of the railroads,

then Wall Street brought about both the government regulation and the depression. If Wall Street had produced the necessary statesmen to run the railroads they would never have needed regulation.

And: —

While greed along the lines I have been describing brought on the depression, when investment bankers, so-called, continually load great transportation companies with debt in order to sell securities to savings banks and insurance companies so they can make a commission, the well finally runs dry.

In Paris, on August 18, I found a cable: "Reorganization rail bill vetoed. Letter follows."

The letter contained this sentence: "I was shocked at the action taken apparently at the insistent request of the Secretary of the Treasury." In London, on August 22, I found a letter from another Washington observer, telling me that the work of the opposition from the time the bill was passed until it was vetoed was engineered by John W. Stedman, Vice-President of Prudential Insurance Company. In London I also found the full veto message, which included this sentence of the President's going directly to the heart of the purposes of the bill: "I am in agreement with those objectives of the bill which prevent undesirable control . . . and which prevent forfeiture of securities."

True, the President said he believed that the next Congress *can* pass a better bill. But the victims who had fought an uphill fight for nine long years were quite content with the bill as passed by Congress. And the President did not say that he would urge the Congress to pass a new bill. Nor did he call upon the courts, the ICC, and other parties in interest to suspend progress of pending plans until it did, though he knew that the Senate Committee had warned: —

The problem is pressing because if something is not done — and done quickly — two great wrongs which cannot be righted subsequently will have been carried to fruition:

(a) the savings of hundreds of thousands of American families will have been irrevocably wiped out (in fact, \$850,000,000¹ of such investments already have been wiped out beyond recall); and

(b) an additional large part of the Nation's railroads will fall under control of a half dozen powerful New York financial institutions. . . .

Forfeitures are taking place, or are contemplated, that have no basis in equity or moral right.

3

THE Interstate Commerce Act makes it unlawful for any person to *participate* in bringing two or more carriers under common control without specific approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, an approval which Alleghany has received in its control of the Chesapeake and Ohio family of rail lines.

¹ The figure is now \$1,080,000,000 and still rising.

The Act reads in part:—

It shall be unlawful for any person . . . to *participate* in accomplishing or effectuating, the control or management in a common interest of any two or more carriers, however such result is attained.

The term "person" as used in this part includes an individual, firm, copartnership, corporation, company, association, or joint-stock association; and includes a trustee, receiver, assignee, or personal representative thereof.

There is evidence that most railroads are controlled in violation of the foregoing; that essentially every reorganization plan promulgated under section 77 was designed to extend such control. The language of the statute, which certainly sounds as though it means business, is irreconcilable with the state of affairs revealed by the most cursory examination of documents on file with the ICC.

We find that the following closely related Eastern life insurance companies participate, either jointly or separately, in the control of bankrupt carriers, many of which are highly competitive: Metropolitan Life in 21 railroads; Prudential in 17; New York Life in 16. Present or former agents of the RFC appear in 11 of these railroads.

The above situation is equally irreconcilable with the Commission's own language when it applied another section of this same act, in 1942, to an eminent engineer:—

Under the provision of section 20a(12) of the act, a person may be an officer or director of one carrier, and no more, unless we find that the holding of such positions with more than one carrier will adversely affect neither public nor private interests. For us to make an exception in favor of an applicant, there must be strong and convincing showing that it should be made.

The ICC in this case denied the engineer's request to serve on the board of the second railroad, though it was non-competing with the first railroad; but bankers, if less useful, are more favored.

Sixteen of the 25 directors of Metropolitan Life are connected with top Eastern banks, as are 8 of Prudential's 16, and 15 out of New York Life's 24. As the life insurance executive can be tickled by the banker, so can the railroader be tickled by the insurance executive.

Let us give the loaded wheel of fortune another spin. I have a compilation which shows that 79 per cent of the non-employee directors of solvent railroads are affiliated with financial institutions. If we take only the ten major Morgan roads, we find that 86 per cent of the directors are so affiliated; and of the six major Kuhn, Loeb roads, the figure reaches 89 per cent.

There is a crying need for a diversity of talent on railroad boards: engineering, promotion, advertising, public and labor relations, personnel, and so on. Why should bankers preëempt these boards, particularly when they have failed in the banking function, which is to maintain a sound financial structure?

A banker's heart can be deep in Texas but not if he aspires to a railroad board.

What did Senator Truman once think about this kind of situation? On May 26, 1937, he admonished me as follows when I stood before a Subcommittee of the Senate:—

SENATOR TRUMAN: I know that you are tired, Mr. Young, and we are going to quit. But I think the sooner the railroads and the transportation companies, all of them, can be returned to the operating companies, the better it is going to be for the country. That is the whole reason for our labors here — to see if we cannot reach a conclusion that will permit railroad operation again to come back to the operators that ought to operate them, and take it out of the hands and the control of New York bankers. . . .

On my return to New York from this hearing I was called down to the House of Morgan and put upon the carpet by Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, head of the firm. In effect, his ultimatum was: our plans for the rehabilitation of Alleghany Corporation would be worked out with him or our plans would fail. Remembering Senator Truman's injunction, I ignored Mr. Lamont's threat.

Our first step — the merger of Alleghany Corporation with the Chesapeake Corporation — failed on August 14, 1937, as a result of a three-pronged legal attack — as far as the judge knew, spontaneous and unrelated: one led by a Morgan banking satellite, one by a great motor company on whose board Messrs. Morgan and Whitney sat, and the third by a great university whose President was a former Morgan partner.

4

OUR heads were bloodied again in the spring of 1938 when our Chesapeake Corporation board was deadlocked for six months because the two banking directors refused to attend meetings with the two owner directors. (Moral: beware of even-numbered boards when you associate with bankers.)

This forced us to go to the Guaranty Trust Company, trustee of Alleghany's bonds, hat in hand, to seek its help in breaking the deadlock, for under a strange indenture drawn by the Morgan counsel, the voting power over Chesapeake Corporation stock fluctuated between Alleghany and Guaranty according to the idiosyncrasies of the market. Mr. Lamont and other Morgan men sat on the Guaranty Trust Executive Committee. The crusty answer we got was that Guaranty would take over the board, including the positions held by my associate, Mr. Allan P. Kirby, and myself.

There ensued a hot proxy fight, as well as a lawsuit against Guaranty for breach of trust. During the pendency of the suit, Judge Manton's bagman told us that we could have the decision for \$250,000, else the decision would go to the bankers, who were threatening to see that the Judge's loans were called. I disbelieved. We lost the decision, and some

time later Judge Manton and his bagman went to jail.

In the fall of 1938 a 30-million-dollar Chesapeake and Ohio bond issue came up for refunding. We were determined to see that, for the first time in history, a railroad bond issue should be opened up to competition. Conversations late in November with the Western bankers, Harry Stuart and Cyrus Eaton, got us a firm bid in writing of 100 cents on the dollar for 3½'s with a 30-year maturity, to remain good against competition until 5 o'clock, December 2, provided the price was not disclosed.

Chesapeake and Ohio's banker, Morgan, and the ostensibly rival firm, Kuhn, Loeb, were notified of our intentions and invited to submit bids: a situation so unprecedented that, for the first time in history, a representative of Morgan left his office for business; for, on December 1, Mr. Elisha Walker, of Kuhn, Loeb, phoned that he and Mr. Harold Stanley, of Morgan, wished to appear before the C&O Finance Committee. They rode on the train with me to Cleveland, and I remember feeling a little guilty about the Stuart-Eaton letter in my inside pocket.

The meeting began next morning with a lengthy statement by Mr. Stanley, in which he outlined the past relations of his firm with C&O, and concluded by stating that while he was willing to allow the Kuhn, Loeb name to appear on the same level with his in the advertising, the Morgan firm was to have an overwriting commission in which Kuhn, Loeb was not to share.

"Mr. Stanley," I said, heartlessly, "we are not interested in the advertising, or whose name appears above whose — nor are we interested in the overwriting commission. What we are interested in is what C&O is to get for the bonds."

Mr. Stanley then requested that they be allowed to withdraw until after lunch, talk to New York, and come back with an indication of what they would be willing to pay. This was agreed to, although I did not fail to point out that they had already had most of the week to talk to New York — a week spent, apparently, in "getting together."

At two o'clock the bankers returned: they were prepared to pay 95½ for the bonds. The Board of Directors met at three o'clock and gasped at the disparity in the two bids, and the bond issue went to the Western bankers at par, with a saving of \$1,350,000 against the Morgan bid — not however, without attempts by the Guaranty men on our board to persuade us into delay, or into direct bank or insurance financing.

This incident turned out to be typical of the savings to come from competition — quickly confirmed by the Cincinnati Union Terminal and the St. Louis Union Terminal bond sales at competition, both C&O affiliates.

The SEC was swift to recognize the savings and, after hearings, instituted a competitive bidding requirement for public utility securities on May 7, 1941.

Erie was 51 per cent owned by C&O, this control having been approved by the ICC. In 1938 it succumbed to its maturities. Although the last road to join bankruptcy, it was the first to come out — in 1940 — because it had been found unwise to press us too far. We could not, however, preserve control, which passed ironically enough to our opponents in New York — their agents being Mr. Henry S. Sturgis, Vice-President of the First National Bank in New York, Mr. Stedman of Prudential, and a representative of the RFC. This trio had been members of the Finance Committee of the new company but a short time when it leaked to us that RFC's loan to the Erie was to be refunded by Morgan *without competition and at an actual out-of-pocket loss to the Erie.*

RFC policy was not to press its debtors into losses, but here it was alleged to be doing so. Our suspicions were further aroused when we discovered that Western bankers had offered Erie more for the new bonds than Morgan had offered. We protested, but the RFC, Morgan, and Erie only hurried. As a last resort, C&O as an Erie stockholder intervened before the ICC to prevent the railroad's bonds from being deliberately underpriced by its own Finance Committee. The bonds went to the Western bankers at substantial saving.

Alleghany's investment of nearly 70 million dollars in the stock of Missouri Pacific railroad, along with that of thousands of others, was to have been wiped out by the ICC's plan of reorganization for that carrier. By newspaper advertisements we forced a compromise plan in 1942 — negotiated with the same duo, Sturgis and Stedman. Under this compromise, stockholders were to be given warrants and Alleghany was to be allowed 2 out of the 15 directors. These concessions, however, turned out to be worth nothing, for when the plan got to the ICC the warrants were denied us, and the directorships were given to New York, along with the other 13.

All this occurred just as two wars burst upon us, every freight car was bulging with high-tariff freight, and every furnace in the nation was going full blast. But the Commission was adamant. The earnings outlook was hopeless! Their "Dust Bowl" estimate of 1937 must stand!

5

THE monopolization of railroad policy by this banker-government alliance is shown by the pattern of uniform action.

There was the pattern of competitive bidding. It was as if there were only two railroads in the country: one controlled by Alleghany, the other by Morgan. The Association of American Railroads appeared before the Commission, representing all the railroads except the C&O, and pleaded that the bankers be kept in their position of preference. This intervention of management against security

holder, in the face of the record, was a gross violation of obligation.

Senator Truman broke precedent by leaving the Hill and appearing alongside C&O, in favor of the Competitive Bidding Rule, which finally, on May 8, 1944, was grudgingly put into effect.

The same pattern was woven in the Pullman anti-trust case. At a joint meeting of the railroads in Washington, three months after V-E Day, they agreed to petition the Philadelphia court for two years' delay in its decree, for no other reason that I can see, but to enable the Pullman monopoly to enjoy two more years of high traffic earnings on old equipment. The nation's sleeping-car plant had long passed obsolescence and cannot be rejuvenated for years: its 6800 cars average almost 22 years in age. At the time I speak of there was not a single new sleeping car on order, and only 900 new cars had been built in the previous 15 years.

There was the same pattern of opposition to our campaign to establish through passenger service at Chicago and St. Louis.

There was the pattern followed by the trustees of most of these bankrupt railroads: the hoarding of cash in favored banks, the resistance to paying off the RFC (and its reluctance to accept payment), the failure to extinguish debt at a discount by open-market purchases.

The Senate Committee summed up the record in these words:—

The condition pictured is literally shocking in its stark rejection of every recommendation made by the famed 1933 Senate Banking and Currency Committee investigation of stock-market practices, in its evasion of many of the recommendations made by this committee in its investigation of railroads from 1935 to 1940, and in the legalistic blinking at the real purpose of correctives sought by enactment of section 77 of the bankruptcy laws. . . .

Even now I believe insurance executives would be sorry to see a rate increase.

Always it is the same pattern. Air conditioning in day coaches was discouraged, by illegal agreement, when it was first introduced. Could it have been because it would have forced the Morgan-controlled Pullman Company into what was stupidly regarded as unnecessary expense? Where would the automobile industry have been if it had agreed not to install starters?

There is the failure to encourage competition in the manufacture of equipment. What matters it if a Pullman car costs three times as much per pound as a Buick automobile? Think of it! That the purchasers of a vehicle so simple as a boxcar must face 150 items of patronage; that the manufacturer has to buy the doors, the ends, even the roofs from specified suppliers! Sometimes I wonder if the manufacturer will be allowed to fabricate the hole through which the axle is greased. One builder of these patented devices died with a fortune of 20 million dollars, but not without first remembering the two most

influential railroad presidents with a legacy of \$100,000 each — the same two railroads, incidentally, that have dominated the A.A.R. in the interest of the bankers and which seek to dominate the new sleeping-car business. The directors of the two railroads I refer to have traditionally interlocked with the directors of the Pullman Company and the key investment bankers.

Would any other industry continue to employ a president who *accepted* a legacy from a supplier — a supplier running a patent racket? Anyone who could pay off his customers' purchasing agents with tax-free legacies would get a whale of a lot of business.

Railroad men are still buying ice for refrigerator cars, delaying delivery of perishables by stops at icing stations. Because railroads and some officers are financially interested in icing stations, they have thrown obstacles in the way of those who would manufacture or operate self-refrigerated cars.

The Department of Justice in 1944 filed a complaint against the Western Association of Railway Executives, and others (whose top committee meetings were held in Wall Street), alleging that their railroads had under *written* agreement, entered into in 1932, agreed (among other things):—

(a) to impose upon shippers in the Western District freight rates which are higher than those fixed by defendants and their co-conspirators for comparable service to shippers in the Eastern District.

(g) to deprive shippers of perishable products of competitive transportation rates and services by holding cars of perishables shipped from the Western District upon side or spur tracks in order to delay their delivery at eastern destinations.

(l) to disconnect and place out of operation air-cooling equipment on cars coming from connecting railroads which had installed such equipment.

(m) to prohibit the installation and provision of various recreational facilities, including motion pictures and radios upon trains operated by defendant railroads.

(n) to refrain from solicitation of certain types of low-rate passenger traffic.

(o) to eliminate competition by restricting the individual railroad's right to advertise and to solicit business.

Other defendants in this action include the Association of American Railroads, J. P. Morgan & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and many railroad presidents and directors. *Not included*, strangely enough, is the present Secretary of Commerce, who, as Chairman of the Board of the Union Pacific and a leading New York banker, headed the committee selected for execution of the Western agreement. It was his investment banking firm, incidentally, that circulated in 1939 a 73-page booklet condemning C&O's campaign for competitive bidding in the sale of securities.

With record-breaking traffic continuing, domestic and world shortages of unprecedented proportions still to be made up, a public appreciation of

their military importance never before equaled, the outlook for the railroads under the kind of deal they have been getting is such that their position has come to be regarded so hopelessly by the market that many of them sell for less than their net, quickly salable assets. The Central of Georgia, for example, has cash, governments, and other net current assets aggregating 25 million dollars. The net book equity in its equipment is 15 million dollars — a sum far less than its cars and engines could be sold for. Its roadbed and other fixed plant, which serve a rich and growing territory, are conservatively valued by the ICC at 65 million dollars. (It would cost a much greater sum to replace them.) Yet, all the outstanding securities of this road on October 10, bonds and stocks, were valued by the market at 27 million dollars.

The Central of Georgia owners — you and I and Aunt Jane are among them — are not getting the kind of reward for capital which developed this rich and varied land.

To register our still further protest against all these things, we issued the following statement, in part, on October 15 of this year: —

The Presidents of the Chesapeake and Ohio, Nickel Plate, and Pere Marquette roads have today forwarded to the Association of American Railroads notice of their withdrawal from the Association. This action was authorized today by the three Boards of Directors at meetings held in Cleveland.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Lines invite the constructive elements of railroad industry to consider the creation of a new organization to include railroads, railroad security holders, and railroad labor.

The Association has now lobbied for three years for legislation to exempt it from the anti-trust laws, when its money and energies might better have gone to improve equipment and service, to fight for the billions in rail securities which are being unjustifiably squeezed out in reorganizations, and to preserve a fair balance between wages and rates.

Bluntly, we think the quarter of a million dollars a year we have been paying in AAR dues can be better spent by ourselves.

Railway Age, in commenting upon the press interview at the time, stated: "Mr. Young contends that railroad unions, in their own interest, will back up efforts to secure a reasonable return for railroad capital for the principal reason that they would find the only alternative — government control — less palatable than private management. They would rather have Bob Bowman (C&O President) as their chief than Mr. Hannegan."

6

DURING the recent market crash, Representative Sabath charged that it was a bear raid engineered by Republicans to influence the elections. Many of us believe that the crash was more nearly related to ICC's stalling and the attempts of government

agents to block rate relief even at this late date. For example, on September 23, when rail stocks went into new low ground Mr. Schindler, Acting Secretary of Commerce, filed with the ICC a lengthy statement questioning the "economic wisdom" of granting rate relief until the situation is "clear."

I immediately wrote an open letter to Mr. Schindler reading in part: —

Testimony has already gone into the records that the railroads this year will earn a return of 1.34 per cent on their investment and next year will probably earn nothing. This at a time of record-breaking traffic.

A petition for a freight rate increase has now been pending before the Interstate Commerce Commission since away back in 1941. . . .

Since 1933 five wage increases have been granted aggregating 90 per cent. Fuel prices are up 117 per cent and other supplies 86 per cent. Yet freight rates today are lower than they were then; and the rate of return on investment has averaged only 2.75 per cent, an amount pitifully inadequate to attract new capital. In the meantime other utilities serving the public have been allowed to earn two or three times as much. Could there be a clearer case for the railroads' long-pending request than these simple facts?

Yet hearings, at great expense to the railroads and the taxpayer, have been going on ad infinitum. To cap the climax of chicanery and folly, the railroads, early in September, were forced, by the stalling tactics of the Commission, to publicly predict calamity and bankruptcy by 1947. . . .

P. S. I am wondering if you made any attempt to withhold recent wage increases until the situation became "clear."

Soon after my letter to Mr. Schindler there occurred one of those circumstances which seem to go beyond coincidence and border on — well, we will say the supernatural, in its fortuitous setting of time, incident, and person. The editor of the *Financial World* had invited me to their Annual Report Awards Banquet — to sit at the head table, he urged. I had declined because of a prior engagement. A few days later he phoned again to say that C&O had won the grand prize — best of all industry — as well as three lesser ones, and that I simply had to be there. "Besides, Mr. Snyder, Secretary of the Treasury, will attend," he added.

My interest in Mr. Snyder had begun with my interest in the RFC. He had entered that agency from the office of the Comptroller of the Currency, in 1937, the same year in which I had entered Alleghany. He was then stationed in St. Louis, head of the local RFC loan agency, which figured in the reorganization of railroads such as the Missouri Pacific and the Frisco, whose vast systems center at that point. With the ascendancy of Mr. Truman and Missouri, Mr. Snyder was catapulted to the head of the RFC.

Now for the banquet. There was scheduled to be present a distinguished audience of one thousand officers and directors, the president of the Stock Exchange, a few public servants, the chairman of

the Securities and Exchange Commission, many representatives of the press; the subject: annual reports and the obligations of officers to stockholders. All of these things I had foreseen, but I had not dared to hope that Mr. Snyder would say:—

"I have always believed an informed public is one of the strongest bulwarks of democratic government."

The audience had begun to turn its eyes toward the exits when the announcement of the grand prize came. Miss Sylvia Porter of the *New York Post*, who sat next to Mr. Snyder, commented (see brackets) in her column upon the effect of what I said in my acceptance, which follows:—

"Mr. Snyder's statement that the stockholders in the government, meaning all of us, should be better informed, so that they may assist him in reaching a sound financial policy, is as encouraging as it is interesting.

"Wall Street, under the Truth in Securities Act, is quite different from the old Wall Street. Business, having found that it pays to be honest, might well insist that Pennsylvania Avenue follow its example. [Moderate applause. Slight smiles from Snyder and Emil Schram.]

"Our country was started by placing limitations, regulations, and restrictions—not on the people, but on the government; that is what the Constitution is, a comprehensive plan for the regulation of government. But for 175 years now, the politicians have been reversing this wholesome initial process, by taking the limitations off the politicians and putting them on the people.

"What we need today is a Truth in Politics Act to match the Truth in Securities Act, clause for clause. [Big applause, laughs from the audience, none from Snyder.]

"1. If my annual reports and proxies were filled with broken promises and half-truths, the Truth in Securities Act would have got me if the common Law had not. [Young turned, looked at Snyder after saying this. More applause. No move from Snyder.]

"2. The sources of income of every public servant would make as interesting reading as do those of officers and directors.

"3. Is it any less a crime for a public bureau or commission to divert the substance of Peter to *buy the vote of Paul* than it is for some Kreuger to convert the assets of a publicly held corporation to personal use? [Kreuger's name is almost a synonym for colossal dishonesty. Gasps intermingled with applause. The men on the dais seemed frozen to their seats.]

"4. To pretend to seek price stability while quietly encouraging wage increases is, to say the least, not being frank.

"5. Taxation should be *direct* where the underprivileged can have a look at it. To cause them to believe that only the rich bear these price-spiraling burdens is to deceive them.

"A Truth in Politics Act to impose penalties upon such abuses would give us better government just as certainly as the Securities Act has given us better business.

"The standards for measuring the honesty of our public servants, who ask us that we trust them with our liberties and our life, certainly cannot be lower than those they themselves have laid down for the custodians of merely our money. [Emphasis on "trust with liberties and life," expressive shrug accompanying "merely our money." A man near me whispered "Ouch!" Schram looked worried. Snyder just sat, looked straight ahead.]

"Labor, farmer, and capital must take time out from form-filling, and the time-consuming annoyances of Washington-created scarcities, to insist upon accountings and explanations for the wastes and confusions of Washington.

"If you agree with the purposes of the *Financial World* in fostering these awards for more informative annual reports—and I take it you do by your presence here tonight—and if you agree with Mr. Snyder that a better-informed public with regard to financial matters can help the Secretary of the Treasury—and I take it you do by your applause for him—then you must agree that fuller information concerning other phases of government activity will be equally wholesome.

"It is time for all of us *outsiders*—outside the government, I mean—to get off the defensive, to go on the offensive and insist upon a healthier balance of regulation—a little less here and a little more there." [Standing applause. The master of ceremonies stepped up and said, "The opinions of Mr. Young are his own." Laughs. End.]

It is not easy to say unkind things, but if I had not we would never have had through service or competitive bidding and a lot of other things. Honest and efficient government, certainly, is no less to be desired than a comfortable trip across the continent.

The dry rot that has come from this pattern of banker control as opposed to ownership control, this elimination of competition in the railroad field,—by those men who talk so much about free enterprise,—has brought the largest and most essential industry in the richest nation in the world to the sad state where a dollar invested in it is not as good as an idle dollar in the bank. This fact is of appalling significance in its impact upon post-war employment prospects and the need for further technological development in the railroad field.

Just as our economy has always thrived where there was cheap and efficient transportation, and languished where there was not,—from the days of tidewater and the clipper,—so they may both decay together. For as goes transportation, so goes industry; and unless there is a change for the better, the railroads in America are headed for insolvency and then socialization.

POEMS

by ROBERT FROST

A poet who spoke with the accent of New England to a listening England, where his first book, *A Boy's Will*, was received with instant acclaim, ROBERT FROST, four times winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry, is recognized here, as abroad, as one of America's most eloquent voices. — THE EDITOR

SOMETHING FOR HOPE

At the present rate it must come to pass
And that right soon that the meadow sweet
And steeple bush not good to eat
Will have crowded out the edible grass.

Then all there is to do is wait
For maple birch and spruce to push
Through meadow sweet and steeple bush
And crowd them out at a similar rate.

No plough among these rocks would pay.
So busy yourself with other things
While the trees put on their wooden rings
And in long-sleeved branches hold their sway.

Then cut down the trees when lumber grown,
And there's your pristine earth all freed
From lovely blooming but wasteful weed
And ready again for the grass to own.

A cycle we'll say of a hundred years.
Thus foresight does it and laissez faire,
A virtue in which we all may share
Unless a government interferes.

Patience and looking away ahead,
And leaving some things to take their course.
Hope may not nourish a cow or horse
But *spes alit agricolam*, 'tis said.

HAEC FABULA DOCET

A BLINDMAN by the name of La Fontaine,
Relying on himself and on his cane,
Came tap-tap-tapping down the village street,
The apogee of human blind conceit.
Now just ahead of him was seen to yawn
A trench where water pipes were laying on.
The Blindman might have found it with his ferrule,
But someone overanxious at his peril
Not only warned him with a loud command,

But ran against him with a staying hand.
 Enraged at what he could but think officious,
 The Blindman missed him with a blow so vicious
 He gave his own poor iliac a wrench
 And plunged himself head foremost in the trench:
 Where with a glee no less for being grim
 The workmen all turned to and buried him.

MORAL

The moral is it hardly need be shown,
 All those who try to go it sole alone,
 Too proud to be beholden for relief,
 Are absolutely sure to come to grief.

VARIANTLY:

The moral is it hardly need be shown,
 All those who try to go it sole alone,
 Or with the independence of Vermont,
 Are absolutely sure to come to want.

A ROGERS GROUP

How young and unassuming
 They waited in the street,
 With babies in their arms
 And baggage at their feet.

A trolley car they hailed
 Went by with clanging gong
 Before they guessed the corner
 They waited on was wrong.

And no one told them so
 By way of traveller's aid,
 No one was so far touched
 By the Rogers Group they made.

THE INGENUITIES OF DEBT

THESE I assume were words so deeply meant
 They cut themselves in stone for permanent
 Like trouble in the brow above the eyes:
 "Take Care to Sell Your Horse before He Dies.
 The Art of Life Is Passing Losses on."
 The city saying it was Ctesiphon,
 Which may a little while by war and trade
 Have kept from being caught with the decayed,
 Infirm, worn-out, and broken on its hands,
 But judging by what little of it stands,
 Not even the ingenuities of debt
 Could save it from its losses being met.
 Sand has been thrusting in the square of door
 Across the tessellation of the floor
 And only rests a serpent on its chin
 Content with contemplating, taking in
 Till it can muster breath inside a hall
 To rear against the inscription on the wall

U S 1946 KING'S X

HAVING invented a new Holocaust,
And been the first with it to win a war,
How they make haste to cry with fingers crossed,
King's X — no fairs to use it any more!

THE PLANNERS

If anything should put an end to This,
I'm thinking the unborn would never miss
What they had never had of vital bliss.
No burst of nuclear phenomenon
That put an end to what was going on
Could make much difference to the dead and gone.
Only a few of those even in whose day
It happened would have very much to say.
And anyone might ask them who were *they*.
Who *would* they be? The guild of social planners
With the intention blazoned on their banners
Of getting one more chance to change our manners?
These anyway might think it was important
That human history should not be shortened.

TO AN ANCIENT

YOUR claims to immortality were two.
The one you made, the other one you grew.
Sorry to have no name for you but You.

We never knew exactly where to look,
But found one in the delta of a brook,
One in a cavern where you used to cook.

Coming on such an ancient human trace
Seems as expressive of the human race
As meeting someone living face to face.

We date you by your depth in silt and dust
Your probable brute nature is discussed.
At which point we are totally non-plussed.

You made the eolith, you grew the bone,
The second more peculiarly your own,
And likely to have been enough alone.

You make me ask if I would go to time,
Would I gain anything by using rhyme?
Or aren't the bones enough I live to lime?

IF THE ATOMIC BOMB HAD NOT BEEN USED

by KARL T. COMPTON

ABOUT a week after V-J Day I was one of a small group of scientists and engineers interrogating an intelligent, well-informed Japanese Army officer in Yokohama. We asked him what, in his opinion, would have been the next major move if the war had continued. He replied: "You would probably have tried to invade our homeland with a landing operation on Kyushu about November 1. I think the attack would have been made on such and such beaches."

"Could you have repelled this landing?" we asked, and he answered: "It would have been a very desperate fight, but I do not think we could have stopped you."

"What would have happened then?" we asked.

He replied: "We would have kept on fighting until all Japanese were killed, but we would not have been defeated," by which he meant that they would not have been disgraced by surrender.

It is easy now, after the event, to look back and say that Japan was already a beaten nation, and to ask what therefore was the justification for the use of the atomic bomb to kill so many thousands of helpless Japanese in this inhuman way; furthermore, should we not better have kept it to ourselves as a secret weapon for future use, if necessary? This argument has been advanced often, but it seems to me utterly fallacious.

I had, perhaps, an unusual opportunity to know the pertinent facts from several angles, yet I was without responsibility for any of the decisions. I can therefore speak without doing so defensively. While my role in the atomic bomb development was a very minor one, I was a member of the group called together by Secretary of War Stimson to assist him in plans for its test, use, and subsequent handling. Then, shortly before Hiroshima, I became attached to General MacArthur in Manila, and lived for two months with his staff. In this way

A physicist and the first of three brothers to become college presidents, KARL T. COMPTON has been the head of Massachusetts Institute of Technology since 1930. During the war he served in a number of war projects in close association with Dr. Vannevar Bush and President James B. Conant of Harvard. He was a member of the National Defense Research Committee, Chief of the Office of Field Service of the OSRD, and an observer on General MacArthur's staff directly after V-J Day.

I learned something of the invasion plans and of the sincere conviction of these best-informed officers that a desperate and costly struggle was still ahead. Finally, I spent the first month after V-J Day in Japan, where I could ascertain at first hand both the physical and the psychological state of that country. Some of the Japanese whom I consulted were my scientific and personal friends of long standing.

From this background I believe, with complete conviction, that the use of the atomic bomb saved hundreds of thousands—perhaps several millions—of lives, both American and Japanese; that without its use the war would have continued for many months; that no one of good conscience knowing, as Secretary Stimson and the Chiefs of Staff did, what was probably ahead and what the atomic bomb might accomplish could have made any different decision. Let some of the facts speak for themselves.

Was the use of the atomic bomb inhuman? All war is inhuman. Here are some comparisons of the atomic bombing with conventional bombing. At Hiroshima the atomic bomb killed about 80,000 people, pulverized about five square miles, and wrecked an additional ten square miles of the city, with decreasing damage out to seven or eight miles from the center. At Nagasaki the fatal casualties were 45,000 and the area wrecked was considerably smaller than at Hiroshima because of the configuration of the city.

Compare this with the results of two B-29 incendiary raids over Tokyo. One of these raids killed about 125,000 people, the other nearly 100,000.

Of the 210 square miles of greater Tokyo, 85 square miles of the densest part was destroyed as completely, for all practical purposes, as were the centers of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; about half the buildings were destroyed in the remaining 125 square miles; the number of people driven homeless out of Tokyo was considerably larger than the population of greater Chicago. These figures are based on information given us in Tokyo and on a detailed study of the air reconnaissance maps. They may be somewhat in error but are certainly of the right order of magnitude.

Was Japan already beaten before the atomic bomb? The answer is certainly "yes" in the sense that the fortunes of war had turned against her. The answer is "no" in the sense that she was still fighting desperately and there was every reason to believe that she would continue to do so; and this is the only answer that has any practical significance.

General MacArthur's staff anticipated about 50,000 American casualties and several times that number of Japanese casualties in the November 1 operation to establish the initial beachheads on Kyushu. After that they expected a far more costly struggle before the Japanese homeland was subdued. There was every reason to think that the Japanese would defend their homeland with even greater fanaticism than when they fought to the death on Iwo Jima and Okinawa. No American soldier who survived the bloody struggles on these islands has much sympathy with the view that battle with the Japanese was over as soon as it was clear that their ultimate situation was hopeless. No, there was every reason to expect a terrible struggle long after the point at which some people can now look back and say, "Japan was already beaten."

A month after our occupation I heard General MacArthur say that even then, if the Japanese government lost control over its people and the millions of former Japanese soldiers took to guerrilla warfare in the mountains, it could take a million American troops ten years to master the situation.

That this was not an impossibility is shown by the following fact, which I have not seen reported. We recall the long period of nearly three weeks between the Japanese offer to surrender and the actual surrender on September 2. This was needed in order to arrange details of the surrender and occupation and to permit the Japanese government to prepare its people to accept the capitulation. It is not generally realized that there was threat of a revolt against the government, led by an Army group supported by the peasants, to seize control and continue the war. For several days it was touch and go as to whether the people would follow their government in surrender.

The bulk of the Japanese people did not consider themselves beaten; in fact they believed they were winning in spite of the terrible punishment they had taken. They watched the paper balloons take off and float eastward in the wind, confident that these were carrying a terrible retribution to the United States in revenge for our air raids.

We gained a vivid insight into the state of knowledge and morale of the ordinary Japanese soldier from a young private who had served through the war in the Japanese Army. He had lived since babyhood in America, and had graduated in 1940 from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This lad, thoroughly American in outlook, had gone with his family to visit relatives shortly after his graduation. They were caught in the mobilization and he was drafted into the Army.

This young Japanese told us that all his fellow soldiers believed that Japan was winning the war. To them the losses of Iwo Jima and Okinawa were parts of a grand strategy to lure the American forces closer and closer to the homeland, until they could be pounced upon and utterly annihilated. He himself had come to have some doubts as a result of various inconsistencies in official reports. Also he had seen the Ford assembly line in operation and knew that Japan could not match America in war production. But none of the soldiers had any inkling of the true situation until one night, at ten-thirty, his regiment was called to hear the reading of the surrender proclamation.

Did the atomic bomb bring about the end of the war? That it would do so was the calculated gamble and hope of Mr. Stimson, General Marshall, and their associates. The facts are these. On July 26, 1945, the Potsdam Ultimatum called on Japan to surrender unconditionally. On July 29 Premier Suzuki issued a statement, purportedly at a cabinet press conference, scorning as unworthy of official notice the surrender ultimatum, and emphasizing the increasing rate of Japanese aircraft production. Eight days later, on August 6, the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima; the second was dropped on August 9 on Nagasaki; on the following day, August 10, Japan declared its intention to surrender, and on August 14 accepted the Potsdam terms.

On the basis of these facts, I cannot believe that, without the atomic bomb, the surrender would have come without a great deal more of costly struggle and bloodshed.

Exactly what role the atomic bomb played will always allow some scope for conjecture. A survey has shown that it did not have much immediate effect on the common people far from the two bombed cities; they knew little or nothing of it. The even more disastrous conventional bombing of Tokyo and other cities had not brought the people into the mood to surrender.

The evidence points to a combination of factors. (1) Some of the more informed and intelligent elements in Japanese official circles realized that they were fighting a losing battle and that complete destruction lay ahead if the war continued. These elements, however, were not powerful enough to sway the situation against the dominating Army organization, backed by the profiteering industrialists, the peasants, and the ignorant masses. (2) The atomic bomb introduced a dramatic new element into the situation, which strengthened the hands of those who sought peace and provided a face-saving argument for those who had hitherto advocated continued war. (3) When the second atomic bomb was dropped, it became clear that this was not an isolated weapon, but that there were others to follow. With dread prospect of a deluge of these terrible bombs and no possibility of preventing them, the argument for surrender was made con-

vincing. This I believe to be the true picture of the effect of the atomic bomb in bringing the war to a sudden end, with Japan's unconditional surrender.

If the atomic bomb had not been used, evidence like that I have cited points to the practical certainty that there would have been many more months of death and destruction on an enormous scale. Also the early timing of its use was fortunate for a reason which could not have been anticipated. If the invasion plans had proceeded as scheduled, October, 1945, would have seen Okinawa covered with airplanes and its harbors crowded with landing craft poised for the attack. The typhoon which struck Okinawa in that month would have wrecked the invasion plans with a military disaster comparable to Pearl Harbor.

These are some of the facts which lead those who know them, and especially those who had to base decisions on them, to feel that there is much delusion and wishful thinking among those after-

the-event strategists who now deplore the use of the atomic bomb on the ground that its use was inhuman or that it was unnecessary because Japan was already beaten. And it was not one atomic bomb, or two, which brought surrender; it was the experience of what an atomic bomb will actually do to a community, *plus the dread of many more*, that was effective.

If 500 bombers could wreak such destruction on Tokyo, what will 500 bombers, each carrying an atomic bomb, do to the City of Tomorrow? It is this deadly prospect which now lends such force to the two basic policies of our nation on this subject: (1) We must strive generously and with all our ability to promote the United Nations' effort to assure future peace between nations; but we must not lightly surrender the atomic bomb as a means for our own defense. (2) We should surrender or share it only when there is adopted an international plan to enforce peace in which we can have great confidence.

NUREMBERG IN RETROSPECT

by CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR.

1

IN the April *Atlantic Monthly* I raised doubts as to certain aspects of the then uncompleted Nuremberg trial. Since that time I have had a chance to profit from comments of Mr. Justice Jackson, Professor Sheldon Glueck, Professor Max Radin, Professor Lon Fuller, an anonymous contributor to the July, 1946, *Law Quarterly Review*, and other writers; I have also read reports of the trial and have studied a summary of the judgment. This further investigation has led me to resolve some of my earlier doubts, and I hope that if I state my own change of views I may contribute to the thinking of others who are concerned about the great questions raised by this trial.

The doubt which seemed to critics of the Nuremberg trial most fundamental was whether the defendants could properly be held to answer a charge that they had engaged in "the crime of aggressive war." Was there any such substantive offense?

Many who replied affirmatively contended that "the crime of aggressive war" was no different from

the specific war crimes (such as killing a captured enemy civilian) that had been defined in the Hague Convention of 1907. That is, they argued that waging an aggressive war was a crime that had been outlawed by a specific treaty or treaties; and that individuals who engaged in such conduct, like individuals who engaged in the slaughter of captured civilians, were triable by any tribunal established for the occasion by a warring power, and were punishable by any penalty prescribed for the occasion by that power.

That argument seems to me unsound. It does not seem to me that an examination of the pre-war treaties, conference proposals, diplomatic correspondence, and juristic writings shows that there was a specific international covenant that individuals who waged an aggressive war were criminals in the same sense that there was a specific international covenant that individuals who killed captured civilians were criminals.

But it is not sufficient to stop with that purely analytical approach. There remains this inquiry: Is it just to declare, after hostilities have begun, that planners of an aggressive war are criminal?

Those who believe that it is, make a twofold contention. First, they say that when these defendants planned this war both they and everyone else would

In the *Atlantic* for last April CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR., Judge of the U.S. District Court for Massachusetts, expressed his doubts about the validity of the Nuremberg trial. In the interval his misgivings have been cleared away for reasons as forthright as they are conscientious.

have admitted that the planning of aggressive war was a violation of standards which, whether or not they had been formulated like the Hague Conventions, were universally accepted by the international community in treaties and otherwise; and that no one should be surprised to see such deliberate violations stamped as criminal. Second, they say that international criminal law in its present almost primitive state is similar to early domestic criminal law, and therefore requires not only the application of enacted law and of judicial precedent, but also the retroactive declaration of new law.

At first I was shocked by those contentions. I was prepared to assent to the statement that the defendants deliberately violated standards which had been widely accepted. But I hesitated to concede that any state or group of states should have the power retroactively to affix the additional label "criminal" to conduct which, when it occurred, was commonly regarded only as a violation of accepted standards and of treaties. It seemed to me that to allow such retrospective labeling opened the door to an arbitrary selection of offenses and an arbitrary selection of offenders. It struck at the roots of constitutional limitations on power and contradicted the teachings of the philosophers of liberty. Moreover, while I was prepared to assent to the proposition that some topics in international law could be, and had been, developed by judicial tribunals declaring the law retroactively, I was not aware that the particular branch of international law which dealt with individual crimes had ever been thought to be susceptible of retroactive codification by judges or by states.

2

On further reflection I have come to the view that the points stated in the last paragraph are not conclusive. I am now persuaded that in the formative period of international law it is just for a representative group of powers retroactively to label as criminal, conduct which, when it occurred, was universally regarded as a serious violation of generally accepted international standards and treaties. To put it in a single sentence, the reasons for my change are that the failure of the international community to attach the criminal label to such universally condemned conduct would be more likely to promote arbitrary and discriminatory action by public authorities and to undermine confidence in the proposition that international agreements are made to be kept, than the failure of the international community to abide by the maxim that no act can be punished as a crime unless there was in advance of the act a specific criminal law.

It is a choice of evils. And I do not claim that my present belief can be proved to be correct. Essentially it is what the philosophers would call a value judgment based on these considerations. If the powers had not agreed upon a rational formula for in-

dicting those who planned World War II, it is highly probable that either some state or some unauthorized individuals would arbitrarily and perhaps even ruthlessly have undertaken the punishment of capriciously chosen Nazi chieftains. If the treaties against aggression which had been negotiated prior to World War II were treated as mere statements of intention, then post-war treaties against aggression, no matter how precisely drafted, would have been regarded as imperfect obligations.

But, regardless of its provability, the scale of values which now seems to me sound puts repugnance to retroactive legislation in a less important place than repugnance to leaving unpunished serious violations of standards universally recognized by the international community and embodied in treaties and like international obligations. To guard against misapprehension, I should reiterate that the scale applies only to grave departures from standards that have been widely and formally accepted, and only when the conduct arises in the international field where and while the organs of the international community are so undeveloped and are so intermittent in their functioning that it is impractical to expect the declaration of criminality to be made in advance of the conduct.

Thus it now seems to me to have been "just," and probably under some civilized systems of law even "legal," to have charged the defendants with the crime of aggressive war. But, in candor, I must add that I am not satisfied that it was "legal" under American law. I can best express my reservation by example. Suppose that Hess had been brought to the United States and had been here charged with, tried on, and convicted of only the crime of aggressive war by a military tribunal created by the President with or without the coöperation of other nations; and suppose that, having been sentenced to jail in the United States, he, like Yamashita, had sought a writ of habeas corpus from a United States judge. Would he not have had a right to be released on the ground that he was held in violation of the *ex post facto* clause of Article I, Section 9, of the United States Constitution? That is, does not the United States Constitution put at the very front of its scale of values a ban on retroactive criminal laws?

Before turning to the next topic, I should note parenthetically that some persons who shared my original view, that before the Nuremberg trial there was no substantive "crime of aggressive war," say that even after the Nuremberg trial they do not know what the crime is, because the victorious powers and their court have not defined the crime of which the defendants were adjudged guilty. To them the verdict implies no more than the proposition that the victors are empowered to punish the vanquished. They say that there is no definition as to when a war is "aggressive" and that there is no rule laid down for distinguishing between the organizers and the participants in such an aggressive war.

To this the answers are that the definition of "ag-

gressive," like other legal terms, will acquire content by exemplification; and the full meaning will become clear only after sufficient cases have been brought before and adjudicated by competent tribunals. It may be difficult at some future time to determine whether a particular war is an aggressive war, but there was no difficulty in deciding that the Nazi war was an aggressive war, since it would be generally conceded that the term "aggressive war" at its least includes a war like the Nazi war, which is begun by an attack by those who do not themselves believe that they are in danger of immediate attack by others. And although it may be difficult to say how far down the line of command responsibility goes, responsibility certainly extends at least to those who, knowing there is no danger, both plan and direct the unwarranted attack.

These answers would have been more evident if it had not been for the almost absurd citations of Grotius and other jurists made by some supporters of the Nuremberg proceedings. These supporters often seem to argue that Grotius said (which, of course, he did not) that those who kill in the course of a war commit a legal crime unless the war is a just war; and that where a war is unjust, those who engage in it and kill their fellow men are murderers. Grotius's definitions of just and unjust wars refer primarily not to mundane but to divine justice. And he did not describe — few sensible people would describe — as a murderer the common soldier required to kill his enemy in the course of an unjust war. Neither Grotius nor the powers who drafted the Nuremberg charter nor the judges or prosecutors who participated at Nuremberg have termed criminal those men who merely fought in a war not of their making.

3

HAVING shown why I now believe "the crime of aggressive war" is properly regarded as a substantive offense, I turn to the next doubt which has disturbed me: that is, whether that crime should have been tried before a tribunal composed exclusively of judges of the four major victorious powers. Was it a proper forum?

No one who has read the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the *Yama-shita* case will find difficulty in concluding that it was according to law to try the defendants in a military rather than a civil tribunal and to try them before judges who were drawn exclusively from the victorious powers. But that conclusion leaves unanswered certain other questions.

While, so far as I am aware, it was legally unobjectionable to have the defendants tried by an English judge or a French judge or an American judge, or any combination of them, can we fairly say it was unobjectionable to have the defendants tried by a Russian judge on the *particular* charge of aggressive war which was presented? Did not the charge refer

to an aggressive attack on Poland? And (while deeply sensible of the later horrible sufferings the Russians underwent from an unprovoked attack by Germany on Russia itself) can we say that the Russians (who in advance were apprised of the proposed German attack on Poland and who participated in the division of the spoils resulting from that attack) were suitable persons to participate in judgment upon the charge that the Germans aggressively attacked Poland? This is not an issue (as it is sometimes supposed to be) whether it is just to prosecute one group of criminals (Germans) and not another (Russians). It is the simpler issue whether an apparent confederate is to sit in judgment on an alleged criminal.

While it was not legally necessary to have invited neutrals and even distinguished anti-Nazi Germans to sit in judgment at the trial, would it not have been politically wiser to have done so, since the type of issues raised by a charge of the crime of aggressive war, unlike the issues raised by a charge of strict war crimes, are so susceptible of national bias? Would not a tribunal which included some judges free of any connection with the victims of the aggressive attack have furnished a sounder precedent?

To these questions the usual, but not entirely satisfactory, answers are that the authors of the Nuremberg procedure believed that distinguished neutrals would not accept appointment, and that the Russians would not have sat with neutrals.

Two other political, rather than legal, questions remain. First, was it desirable to include this charge in the Nuremberg indictment when there were enough other charges of a more orthodox character upon which the defendants were being tried and were likely to be hanged? Second, was it better to have these defendants tried before a military court or to have them disposed of by a more summary executive procedure?

If the defendants had been tried solely on the grounds that they had engaged in war crimes in the strict sense and in crimes against humanity, the practical result for the men in the dock at Nuremberg would (with the single exception of Hess) have been precisely the same as it actually turned out to be. Hess is the only defendant who was convicted of the crime of aggressive war and the crime of conspiracy but was not convicted of other crimes as well.

Moreover, if the defendants had been tried solely on the grounds that they had engaged in war crimes in the strict sense and in crimes against humanity, there would from the outset have been a far greater degree of unanimity of professional opinion in support of the Nuremberg trial.

There were, however, countervailing considerations, which could well be thought more significant. If the defendants were charged only with the strict war crimes and not with the crime of aggressive war, it would have deeply offended the public sense of justice, for the public regarded the planning of the war as the greatest of crimes. To the general public

it would have seemed grossly inappropriate to punish Göring only for killing a few named individuals, and not for starting a war in which millions were killed.

Furthermore, if the powers had not included in the Nuremberg indictment a charge that the defendants had committed the crime of aggressive war, not only would they have missed the opportunity to establish the doctrine that there is a world law against aggressive war, but their very silence and timidity would have weakened the force now, and perhaps for all time, of such declarations as had heretofore been made that aggressive war was outlawed.

There remains for discussion the problem whether it would have been politically wiser to have dealt with the Nuremberg defendants by a proceeding that was not judicial but frankly executive.

Before the Nuremberg trial began, those who, like myself, originally opposed a judicial proceeding stressed the following points, among others. There was a grave danger that the trial itself could not be conducted in an orderly way. The memories of the disturbances of the Laval treason trial and the Washington sedition trial were fresh in men's minds. There seemed no likelihood that the trial would be so arranged that the defendants would be given adequate opportunity to produce evidence and to examine and cross-examine witnesses. There was skepticism as to whether any defendant had a chance to be acquitted, particularly since it appeared that the tribunal might start with a presumption of guilt rather than a presumption of innocence. And it was feared that the tribunal would focus on the propaganda aspects of the trial and would be unduly concerned with the effect of the trial upon the public opinion of the outside world. Cumulatively, these considerations made many commentators doubtful whether the court could act as a court should act. And — though this was less important — it made these commentators fear that the trial, instead of persuading the Germans of today or tomorrow that our side was just, would persuade them that we were hypocrites disguising vengeance under the façade of legality.

To avoid such dangers, these critics suggested that the victorious powers should frankly state that for reasons which would be announced to the world, and which would include a recital of the wrongs the defendants had perpetrated and the menace they still presented, the powers proposed to deny them further liberty and, if necessary, to take their lives. Before such announcement was put into effect, the persons named for punishment would have an adequate opportunity to present any evidence they had that they had been erroneously named or charged

with wrongdoing. It was believed that a course so drastic and so plainly premised on an exceptional situation would never be thought, as a trial might be thought, suitable for incorporation in the permanent fabric of domestic systems of justice.

Now that the trial has been held, many of these forebodings are shown to have been wide of the mark. Judged as a court trial, the Nuremberg proceedings were a model of forensic fairness. Lord Justice Lawrence and his associates acted with dignity and firmness and with eyes directed only to such matters as judges ought to consider.

Moreover, the very length of the trial has shown that those who originally favored a summary proceeding had overestimated the knowledge which the Allies had in advance of the trial. A year ago they did not have the specific information necessary promptly to prepare a reliable recital of who were the chief offenders and what were their offenses. Indeed, if it had not been for the trial and the diligent efforts of a staff of able lawyers and investigators, acting promptly and in response to the necessities of legal technique, the important documents in which the defendants convicted themselves might never have been uncovered. Thus the trial gave the victorious powers the adequate record which they required for proper disposition of the defendants and simultaneously gave historians much of the data which the world will require for proper evaluation of the causes and events of World War II.

But the outstanding accomplishment of the trial, which could never have been achieved by any more summary executive action, is that it has crystallized the concept that there already is inherent in the international community a machinery both for the expression of international criminal law and for its enforcement. The great powers of the world have agreed that it is in accordance with justice for a group of nations to establish on an *ad hoc* basis a tribunal, first, to review the state of world opinion on conduct in order to determine whether that conduct, when it occurred, was so universally condemned as an international wrong that it can be called a "crime"; and second, to apply that determination to individuals.

No doubt such an *ad hoc* method is not so satisfactory as a covenant made by all the powers in advance of wrongful conduct — a covenant describing such conduct, fixing the tribunal which shall try offenders and fixing the penalty which shall be imposed. But until the world is prepared to follow the more satisfactory method, it has every reason to be profoundly grateful to Mr. Justice Jackson and his associates, who, in the face of enormous practical difficulties and widespread theoretical criticisms, persisted until they demonstrated the justice of the *ad hoc* method adopted at Nuremberg.

WRITING IS MY LIFE

Letters of Thomas Wolfe

IN the fall of 1920 a hulking young Southerner, Thomas Clayton Wolfe, of Asheville, North Carolina, then in his twenty-first year, came to Harvard to study for his master's degree. The work was engrossing, particularly his devotion to "47 Workshop," the famous course in playwriting and production under Professor George Pierce Baker. But Cambridge can be a lonely place for the unknown, and so it was for Thomas Wolfe. In his moments of self-doubt or exaltation his thoughts went back to the woman who had taught him in Asheville, Mrs. J. M. Roberts.

Thomas Wolfe's father was a stonecutter, his mother the keeper of a boardinghouse. He was early on his own, "a vagabond since I was seven, with two roofs and no home," and what Mrs. Roberts meant to his eager mind is clearly expressed in these words which he wrote from Cambridge to Mr. Frank Wells, Superintendent of Schools in Asheville:—

My friend and former teacher, Mrs. J. M. Roberts, has lately written me, explaining that some testimonial is desired as to her quality as a teacher, and asking me if I would care to record any opinion I have on that subject. I esteem it an honor and a privilege to do this, although I find myself in constant difficulties when I try to keep my pen from leaping away with a red-hot panegyric.

But— with all the moderation and temperance and earnestness at my command I can do no less than consider Mrs. Roberts as one of the three great teachers who have ever taught me, — this with all honor to Harvard, who has not yet succeeded in adding a fourth name to my own Hall of Fame.

More than anyone else I have ever known, Mrs. Roberts succeeded in getting under my skull with an appreciation of what is fine and altogether worth while in literature. That, in my opinion, is the vital quality. That is the essential thing — the mark of a real teacher.

I didn't know, until Mrs. Roberts wrote me, that she had no University degree, but that is a matter of not the slightest consequence to me. So far does she surpass certain college graduates I know, who are teaching, in respect to actual knowledge, appreciation, and the ability to stimulate and inspire, that any difficulty as to a degree would be negligible, I think.

I have spoken of Mrs. Roberts merely as a teacher. This is perhaps the only testimonial you want. But

I cannot stop before I speak of another matter that has been of the highest importance to me. During the years Mrs. Roberts taught me she exercised an influence that is inestimable on almost every particular of my life and thought.

With the other boys of my age I know she did the same. We turned instinctively to this lady for her advice and direction and we trusted to it unfalteringly.

I think that kind of relation is one of the profoundest experiences of anyone's life, — I put the relation of a fine teacher to a student just below the relation of a mother to her son and I don't think I could say more than this.

You can readily understand that the intimacy of such a relation is much more important in those formative years at grammar school or high school than afterwards at college. At college you don't get it but you don't need it so much. The point is that I did get it at a time when it was supremely important that I get it. It is, therefore, impossible that I ever forget the influence of Mrs. Roberts. She is one of my great people, and happy are those who can claim her as their teacher!

Tom Wolfe's letters to Mrs. Roberts are the buoyant and magnetic record of a young writer finding his feet. The *Atlantic* is proud to publish them in this and the two following issues. — THE EDITOR

Cambridge, Mass.
Dec. 23, 1920

MY DEAR FRIENDS

I have worked almost to exhaustion and I welcome the respite of the holidays which started today. I'm writing you a long letter to make up. Coming here was the greatest thing I could do. I have written a one-act play for the great Baker which will be put on, I think. I have gone through my silent moments of self-doubt in this lonely place, but I know myself now.

God bless you and a happy Christmas be yours.
THOMAS WOLFE

*Fragment of an Undated Letter
Written from Cambridge*

During the most inventive and mature years of his genius G.B.S. expended his great powers of

satire on the one thing he thought worthy of drama — the thesis —

Then a war comes along that kills twenty million people and destroys nations and suddenly we can't convince ourselves that *Mrs. Warren's Profession* and *Widowers' Houses* deal with the biggest things in the world after all. If I were Shaw now, I think I should feel as if I had been equipped with a mighty bludgeon but had spent my life braining gnats.

I agree with you about Eugene O'Neill. He's the beacon light in our own drama today; he's kept his ideals and now seems in a fair way to prosper by them. Two new plays of his are shortly to come to New York; *Anna Christie* is there now, enjoying a popular success. I saw *Beyond the Horizon* not long ago. It is a fine play. O'Neill is still a young man, c. 35, I think. I don't believe he has reached his greatest development yet. When it comes! There's one thing that worries me: in a forecast of his new play, *The Hairy Ape*, which is to be produced soon, I see the subject is to be a stoker on an ocean liner. During the successive stages we will see him go back steadily to the primitive man. I hope O'Neill won't let this tendency run away with him. You see, he was "looking backward" in *The Emperor Jones* and, to a degree, we find this in other plays. Tragedy, if continued in this vein, will become sordid and brutal. Surely this does not represent his outlook on life. Great tragedy, I think, must look ahead.

J. S. Mill, whose autobiography I was reading the other night, said the greatest lesson the Greeks taught him was to dissect an argument, as did Socrates, and find its weak spot. If men ever needed to use that method, now is the time. There is so much claptrap, so much nonsense veiled behind intricacies, that we need all our sanity and common sense to tear the arguments of these buffoons to pieces. Oh, for a Swift to flay the free-versers!

*An Undated Letter from Cambridge,
Probably Written Early in 1923*

I am still paving the infernal road with my good intentions. Yet, failure to answer promptly letters from one who never fails to send hope and to invigorate me with new strength is not merely bad manners but bad judgment. If the press of work and examinations recently ended cannot come to my aid by way of excuse, nothing else can.

Yesterday the Secretary of the Graduate School sent me a note saying he was "happy to inform" me I would get my M.A. with distinction upon removing the French requirement. I am sure his happiness cannot equal mine. I have heard from only one course — but that is the one course I need. By their generosity my grade was "A," although I would hardly have dared to mark myself so well. So far I have made but one "B" and that was "B—" last year in the Workshop. The rest have been "A's." When the year is over I shall not

only have completed the four courses required for the degree but shall have received credit for two more as well. Six in all. This does not include the French.

My second year in the Workshop didn't count for the degree, since not more than one composition course may be counted and, of course, "47" last year went down for that.

I am reading heavily. I will give you some idea of my labor, for I take a great delight in counting the victims of my insatiable bookishness, though I despair at ever really knowing anything. Today is Sunday. This morning I finished Wells's *Undying Fire*, which I began last night. This is one of the few moderns I have had time for, but rarely have I been more stimulated. He's not a profound man, but he's a very sound man . . . a living proof of the benefits of a broad and intensive education applied to the training of a first-class mind. But to go on with the talking: This afternoon I took a walk and read half through Swift's *Tale of a Tub*. Tonight I have read two essays of Emerson's and will finish Leslie Stephen's excellent life of Pope before I retire. I suppose I make a mistake in trying to eat all the plums at once, for instead of peace it has awakened a good-sized volcano in me. I wander throughout the stacks of that great library there like some damned soul; never at rest — even leaping ahead from the pages I read to thoughts of those I want to read. I tell you this in all its monotonous detail because it is illustrative of the war that is being waged within me now — between what forces? For it brings me acute discomfort even in my writing. Still, as ever, I am seized with these desires to scribble, but this thing wiggles at me like some demon and says, "Not yet, not yet. In two, three, or five years! Then you'll be ready." But this is folly! If it continues, the weight of my ignorance will fall on me like a stone, to crush me. [Page lost.]

The interesting thing about *Liliom* is that this play gets off to a new start in interest after the hero kills himself. The next scene is the suicide court in Heaven (as he thought it would be). But I will tell you no more. There is humor, even comedy, while he dies; there is comedy almost of a slapstick variety in the Heaven scene; but all the time one says, "Why not?" For if we look at life intelligently we realize what a curiously woven fabric it is. The calloused police officers in *Liliom* drag the body of the dying man out to an open place, and while he lies there groaning his life away, talk about the beat, curse the mosquitoes, the new wage scale, etc.

Let me add a gruesome touch of my own: When my brother died a few years ago, I went around to the undertaker's with Fred to see him. The particular undertaker who met us, a pious, mealy-mouthed man, took us back, asked us to wait a moment, as an artist would ask his friends to wait until he got the light adjusted on his picture. Then he called us back and showed us Ben's body. As we stood there watching, filled with emotions and recollections of

indescribable pain, the man began to talk. He was proud of his job. It was one of the best he had ever done. No other undertaker could do a better one. Then, with true artistic pride, he began to point out the little excellencies in his finished work that showed the hand of the master. It was too much for me. I went into howls of uncontrollable laughter. It was no doubt a reflex of my condition at the time, but to this day I think of the incident with a smile.

That is one reason I defend Sir J. M. Barrie whenever he is criticized. I think Barrie is the most significant dramatist in the English-speaking world today because he really is carrying on the great tradition of our drama. This is an arch-heresy here where some of my young critical friends consider him "sentimental." Is it not strange how the academic, critical point of view shrinks nervously away from the sympathetic? I have never read a play of Barrie's that didn't give me this curious "mixed" feeling. He is not trying to "prove" anything (thank Heaven) but, like Shakespeare and other old fogies, is more interested in the stories of human beings than in the labor problem. That's why I believe his plays will outlast those of his contemporaries, because people at all times can understand and appreciate the emotion of other people. Skeptics are referred to *The Trojan Women*. This is the universal, eternal element in drama. After all, the conditions of which John Galsworthy wrote in *Strife* are becoming changed already; in twenty years we will still have a labor problem. [Rest lost.]

*Part of a Letter Probably Written
from Cambridge*

Coming home this last time I have gathered enough additional material to write a new play, — the second fusillade of the battle. This thing that I had thought naïve and simple is as old and as evil as Hell; there is a spirit of world-old evil that broods about us, with all the subtle sophistication of Satan. Greed, greed, greed — deliberate, crafty, motivated — masking under the guise of civic associations for municipal betterment. The disgusting spectacle of thousands of industrious and accomplished liars, engaged in the mutual and systematic pursuit of their profession, salting their editorials and sermons and advertisements with the religious and philosophic platitudes of Dr. Frank Crane, Edgar A. Guest, and the *American Magazine*. The standards of national greatness are Henry Ford, who made automobiles cheap enough for us all, and money, money, money!! And Thomas A. Edison, who gave us body ease and comfort. The knave, the toady, and the boy-rich flourish. There are three ways, and only three, to gain distinction: (1) money, (2) more money, (3) a great deal of money. And the matter of getting it is immaterial.

Moral turpitude on the physical basis does not offend me deeply — perhaps I should be sorry to

confess it — but my attitude toward life has become, somehow or other, one of alertness; one which sustains and never loses interest, but which is very rarely shocked or surprised by what people do. Really I am unmoral enough not to care greatly how the animal behaves, so long as it checks its behavior within its meadow. The great men of the Renaissance — both in Italy and England — seem to me an amazing mixture of God and Beast. But "there were giants in the earth in those days" — and they are soon forgiven. What do their vices matter now? They have left us *Mona Lisa*. But what of this dull dross that leaves us only bitterness and mediocrity? Let pigs . . . [Page lost.]

And, it is by no means certain that a long life, whether for man or nation, is the best one. Perhaps our claim to glory, when our page is written in the world's history, will rest on some such achievement as this: "The Americans were powerful organizers and had a great talent for practical scientific achievement. They made tremendous advances in the field of public health, and increased the average scope of human life twelve years. Their cities, although extremely ugly, were models of sanitation; their nation at length was submerged and destroyed beneath the pernicious and sentimental political theory of human equality."

I do not say that this is utterly base or mean, or worthless. It will be a very great achievement, but it has left no room for the poets. And when the poets die, the death of the nation is assured.

*Written from New York City,
February 10, 1924*

I am writing at length to answer your last heartening letter, which was written after I left home, and which has grown old, but more precious.

I have seen a great many people, witnessed a number of events, and, like Satan, have grown, for the moment, weary of my goings to and fro and up and down the earth. It seems now that I will be fastened for several months in this great madhouse of a city — for good or ill, who can say? — but I think I have chosen wisely.

Briefly — since I saw you I have been in New York for six weeks, when I was busy with the Graham Memorial Fund at the University; later I went to Boston and Cambridge for the holidays and remained a little more than a month. The Guild held my play for three or four months, as you perhaps know, — held it until I was on the verge of madness and collapse, — and finally returned it, after wining and dining me, telling me I was "a coming figure," and so on, and trying to extract a promise that all my future work would be submitted to the Guild for consideration before any other producer got hold of it. Of course, I made no such promise.

Before I left the city, however, one of the Guild directors had me in to his apartment. He wanted me to cut the play thirty minutes — a reduction

I concede it needs. He wanted me, also, to cut the list of characters — this means cheaper production — and to revise — he insisted it needed no rewriting — with a view to “tightening”; that is, to develop a central plot which will run through each scene, and which would revolve around a small group of central figures — Rutledge, the Negro, the girl, etc.

Of course this would mean a more conventional type of play. I told him I had deliberately tried to avoid writing such a play; that I had written a play with a plot which centered about the life and destiny of an entire civilization, not about a few people. If I consented to this revision, he promised his support and added that he was fairly certain he could place the play. He observed, cheerfully, that he had really asked for very little; that I could make all necessary changes in a week. This was a bit of optimism in which I did not share. However, I promised to make the effort, and departed for Cambridge.

Professor Baker was properly horrified when I communicated the evil tidings. Not only, he said, would the proposed revision greatly cheapen the play, but it was also impossible, since my play had been hailed and praised as a new departure in American drama; its fate was on the rails. Thereupon, he read to me from a book on the American Theater just published, by Oliver Sayler, in which my play is described at some length as “the most radical and successful experiment ever made in the American Theater.” The Workshop comes in for its share of praise for doing my play.

This is, of course, sweet music to my ears, but my heart is assuming a flinty cast, and the sound of the shekel is not unpleasing. I told Professor Baker as much, as gently as I could, and he accused me of having allowed New York to “commercialize” me in my six weeks’ stay. This opened the floodgates; I had heard enough of such talk. All the old and cruel sentimentality of the world, in its relation to the artistic, struck me with a bitter blow. It was not a question of desiring cake and wine, I told him; it was a question of naked need: Bread! Bread! Bread! Was this commercialism? Then, indeed, was Christ a materialist when he multiplied the loaves. Christ, by the way, unlike many of his present followers, was base enough to recognize that men and women must be fed.

I broached the question of my future again. What must I do? The answer came, as always: Write! Write! Do nothing else. Yes, but how? I had been told this for three years; it was all, no doubt, very true, but not very helpful. I suggested teaching. At the suggestion, he looked as if he were being rent limb from limb. Of all possible suggestions, this was the worst — and he seemed to think that all of mine were incredibly bad. Finally — supremest irony of all! — he confided that, after mature consideration, it seemed to him that a year abroad was the very thing I needed most. The full humor of this is apparent when I tell you that no

later than August he had descended on me in his wrath when I suggested this very thing, and he had told me this would be colossal stupidity at the time. Now, plainly, he has forgotten he ever made such a statement; the wind, for unknown reasons, has veered from another corner, and he has tacked.

At any rate I began to understand — a bitter draught it was — that Professor Baker was an excellent friend, a true critic, but a bad counselor. I knew that, from this time on, the disposition of my life was mainly in my own hands; that one profits, no matter how good the intention, not by the experience of others, but only by such experience as touches him. At that time I heard that New York University needed several new instructors for the February term, and I directed the Harvard Appointment Bureau to forward my letters, grades, and papers. I applied; I had friends in New York speak for me. In two days I had their answer. An instructorship was mine if I wanted it. I came to New York on a flying trip. I liked the men. The offer was more than reasonable: \$1800 for seven months over an eight-hours-a-week teaching schedule; my work was to be concerned entirely with English composition. The men here at the University assure me that I should easily complete my work, in and out of class, with three hours a day. If this is true, I should have time to write.

There is one other advantage — a decided one. The college — this branch of it — is but eight years old, and has no traditions. I am given great liberty; personal idiosyncrasy is recognized and allowed. The students, moreover, mainly Jewish and Italian, have come up from the East Side; many are making sacrifices of a very considerable nature in order to get an education. They are, accordingly, not at all the conventional type of college student. I expect to establish contacts here, to get material in my seven months’ stay that may prove invaluable. I am here until September; I must teach through the summer. I am here where the theater is — the theater I love — and if I can’t write plays, at least I can see ’em. What Professor Baker will say, or has said, I don’t know. I never told him my decision.

But I have taught for two days now, and I am living; and nothing about me, so far as I know, has “suffered a sea change.”

And this is all that I have to tell you for the time — over that which you know already: that you wax immensely in my affections. . . .

P.S. And — glory of glories — I’m free. The world is mine, and I, at present, own a very small, but satisfying, portion of it — Room 2220, at the Hotel Albert, where I hope presently to have the joy of reading one of your letters.

The new play comes; I read it to a friend in New Hampshire, who also writes ’em. He said I would sell it in spite of “hell and high water.” The words are mine. And, by the way, I was in New Hampshire for four days and fished through the ice of the lake. This is the history.

Written from New York, May 5, 1924

You speak of Harvard. That's most difficult. I don't know what to say. But I'm sure of this:—

If I had gone to Cambridge instead of to Chapel Hill — when I was sixteen — the result would have been catastrophic. Of course, Munsey is a big, fine, strapping fellow — well-grown, mature in appearance, with associations with wealthy boys which may have given him a kind of balance. But this, I think, is *now* true of Harvard. No boy should go there now until he is ready to mine his own ore. If he is still in need of dependence on someone or something — a *very* real and honest need, by the way — Harvard is not the place, I think.

A sensitive young Southerner, fond of companionship and warmth, will find the sledding rough, I'm afraid. Of course, with a student of one of the great academies — Andover or Exeter — the situation is different, I believe. He is graduated with his class and accompanies them to Cambridge. This occurs as naturally as the transition, say, from Asheville High to Chapel Hill.

But I have seen hundreds of boys submerged in the student life of Harvard. Unknown they enter — are swiftly appalled by the vastness of the system, and its impersonality — and unknown they leave, at the end of four years, with a feeling of disenchantment and futility.

The quality of Harvard instruction is very high — the highest, I believe — but, again, many succeed in evading all attempts at education on the part of the University faculty. It is not difficult to slide through; and, in addition, you must prepare to calculate the probable effects of a metropolitan community of over one million people upon a fascinated young stranger thrust suddenly in from the provinces.

A change of climate and geography might be intensely valuable to him now. Remember, there are a number of first-rate small colleges in New England, beautifully located, with admirable scholastic standards. There is Amherst, for example, which still demands Greek, I'm told. And Williams, a lovely place, walled in by mountains not unlike our own. And Bowdoin — and, of course, Dartmouth, — one of the best. In all these places a young fellow might assert himself, and grow.

As for me, I work and am fairly happy. Really, I'm having a wonderful experience. This place — particularly the University — swarms with life, Jewish, Italian, Polish. My little devils like me. I tell them every week that I'm no teacher. I suppose they can see that for themselves; and perhaps that is why they like me. The head of the department has asked me to come back next year, but I have given him no answer. The desire to write — to create — has, for the first time, become almost a crude animal appetite. And this is because of the obstacles thrown in the path of creation. During the few hours left to me I write like a fiend on one of the finest plays you ever saw. My first term is

almost over — two weeks more, in fact. Gone like a flash!

And did you know that I'm going to Heaven in September. That is, to England. From September 1, six months' pay will be due me, September through February. This is \$900. With economy I can stay over five or six months. I'm going down to Cornwall first — it's very beautiful, I'm told — and bury myself in a country village for two months. There I shall write my heart out. Then over the country, into London for a few days, Scotland, and France.

This is all for the present. I've snatched Time to write this. But, during the examination period, you shall have greater detail. The Provincetown Theatre has had my play five months. I can hear nothing.

One of the editors of D. Appleton left a note at the hotel this morning. He wants my play — the Theatre Guild suggested it — to read for publication. I shall let him read it; I doubt that I shall let him publish — even if he wants to. Certainly, not as long as someone may produce it.

The new play is an epic. I believe in it with all my heart. Dear God! If I but had the time to write.

Professor Koch of Chapel Hill bounded into town a week or so ago, and looked me up. He wants to put one of my juvenile one-acts — the *Buck Gavin* thing — into his new book which Holt is bringing out soon. He is insistent, and has just sent me a copy of the thing. I'm not ashamed of the play, but I wrote it on a rainy night, when I was seventeen, in three hours. Something tells me I should hate to see my name attached now. Of course I couldn't tell Koch that.

Besides, he had his chance two or three years ago, when he brought his first book out. Please don't *publish* — but I'll give you my honest opinion: I believe his eagerness to publish the little play now comes from a suspicion that I'm going to get famous in a hurry now — God knows why! — and he wants to *ticket* me, so to speak. This is a rotten thing to say, but it's my honest opinion.

I sent Koch an act or two of my new play — you heard the prologue — and he did everything but break down and weep. It was the greatest thing ever; I was the American Bernard Shaw, etc.

Everyone, you see, is enthusiastic, but I notice that I earn my own living. The Theatre Guild is cordial. When am I going to bring my new play in? Their officials want to know me. Will I have lunch? Their play reader trumpets my name abroad. He told me recently he had spoken of me at the banquet of some dramatic association. I am grateful, but how I wish someone would *produce* one of my plays. The Guild, by the way, recommended my play to Appleton.

But — I learn. I am acquiring patience. And I'm quite willing to wait a year or two for the unveiling exercises. Do you know, all that really matters right now is the knowledge that I am twenty-three, and a golden May is here.

The feeling of immortality in youth is upon me.

I am young, and I can never die. Don't tell me that I can. Wait until I'm thirty. Then I'll believe you.

I never hear from you but my respect for your intelligence waxes. You are a lovely, beautiful woman. Other women I have known — young and old — who wanted to mother me, to ruffle my hair when it's curly, or to feed me. But you mother the minds and spirits of young men until they grow incandescent. That is a noble, finer thing.

So, it seems, you are a great woman.

To you all, as ever, my deepest love.

Written from Avignon, France, March 21, 1925

My only plea for my tardiness is that my own life has had a little private Hell and Heaven of its own and I have been involved in my own wonder, my own emotion, my first bewilderment at a new civilization, at a new tongue, which is now beginning to unfold magically as I take hold.

I am wandering across France like a ghost, alone and glorious in loneliness, knowing not at all my next step — only vaguely; trusting to miraculous accident to find the enchanted harbor for me — and at times it does.

My play was finished long ago in Paris — in the little Latin Quarter hotel where Oscar Wilde died, where I wandered one night, after having been robbed of an old suitcase containing the manuscript of the old play. For a month I shut myself in, wrote madly, and *finished* the new play — a much better one, I believe.

There followed a month in which I had an experience so filled with burlesque horror that I jerk a little in my sleep even now; I began to write again. I have an enormous manuscript of my voyage — enormous notes. I do not know where to peddle it — my one impulse is to write — and to send it to you. If you care to — you, mind, are my only literary executor and censor — you may give it to George McCoy for the *Citizen*, with this one condition which I make absolute: my name is not to be mentioned or published under anything I write. This is the one binding restriction, and I insist on it.

A few days ago, from Paris, the day I departed for Lyons, I entrusted the prologue of the *Passage to England* to a lady, a friend, giving her your address and requesting that she send it at once.

In that prologue, about 10,000 words I judge, I said nothing of my actual voyage; I indulged, under a rather fantastic plot-work, certain speculations of mine on *voyages* — the true *voyages*. The idea came to me when, on going over the notes of the actual voyage, it occurred to me that the account I gave of events and people, if ever published, might get the author and the publisher into trouble. I had honestly made these notes while at sea, and while feeling none too gay; but I wanted even then to do what, to my knowledge, had never been done: to isolate a transatlantic voyage, beginning and ending abruptly the moment the ship docks or sails, acting

upon the belief that the sea and a ship disorganize the whole social scheme for a few days, and that the social scheme reorganizes a new pattern before the voyage is over. I did this absolutely without malice; you may accept the whole when you get it as a melange of fact and fiction, with fiction emphasizing the truth of the business as I saw it.

That explains the subtitle: "Log of a Voyage That Was Never Made." This occurred to me at first purely as a device to escape libel; I changed the name of the ship and the characters. Then I remembered that I had not sailed on the day I had originally planned — that I had remained in Asheville a week longer, and that during that time I had had a queer feeling that I was or should be on the Atlantic. This led to the fantastic prologue, and my own growing conviction in the spiritual need of true voyages.

The whole, when you get it, will amount I believe to 40,000 or 50,000 words — a short novel. It is queer journalism, I know, but since I *give* it, I feel that I am able to do and speak as I please. You may tell George that I have amusing and interesting notes on England (I believe they are), and a story of Orleans, France — a true one — about the town and a genuine countess who drinks horse's blood for anemia, and an old villain of a Marquise, which, if I told it well, would make my future.

I think, also, I may say things about people, about politics, about social differences, which may be superior to the banalities of the greater part of foreign correspondence, which, nevertheless, earns its authors a good living. The reason for all this is simply that I am tired of writing for the four winds; I realize the desperate lack and hypocrisy of pure expression. We are children — we must have an audience; and if my audience may be the people of a little North Carolina town, well and good. That is my whole desire for the present — perhaps there is a tiny feeling that if any of it is at all good it may reach the ears of the gods.

I shall send you lots of manuscripts. I want to write — nothing else — and I have neither the patience nor the time nor the inclination to pull wires with literary agents, and so on. And honestly, I know of no one who would publish my account now; because, as I said, I shall write this once as I please. Let him put it all in print, if he wants, but my name must be absent. Some of it may be fiction; most of it may be fact seen imaginatively — it should have the same relation to reality as most autobiographical novels, as *Childe Harold* if you like. I appoint you censor: I have not been careful of myself in what I have said or am going to say — careful, that is, of what the townsfolk may think. That would be too petty, too dishonest. You must not be careful of that either in going over the manuscripts — it is not at all important. I think the sole thing — the *principal* thing — is the relation any of it may have to my family, to their position in the community. I shall never be too "advanced" to respect that.

It may be before I am done that I shall say something important — that in the mad rush to get it down, something of high worth may come out.

A letter has come — a very flattering and friendly letter — which asks me to return to N.Y.U. in September at \$2000 — Composition and Soph. Lit. I shall accept, hoping that the heavens may rain manna before, or that a syndicate of county newspapers will appoint me representative at the councils of the League of Nations. For God's sake, say a word to my people, and get them to extend sustenance as long as my period of sufferance lasts.

I am reading French like mad — I came here alone, ignorant of the language, and for two months wretchedly unhappy. Now I am jabbering villainously but adequately, and the world is brightening again.

The duty I impose on you is arduous and long — but I turn to you in trust and hope in this, as in all things. Do not hesitate to deny the responsibility if it's too heavy. I'll understand that, and if the paper doesn't care for the stuff, keep it for me. After all, I'm *embalming* the moments for future exhumation.

To you all my deepest love. Forgive me again if I send no cards, no letters. I'll give them to you on my return. Meanwhile, read and accept my chronicleings as for yourself. It has been mad, bold, unhappy, lonely, glorious!

Written from Bath, England, July 19, 1926

Here are just a few lines — a short record of my doings since I left you. I was in Paris ten days, in Chartres two days. I am on my way to the North of England — to Lincoln and York for a few days, and finally to the Lake District, where I settle down to work.

I have begun work on a book, a novel, to which I may give the title of *The Building of a Wall* — perhaps not; but because I am a tall man, you know perhaps my fidelity to walls and to secret places. All the passion of my heart and of my life I am pouring into this book — it will swarm with life, be peopled by a city, and if ever read, may seem in places terrible, brutal, Rabelaisian, bawdy; its unity is simply this: I am telling the story of a powerful creative element trying to work its way toward an essential isolation; a creative solitude; a secret life — its fierce struggles to wall this part of its life away from birth, first against the public and savage glare of an unbalanced, nervous brawling family group; later against school, society, all the barbarous invasions of the world. In a way, the book marks a progression toward freedom; in a way toward bondage — but this does not matter: to me one is as beautiful as the other. Just subordinate and leading up to this main theme is as desperate and bitter a story of a contest between two people as you ever knew — a man and his wife — the one with

an inbred, and also an instinctive, terror and hatred of property; the other with a growing mounting lust for ownership that finally is tinged with mania — a struggle that ends in decay, death, desolation.

Written from New York, May 30, 1927

You say that no one *outside* my family loves me more than Margaret Roberts. Let me rather say the exact truth: that no one *inside* my family loves me as much, and only one other person, I think, in all the world loves me as much. My book is full of ugliness and terrible pain — and I think moments of a great and soaring beauty. In it (will you forgive me?) I have told the story of one of the most beautiful people I have ever known as it touched on my own life. I am calling that person Margaret Leonard. I was without a home — a vagabond since I was seven, with two roofs and no home; I moved inward on that house of death and tumult from room to little room, as the boarders came with their dollar a day, and their constant rocking on the porch; my overloaded heart was bursting with its packed weight of loneliness and terror; I was strangling without speech, without articulation, in my own secretions — groping like a blind sea-thing with no eyes and a thousand feelers toward light, toward life, toward beauty and order, out of that hell of chaos, greed, and cheap ugliness — and then I found you, when else I should have died, you mother of my spirit who fed me with light. Do you think that I have forgotten? Do you think I ever will? You are entombed in my flesh, you are in the pulses of my blood, the thought of you makes a great music in me — and before I come to death, I shall use the last thrust of my talent — whatever it is — to put your beauty into words.

Good-bye for the present. This is Decoration Day. I am decorated with weariness, but I am going to try to get it all down on paper in the next few weeks and then I may go abroad for a short time. My attic is getting hot — my friend, Olin Dows (almost as great a saint as you are) came down from his 80 rooms and 2000 acres on the Hudson Saturday and asked me to finish the book in the country. But I'm afraid of the big house and all the swells — he's had it alone all winter — but now his mother's coming from Washington (with all the legations) and his sister from Sweden; they're in for a big summer. But there's a lovely little cottage of two rooms, with a bath, deep in the woods, by the bathing pool, and he's offered this to me, together with as many acres of land as I need, forever, if I should care to stay there near him. He paints, lives like a Spartan on vegetables, and is a Bertrand Russell Socialist. . . .

P.S. If you write again here and your letter's returned, write me care of Aline Bernstein, 333 West 77th St., New York City. (I'm in good standing, however, and *really* paid up.)

(To be continued)

IN DEFENSE OF MIHAIOVICH

by CONSTANTIN FOTITCH

1

THE death of General Mihailovich, shot by Tito after a mockery of justice, gave no satisfactory answer to the accusations which have been raised against him by the Communist propaganda since 1942. Using the knowledge he acquired as Chief of the Balkan Section of the Research and Analysis Branch of the OSS, Mr. Robert Lee Wolff has tried, in the October *Atlantic*, to give an unbiased and impartial post-mortem by ratifying the conclusions reached by Tito's court, and vouching before American public opinion that the verdict against Mihailovich was fully justified.

To the question "Did Mihailovich collaborate with the enemy?" he answers with an unreserved "There is no doubt in my mind that he did." To substantiate this assertion, he calls upon as witnesses not only Americans who were associated with the guerrillas in Yugoslavia, but Partisans and Nazis as well.

I do not know of any American officer who had been attached to Mihailovich's forces, either in an official capacity or as one of the hundreds whom the destiny of war brought into contact with Mihailovich, who would have sustained those accusations even by indirect implication. Every one of them, without exception, praised the General and spoke highly of his character and relentless struggle against the enemy. Many of them have categorically refuted the accusations of collaboration brought against General Mihailovich.

Captain Walter Mansfield, whose report after his return from Yugoslavia is quoted by Mr. Wolff as giving support to those accusations, testified under oath, before an American Commission of Inquiry, that during his entire stay with Mihailovich from August, 1943, to the end of January, 1944 — during which time he traveled extensively through territory under Mihailovich's control — he saw no evidence which would support the accusation of collaboration.

In an article appearing in the June issue of the *American Mercury* magazine, Captain Mansfield, reviewing the charges of collaboration in the light of evidence given by American officers attached to

the American mission, made the following conclusion: "The evidence seen by Americans calls for one verdict only — complete exoneration." He further reports in this article: "In a six months' careful search, the only evidence I found of an agreement between the Chetniks and the Germans was in January, 1944, near Nevisinje, Herzegovina, where it appeared that the Germans locally were laying off the Chetniks. In this area, the Chetniks faced an overwhelming Partisan offensive which neatly avoided the Germans. The local commander, with whom I talked, hated the Nazis just as much as the Communists. His only hope was to preserve his own forces in order to get rid of both eventually."

But even for this incident, Captain Mansfield gives the following explanation: "If local truces and limited arms' transactions constitute collaboration, however, then virtually every guerrilla group in the world has been guilty of it, including the Partisans." Yet Mr. Wolff in his article cites this incident as a typical example of Chetnik collaboration with the Axis, putting the blame by inference on Mihailovich himself. It doesn't seem credible that Captain Mansfield's public statements would be at variance with the report which he submitted to his superiors after his return from Yugoslavia.

Referring to Colonel Robert H. McDowell's experience with Mihailovich, Mr. Wolff writes: "Colonel McDowell . . . found himself, within a very short time after his arrival at Mihailovich's secret HQ, talking in person to Neubacher's right-hand man, Staerker, who had come to the HQ for a discussion." Such a presentation of facts by a man who was in a position to examine all the secret reports on the intricate Yugoslav situation gives the impression that there existed a close contact between General Mihailovich and representatives of Hitler's headquarters in the Balkans, and that Staerker served as a kind of liaison officer between Neubacher and Mihailovich.

In a written statement sent to the Commission of Inquiry into the case of Draja Mihailovich, Colonel McDowell dealt with the Staerker case. He said: "The following is the true account of this incident. German officials made a contact with the under-

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signed for the purpose of discussing the surrender of German forces. As is now well known, there were many such German contacts during the last months of German resistance. . . . The undersigned was instructed to listen to and transmit any German offer. General Mihailovich was most unwilling to have any contact with Germans but agreed to Staerker's coming, on the insistence of the undersigned. The undersigned had two interviews with Staerker. As the General was with the undersigned both prior to and after these interviews, there could have been no opportunity for the General to have had private meetings with Staerker." Such is the formal statement of an American officer who was with Mihailovich during a critical stage. In spite of the clear and unbiased statement of Colonel McDowell, who assumes the responsibility of the meeting with Staerker to which Mihailovich was opposed, this accusation was one of the prosecutor's feature points at Mihailovich's trial.

In a public statement issued in London on May 11, 1946, a group of British officers, among whom were former Brigadier C. D. Armstrong and Colonel S. W. Bailey, — successive heads of British missions to Mihailovich, — placed on record "a few typical examples in which General Mihailovich, personally and in his capacity as Commander in Chief in the field of the Royal Yugoslav Army in the fatherland, made significant and repeated contributions to the Allied cause." These British officers gave ten such examples in their statement — covering the period between June, 1943, and February, 1944 — without the slightest fragment of support for the charges of collaboration. Had those American and British officers noticed any signs of collaboration between Mihailovich and the Axis, they would certainly have failed in their most elementary duty in not reporting such collusions, if they existed.

In support of his theory, Mr. Wolff quotes also two leading Nazi personalities of the occupation authorities in Yugoslavia, Dr. Hermann Neubacher and the SS Major General (Himmler's representative in Yugoslavia), as telling the American interrogating officers in detail — after their capture — of their arrangements with Mihailovich. If their accounts contain no more evidence than that produced in Tito's court, then Mihailovich's guilt is as unestablished as it was by Tito's verdict. Had the State Department given credence to those statements (and it must have known about them), it is hardly conceivable that it would have requested the Tito government on two separate occasions to permit American officers and airmen to testify at Mihailovich's trial, reminding Tito that Mihailovich "remained in his native land and without adequate supplies and fighting under the greatest hardships contributed with his forces materially to the Allied cause so heroically participated in by Yugoslavia."

In addition to such statements of American and

British witnesses who had been with Mihailovich, there are public statements by many American officers who had been attached to Tito's forces. Those statements are far from favorable to the Partisans. Major Temple Fielding, for instance, one of the original members of the U.S. Military Mission to Tito, said in a statement given to the *Detroit Sunday Times*: "As a charter member of the Independent American Military Mission to Tito, dictator of Yugoslavia, I watched the greatest double-cross of World War II — the Soviet frame-up against General Mihailovich and his Chetnik Army." Knowing the Partisan methods and the value of their accusations from personal experience, Major Fielding expresses the conviction that "not one shred of 'evidence' is authentic." He knew about 70 per cent of the American personnel in Tito's Yugoslavia, as well as many American liaison officers with the Chetniks. From the talks he had with them, Major Fielding says: "Never once did I see, hear or read the slightest evidence that this soldier democrat [Mihailovich] sold out to the Nazis."

The statements of American officers that I have quoted are a result of an analysis and research of the situation conducted in the field through personal contacts with both Yugoslav guerrilla groups in the midst of the war, and are not merely an intellectual product of desk studies.

2

FAR from being driven into the situation on account of his Great Serbian background to fight for the establishment of a Great Serbia, Mihailovich invariably emphasized in all his statements and acts that he was fighting for the restoration of a federal Yugoslavia in which all nationalities — Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes — would have equal rights. Looking beyond the frontiers of Yugoslavia, he tried to establish contact with democratic leaders of Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, and Albania. He realized that only through close coöperation of these agrarian democracies could they successfully thwart the threat of communization of their countries.

To Mr. Wolff's gratuitous assertion that "Mihailovich was devoted to the Serb-dominated dictatorship established by King Alexander in 1929," I quote from a statement by Mr. George Dimitrov, leader of the Bulgarian Agrarian Party, who took refuge in the American Embassy in Sofia to escape Communist persecution: "Mihailovich did not approve of King Alexander's dictatorship, and sharply criticized the murder of the Croat peasant leader Stepan Radich. He enthusiastically accepted the idea for a South Slav brotherhood, a democratic Balkan federation, and a United States of Europe." Mr. Dimitrov's testimony is of special interest to the American public in view of the high esteem which the Acting Secretary of State, Joseph

Grew, expressed about him when he said: "Mr. Dimitrov is a Bulgarian political leader representing a large democratic element with a long and honorable record of loyalty to democratic principles and the Allied cause."

General Mihailovich was not a chauvinistic Great Serb, but simply a Serb who was proud of being one. He was imbued with a genuine love for freedom and democracy, inherent in all the Serbian people. He was proud of the history and traditions of his people, and of their ceaseless struggle for liberation first from Ottoman domination and later in the Balkan Wars and World War I, in which Serbia lost nearly 20 per cent of her population fighting alongside the Allies for freedom and democracy.

As a soldier he was not a "boot" of a narrow professional outlook. On the contrary, he was known for his leftist sympathies, because of which he was transferred from the Royal Guard regiment to the regular army troops. As a professor of strategy at the Belgrade Military Academy, his theories on the importance of guerrilla warfare for an army like the Yugoslav, which would be no match for the highly mechanized armies of its potential enemies, were considered too radical, and like General de Gaulle, he had to discontinue his courses.

Mihailovich was not the Minister of War of the government-in-exile which "the Serb nationalists formed . . . after the speedy collapse of the Yugoslav armies." He was the Minister of War of the Yugoslav government, one of whose Vice Presidents was Dr. Juraj Krnjević, Secretary General of the Croat Peasant Party, and the other Dr. Miho Krek, President of the Slovene Popular Party, which, like the governments of Belgium, Norway, and Holland, found refuge in London. Not a single Serbian member of the Yugoslav government-in-exile could be accused of having had any connection with the so-called "Charshiya." Dr. Slobodan Yovanovich, one of the most distinguished personalities in Serbian public life, was a former dean of the University of Belgrade; Dr. Milan Gavrilovich, leader of the Serbian Agrarian Party, was a politician and a long-time editor of the largest Belgrade newspaper — the *Politika*; Milan Grol and Milosh Trifunovich, leader of the Radical Party, were both college professors.

It is true that the relations between the Serb and Croat members of the government-in-exile gradually became more and more strained, especially after the mass massacres of the Serbs in the Croat Independent State carried out by Pavelich's Ustashi. Even according to Tito's statistics, those massacres exceeded the appalling figure of 600,000. The Croat members, by failing to denounce publicly these cruel and merciless murders, helped to broaden the gap already existing between the two groups. Naturally all the Serbs bitterly resented the extermination of their helpless compatriots in the Croat Independent State, but it is pure gossip to attribute to Major Knezevich the statement: "The massacre of

two million Croats after the war would be the only way in which peace and order could be restored," and more so to add: "He was regarded as a moderate in some Great Serb circles." Major Knezevich was one of the principal executors of the Belgrade *coup d'état* of March 27, 1941, hailed throughout the Allied world as one of the gravest moral blows dealt Hitler during the war.

3

MIHAILOVICH's tactics and strategy were quite different from Tito's. He knew that unless there was an Allied landing in Yugoslavia he would be forced to limit his activities to guerrilla warfare and sabotage of German lines of communication, thus making their occupation of the country more difficult and forcing them to keep a greater number of divisions in Yugoslavia, which otherwise could have been used by the Nazis on some other front. He contributed greatly to the Allied cause in this field of activity, his services being recognized by telegrams from the Allied headquarters in Cairo on August 16, 1942, from the Chief of the British Imperial Staff on December 1, 1942, and from General Eisenhower in a New Year's message of 1943.

Mihailovich knew that a guerrilla army, no matter how well supplied by the Allies and how courageous, could not eject the German Army from Yugoslavia unless there was an Allied invasion either from the East or the West. It is no wonder then that he was preparing his army in the expectation of such a moment. The Partisan victory was assured by the advance of the Red Army, not "almost to the Yugoslav frontiers," but actually by the advance of Marshal Tolbukhin's army through Serbia, which seized Belgrade and installed Tito in the capital of Yugoslavia. "Tito's government," stated the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, in the House of Commons on January 19, 1945, "has now installed itself in Belgrade with Russian assistance."

After the capture of Belgrade, Marshal Tolbukhin's army veered toward Hungary, and Tito, in spite of the forced mobilization carried out throughout Serbia, could not drive the Germans any further from their entrenched positions. Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, located almost in the heart of Yugoslavia, did not fall until the beginning of May, 1945; and Zagreb, the capital of Croatia, surrendered only after German capitulation. This complete stalemate did not prevent Tito from issuing boastful communiqués claiming new and important victories over the Germans daily, a long-established custom of his.

Here is what Colonel McDowell has to say about Tito's reports: "The communiqués issued by the Communist-led Yugoslav forces consistently presented a false picture of military operations. In Cairo during the first half of 1944, the undersigned was directly concerned with an Allied committee

to evaluate the state of Axis lines of communication in the Balkans. This group had at its disposal all sorts of information. The Communist communiqués of their operations against German communications proved themselves so consistently untrustworthy that their evidence was finally deemed worthless."

Even Mihailovich's successful operations were claimed as their own in these communiqués, the most typical instance of which was the destruction of the railroad line between Užice and Serajevo, in September, 1943. This operation was witnessed by several British and American officers, and Colonel Albert Seitz himself lit the fuse which set off the explosion of one of the bridges. A few days later — to their great surprise — they heard an account of this important operation over the BBC, for which full credit was given to the Partisans (at that time at least 100 miles away), who according to this radio report had to fight the Germans, the Ustashe, and the *Chetniks* in order to perform this feat. Brigadier General Armstrong, Chief of the British Mission with Mihailovich, made fruitless efforts with the Allied headquarters in Cairo to make the BBC broadcast a correction and present a true account of the operation.

Mihailovich's reports came through the channel of the "Woods and Mountains radio station," whose authenticity must have been known to the Research and Analysis Branch of the OSS. The license to receive those telegrams — as they emanated from the territory officially under enemy occupation — was granted to me only after a careful investigation of their origin by the War, Navy, and State Departments. A New York newspaper, which some time ago challenged more directly the authenticity of those messages, as well as the manner in which they were used by me, was compelled to print a public retraction and "Apology to Former Ambassador Fotitch."

4

MIHAILOVICH's contribution in rescuing almost 500 American airmen and returning them safely to their bases in Italy is not, according to Mr. Wolff, in contradiction with the theory of collaboration. His explanation is practically the same as the one given by the prosecutor at the trial of Mihailovich. If General Mihailovich did both things at the same time, — that is, collaborated with the enemy on the one hand and helped the Allies on the other, — then it must be assumed that the German Intelligence was so inadequate as to let itself be deceived by Mihailovich in carrying out so important an act for the benefit of the Allies before its very own eyes.

The presence of the American mission with Mihailovich as late as the summer of 1944 was amply justified by the work in connection with the rescue of the American airmen, as well as by the necessity

for effective intelligence work in that important area of war operations. The Partisans were very likely annoyed by the presence of American officers with Mihailovich's forces, but it was not for this reason that they became suspicious of the Allies. Even during the war, when they continued to receive considerable help from the Allies, their attitude toward the Western democracies was lukewarm. The war had hardly come to an end when Tito set a course of deliberate anti-Ally, especially anti-American policy, which he has continued to pursue with unchanging determination.

The closing down of the American Information Center in Belgrade, the mistreatment of American citizens in concentration camps and forced labor camps, the shooting down of American planes, and the murder of American airmen are only a normal flow of developments resulting from this policy. It is primarily aimed at impairing the prestige of the United States in the eyes of the Yugoslav people, and forcing them to abandon all hope of Allied intervention in bringing Tito to respect the commitments made in the Yalta Agreement, thereby reconciling themselves with his dictatorial regime and their lost liberties.

Searching for the reasons why various prominent Americans joined the Committee for a Fair Trial for Draja Mihailovich is a useless and unnecessary waste of effort. Their participation in this Committee, it seems to me, was motivated solely by a sense of justice and of fair play, innate with all Americans. Dr. Subasich's announcement during the San Francisco Conference that Mihailovich would be shot if captured was not the only reason why they believed that Mihailovich would not receive a fair trial. Public manifestations and statements of several members of Tito's government indicated that the sentence was passed even before the trial began. In an official note to the American government on April 4 — two months before the opening of the trial — the Yugoslav Foreign Office made the following amazing statement to the American government: "The crimes of the traitor Draja Mihailovich against the people of Yugoslavia are far too big and horrible that it could be or should be allowed to be discussed whether he is guilty or is not." This statement comes from a government which was committed, according to the Tito-Subasich Agreement sanctioned at Yalta, "to have a judiciary system in conformity with a democratic spirit." There was little doubt as to what Mihailovich's fate would be after these statements.

There is, however, one point on which I am inclined to agree with Mr. Wolff. Writing about the American and British students of the Balkans, he admits that: "It happens usually that the discoverer falls in love with the first Balkan people he meets." The first Balkan people whom Mr. Wolff met were undoubtedly not Mihailovich supporters.

(Mr. Wolff's reply will be found in Atlantic Repartee, page 26, of this issue.)

THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN

by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

1

NOTHING in all history had ever succeeded like America, and every American in the nineteenth century knew it. Nowhere else on the globe had nature been at once so rich and so generous, and her riches were available to all who had the enterprise to take them and the good fortune to be white. As nature and experience justified optimism, the American was incurably optimistic. Collectively, he had never known defeat, or grinding poverty, or oppression, and he thought these misfortunes peculiar to the Old World. Progress was not, to him, a philosophical idea, but a commonplace of experience: he saw it daily, in the transformation of wilderness into farm land, in the growth of villages into cities, in the steady rise of community and nation to wealth and power.

To the disgust of Europeans, who lived so much in the past, he lived in the future, cared little for what the day might bring but much for the dreams and ambitions and profits of the morrow. He planned ambitiously, and was used to seeing even his most visionary plans surpassed; he came at last to believe that nothing was beyond his power, and to be impatient with any success that was less than triumph. He had little sense of the past, or concern for it, was not historically minded, and relegated interest in genealogy to spinsters, who could have no legitimate interest in the future.

The American saw the present with the eye of the future: saw not the straggling, dusty town but the shining city; not the shabby shop but the throbbing factory; not the rutted roads but gleaming rails. In every barefoot boy he saw a future President or millionaire; and as the future belonged to his children, he lived in them, worked for them, and pampered them.

With optimism went a sense of power and of vast reserves of energy. The American had spacious ideas,

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his imagination roamed a continent, and he was impatient with petty transactions, hesitations, and timidities. To carve out a farm of a square mile or a ranch of a hundred square miles, to educate millions of children, to feed the Western world with his wheat and his corn, did not appear to him remarkable. His very folklore was on a large scale — the Paul Bunyans and Mike Finks — and it was suggestive that the empire builders so closely approximated the folklore type that it was easy to confuse real and legendary characters: Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett and Sam Houston belonged to mythology as well as to history.

His culture, too, was material: he took comfort for granted, and regarded either with condescension or with contempt people who failed to come up to his standards. Those standards were exalted. Nowhere were the workingman's or the farmer's tables more lavishly provisioned, nowhere did the average man and woman dress better, nowhere could women and children be more readily excused from hard labor.

The American had always met hardship with fortitude, partly because he was made of tough stuff, partly because he was so sure that fortitude, together with industry, shrewdness, and a little luck, was bound to be rewarded in the end. He preached the gospel of hard work and regarded shiftlessness as a vice more pernicious than immorality. He liked solid evidence of wealth but distrusted ostentation, and women whose position and wealth anywhere else would have justified servants, heroically did their own housework. He was accustomed to prosperity, resented anything that interfered with it, and regarded any prolonged lapse from it as an outrage against nature. The worst misfortune that could befall a political party was a depression, and the worst thing that could be said against a law was that it was harmful to business. Whatever promised to increase wealth was automatically regarded as good, and the American was tolerant, therefore, of speculation, advertising, deforestation, and the expropriation of natural resources, and bore patiently with the worst manifestations of industrialism.

All this tended to give a quantitative cast to his

thinking and inclined him to place a quantitative valuation upon almost everything. When he asked what a man was worth, he meant material worth, and he was impatient of any yardstick that did not contain the normal thirty-six inches, or any scale that did not record pounds. His solution for most problems was therefore a quantitative one — and education, democracy, and war all yielded to the sovereign remedy of numbers.

Foreigners who thought this vulgar had no conception of its origin or its connection with the realities of American life. To describe America, indeed, required a new vocabulary and a new grammar, and almost a new arithmetic. Hence the American passion for population statistics, skyscrapers, railroad mileage, production records, school and college enrollment figures; hence the pleasure in sheer size — in the Great Lakes, the Mississippi River, Niagara Falls, Texas; hence the toleration of trusts, combines, and giant corporations; hence, perhaps, the cheerful acquiescence in majority decisions.

This quantitative cast of American thought was an indication of an intense practicality which extended to most, though by no means to all, matters. Often romantic about business, or land values, or railroads, the American was practical about politics, religion, culture, and science. He was endlessly ingenious and resourceful, always ready to improvise new tools or techniques to meet new conditions. He borrowed readily from Indian or immigrant, and naturalized what he borrowed; he improvised jauntily, had little respect for custom, and was willing to try anything. His reaction to most situations was a practical one, and he was happiest when he could find a mechanical solution to problems: the cotton gin, the steamboat, the harvester, the six-shooter, the sewing machine, vulcanized rubber, the telegraph and telephone, barbed-wire fencing, the typewriter, and a thousand other inventions anticipated the day when the American was to be notorious for his passion for gadgets. He was the first to concede technology a place in higher education, and West Point Academy trained engineers as well as soldiers. That the British were the greatest maritime people in the world no one would deny; yet it was Nathaniel Bowditch whose *Practical Navigator* became the seaman's bible, and Matthew Maury who explored the physical geography of the sea. The Prussians and the French were the acknowledged masters of the military art, but balloons, wire entanglements, trench warfare, the armored ship, and undersea projectiles were first used effectively in the American Civil War.

2

THEORIES and speculations disturbed the American, and he avoided abstruse philosophies of government or conduct as healthy men avoid medicines. Benjamin Franklin was his philosopher, not Jona-

than Edwards, and when he took Emerson to heart it was for his emphasis on self-reliance rather than for his idealism. No philosophy that got much beyond common sense commanded his interest, and he ruthlessly transformed even the most abstract metaphysics into practical ethics. Transcendentalism, in Germany and England, led to an abdication from public affairs, but in America to an incessant concern with affairs public and private.

Even when he rejected the religious implications of Utilitarianism, the American was incurably utilitarian, and it was entirely appropriate that the one philosophy which might be called original with him was that of instrumentalism. If he failed to explore those higher reaches of philosophical thought which German and English philosophers had penetrated, it was rather because he saw no necessity for such exploration than because he was incapable of undertaking it; he felt instinctively that philosophy was the resort of the unhappy and the bewildered, and he knew that he was neither.

His religion, too, notwithstanding its Calvinistic antecedents, was practical. He was religious rather than devout, and with him the term pious came to be one of disparagement, just as later the term Puritan came into disrepute. Saintliness was not the most conspicuous quality in his greatest religious leaders, and to the doctrine of salvation by grace he stubbornly opposed an instinctive faith in salvation by works. Sundays he was troubled by a suspicion of sin, his womenfolk more often, but he had no racking sense of evil, and his philosophy persisted in ignoring the one problem which had challenged philosophers from the beginning of time. Denominations multiplied, but rather as organizations than as dogmas, and the average American was no more capable of distinguishing between Methodist and Presbyterian theologies than between Republican and Democratic principles. The most significant aspects of his two most original religions — Mormonism and Christian Science — were the practical ones.

In politics, too, he profoundly distrusted the abstract and the doctrinaire. To the charge that he had no political philosophy he was cheerfully indifferent, for he regarded his freedom from the exactions of political theory as good fortune rather than misfortune. No party whose appeal was primarily intellectual could command his support, and his inability to differentiate philosophically between his two major parties abated his party loyalties not a whit. Because his parties were organizations to which he could attach, from time to time, miscellaneous principles, rather than principles around which he had to build organizations, he was able to avoid the multiparty system which had bedeviled Old World nations and make two parties serve all his needs.

Yet, notwithstanding his youthfulness and his incurable amateurishness, the American was politically mature. That maturity was not conceded abroad, where government was associated with dynasties

and ruling classes, but that the average American had longer and larger experience in government than the average Englishman, Frenchman, or German was simply an historical fact. He early displayed a natural talent for politics. His political instruments were as ingenious as his mechanical contrivances. The federal system, the constitutional convention, and judicial review were the products of sophistication and art, and he brought the political party to its highest development. With his politics, as with his agriculture, the amateur spirit produced results that might well excite the envy of professionals: none of his Presidents had fallen below mediocrity, none of his statesmen had been wicked or dangerous, and the general level of his political leadership was — if judged by its achievements — appreciably higher than that of most other countries.

3

THE nineteenth-century American's attitude towards culture was at once suspicious and indulgent. Where it interfered with more important activities, he distrusted it; where it was the recreation of his leisure hours or of his womenfolk, he tolerated it. For the most part he required that his culture serve some useful purpose. He wanted poetry that he could recite, music that he could sing, paintings that told a story. Stephen Foster was his most beloved composer and Currier and Ives his favorite artists. Art was something that had happened in the past, and when he could afford it, he bought the paintings of artists long dead, listened to lectures on French cathedrals, and built museums to look like mausoleums. Education was his religion, and to it he paid the tribute both of his money and of his affection; yet as he expected his religion to be practical and pay dividends, he expected education to prepare for life — by which he meant jobs and professions.

His attitude towards higher education was something of a paradox. Nowhere else in the Western world did colleges multiply and flourish as in America, nor was any other people so avid of college degrees. Yet nowhere else were intellectuals held in such contempt or relegated to so inferior a position, and in America alone the professor — invariably long-haired and absent-minded — was an object of humor.

The moral superiority of his country was as axiomatic to the American as its political, economic, and social superiority. The assumption of superiority was accompanied by a sense of destiny and of mission. Jefferson called his country the world's best hope, and Lincoln the last best hope of earth, and those who did not read Presidential messages could recite: —

A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause.

Or, better yet: —

Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

Successive generations were equally eager to spread the American idea over the globe and exasperated that foreign ideas should ever intrude themselves into America. The legal term alien carried, almost invariably, its connotations of repugnancy.

Every white American felt that he had a personal stake in the future of his country, and that its realization would be personally profitable. Industry brought tangible rewards, and the American was industrious; thrift was a slow and prosaic way to success compared with speculation in land or business, and the American, while he did not cease to exalt thrift, was by nature a speculator. As every village might become a Chicago, every mine a Comstock or a Mesabi, lack of faith was a species of treason; braggardism became a virtue, and criticism a vice as intolerable as any forbidden by the Ten Commandments.

The temptation to experiment was deeply ingrained in the American character and fortified by American experience. America itself had been the greatest of experiments, one renewed by each generation of pioneers, and where every community was a gamble and an opportunity, the American was a gambler and an opportunist. He had few local attachments, pulled up stakes without compunction, and settled easily into new communities; where few regions or professions were overcrowded and every newcomer added to the wealth and the drawing power, he was sure of a welcome.

He was always ready to do old things in new ways, or for that matter, to do things which had not been done before. Except in law, tradition and precedent discouraged him, and the novel was a challenge. Pioneering had put a premium upon ingenuity and handiness, and where each man turned readily to farming, building, and trading, it seemed natural that he should turn with equal readiness to preaching, lawing, or doctoring, or combine these with other trades and professions.

The distrust of the expert, rationalized into a democratic axiom during the Jacksonian era, was deeply ingrained in the American character and persisted long after its original justification had passed. With opportunism went inventiveness, which was similarly invited by circumstances. Americans, who recorded at the Patent Office in Washington more inventions than were recorded in all the Old World nations together, likewise found more new roads to Heaven than had ever before been imagined, while their schools multiplied the seven liberal arts tenfold. Denominationalism and the inflated curriculum were not so much monuments to theological or secular learning as to the passion for experiment and inventiveness, and to an amiable tolerance.

Opportunity opened the way to talent or to luck, and the nineteenth-century American had no use for caste or class. He was democratic and equalitarian,

but his democracy was social and political rather than economic, and as he himself anticipated economic success next year or the year after, he had little envy of those who achieved it this year. He regarded with easy tolerance the looting of the public domain or the evasion of taxes or the corruption of legislatures, so long as these things brought visible profits, and he resented government interference with private enterprise far more than private interference with public enterprise. It was equally typical that Horatio Alger's heroes should invariably start poor and invariably end rich.

4

THE sense of equality permeated the American's life and thought, his conduct, his work, and his play, his language and literature, his religion and his politics, and conditioned all the relationships of his life. Except on the Fourth of July he said little about it, for he took it for granted, like his right to say what he pleased or to worship as he pleased; nothing was more characteristic or more exasperating to foreigners than the palpable sincerity with which even Southerners confessed their faith in equality while rejecting its practice. It was imposed by circumstances, rather than by logic: where so few started with anything but their strength and their character, and where success was so easy, artificial advantages counted for little. Where all men were equal in the sight of God, it was difficult not to admit equality in the eyes of man, and where all men were equal at the ballot box, it was impolitic to encourage privilege.

Yet equality was not primarily political, and those who celebrated it as such missed its significance. In America it antedated universal suffrage; in time other countries attained a comparable political equality without any perceptible effect on existing class distinctions or class consciousness. It was social, it was cultural, it was psychological; it was, even with the extremes of wealth and poverty and the adulation of material success, economic. It was chiefly the absence of class distinctions rather than the triumph over them. Wherever men and women met in typical gatherings — camp meetings, militia drill, Grange picnics, political conventions, Chautauqua assemblies, church sociables — they met on a basis of equality.

The sense of equality introduced into social relationships an ease and sincerity not to be found elsewhere. Love had always found a way to penetrate the barriers of class; in America it could direct its guiles and shafts against more formidable barriers. Talent had always been able to break through class distinctions; in America it could conserve its energy for the tasks before it. Accent and pronunciation were refused their ancient prerogatives, family and even wealth their customary advantages, and as these artificial insignia of authority were at a discount, the importance of power was exaggerated.

The unwillingness of the rich to retire and enjoy their wealth — the absence of a leisure class — was a logical result.

Where the poor felt no burden of inequality, they were relieved from the aggressive assertion of rights and prerogatives, and displayed no such self-conscious pretensions as in the Old World; where wealth could not in itself command acknowledgment of social superiority, it was relieved, in turn, from the compulsions of ostentatious display. No outward signs of rank were tolerated. The poor did not flourish a forelock, nor did those who performed ordinary services accept gratuities; the rich lived much as their neighbors, and had not yet learned to flaunt butlers, thumb a Social Register, or order their meals in French. All this was to change for the worse.

Even in politics there was more equality than democracy. Nothing was more fatal to political success than the appearance of superiority. William Henry Harrison was as rich as Martin Van Buren, but when it was established that Harrison drank hard cider from a jug and Van Buren sipped foreign wines from golden goblets, the triumph of Harrison was inevitable. Although present wealth was tolerated, it behooved every ambitious politician to have himself born in a log cabin or a sod house, and if he could manage to work his way through college, so much the better. The hard work of political organization was left to those whose ostentatious mediocrity could not be gainsaid.

No military caste dominated the almost nonexistent army, and except in time of war, no social advantage attached to the uniform. The Society of the Cincinnati, which was limited to officers and their descendants, was impotent; the Grand Army of the Republic, which embraced privates, was a powerful organization. The principle that the civil was superior to the military was not so much an expression of fear of military usurpation as of suspicion of the contagion of military standards. Lee, whose credentials to such aristocracy as existed no one could challenge, not only held himself rigidly subordinate to President Davis but, after the war, marched ostentatiously out of step with soldiers on parade.

As the English influence waned, the terms Gentleman and Esquire evaporated; the term Lady had never achieved its Old World meaning, and it was suggestive that the one calculated Portrait of a Lady was drawn by an expatriate author, and that the most successful of society painters was another expatriate. Yet Americans had a passion for titles: honorary Colonels littered the landscape even outside Kentucky, and family pride recalled no privates in Union or Confederate armies. In country towns every druggist was called doctor, and every teacher professor, and American law early dispensed with the lowly solicitor and dignified every magistrate by calling him judge. Perhaps the most interesting things about these titles were their availability and their uselessness: they were an expression of care-

lessness, good nature, and humor, rather than of respect for position or yearning for status.

The American was good-natured, generous, hospitable, and sociable, and he reversed the whole history of language to make the term stranger one of welcome. There were pioneers who could not stand the sight of a neighbor's smoke, but for the most part the American was gregarious, and he became increasingly so with the passing years. He had as yet formulated few of those rules and developed few of those habits designed to transform a crowd into a society, and perhaps for this reason he embraced with peculiar enthusiasm those fraternal organizations that gave him an artificial sense of security and companionship.

His generosity and hospitality were careless rather than calculated, flowed from a consciousness of abundance and a pleasure in society rather than from any adherence to moral or social precepts. The tithe had never been popular in America, but voluntary contributions to religion were customary, and nowhere was private philanthropy more extravagant. Indeed, to the abhorrence of all Old World observers, extravagance and carelessness flourished from generation to generation, and both were explained by the same good fortune, for in a country so richly endowed there was no need for parsimony, and in a country so open and free from tradition, circumspection and caution were profitless.

Carelessness was perhaps the most pervasive and persistent quality in the nineteenth-century American. He was careless about himself, his speech, his dress, his food, even his manners: those who did not know him thought him slovenly and rude. His attitude towards the English language pained the traditionalists, but he brought to language and grammar something of the same vitality and ingenuity that he brought to his work or his religion, and they served his needs and reflected his character. He was careless about rank and class, about tradition and precedent, about the rights and prerogatives of others and about his own rights and prerogatives. He tolerated in others minor infractions of law or custom, and expected to be similarly indulged in his own transgressions: hence that vast patience with noise, litter, the invasion of privacy, and sharp practices. He was careless about his work and his trade, and as he preferred to have machines work for him, regarded with equanimity the decline of inherited traditions of craftsmanship: while the products of his machines could compete anywhere in the world market, the products of his handicraft could not.

5

His attitude towards authority, rules, and regulations was the despair of bureaucrats and disciplinarians. Nowhere did he differ more sharply from his English cousins than in this attitude towards rules, for where the Englishman regarded the observance of

a rule as a positive pleasure, to the American a rule was at once an affront and a challenge. His schools were almost without discipline, yet they were not, on the whole, disorderly, and the young girls and spinsters who taught them were rarely embarrassed. Absence of discipline in the schools reflected an absence of discipline in the home: parents were notoriously indulgent of their children, and children notoriously disrespectful to parents, yet family life was on the whole happy and most children grew up to be good parents and good citizens.

The laxity of discipline in his armies was a scandal tolerated only because they somehow fought well and won battles. It seemed entirely natural that during the Civil War privates should elect their officers, or that the greatest of the generals should so often see his plans miscarry because he hesitated to give firm orders to his subordinates or to insist upon obedience. If Lincoln did not pardon quite as many sleeping sentinels as folklore relates, it was characteristic that folklore should celebrate as a virtue a gesture so disruptive to all discipline.

Almost the only rules which the American took seriously were those which regulated his games. His sense of sportsmanship was keen, and though he was tolerant enough of a little cheating in politics or business, he would not tolerate it in sport. The distinction was a nice one and, on the whole, creditable to the American character, for it suggested a scale of values in which material profits were not the most important. Sport was still confined pretty much to organized games and was predominantly amateur. The American hunted and fished chiefly for food, and had not yet arrived at that stage of sophistication which regarded mountain climbing as a diversion or held it dishonorable to fish for trout with bait.

The American's attitude towards law was a curiosity. It was the universal observation that few people were more lawless than the American, and statistics seemed to confirm this. Quite aside from crime that was recorded in statistics, minor infractions of law were universal. Yet if the American displayed a cavalier disrespect for laws, he venerated Law. It was his pride that every American was equal before the Law, that no one — not even the highest official — was immune from the operation of the Law. Here, alone, the Constitution was supreme law; here, alone, the judiciary could nullify acts of all legislative bodies. Certainly nowhere else in the world was law more assiduously studied, nowhere else did lawyers play so important a role in politics or in daily affairs.

The American lawyer was a leading citizen at a time when his English colleague was but a minor clerk, and throughout the century lawyers dominated the legislature of every farming state. Whatever the ordinary standards of politics, judicial standards were invariably high, even where judges were elective, and while the American indulged recklessly in the most scurrilous criticism of his President or his Congress, he would scarcely tolerate criticism of his

Supreme Court. The paradox was more apparent than real. The American was at once intelligent and conservative, independent and reliable. Rules represented tradition, and discipline authority; he knew that his country had become great by flouting both, and that in a land where everything was yet to be done and where the future was in his hands, he could continue to flout both with impunity. At the same time he thought his government and his Constitution the best in the world, credited them with a large measure of the success of his New World experiment, and would not tolerate any attack upon their integrity.

His lawlessness was always within the framework of some larger law; his disorder was never chaotic, but almost orderly. Certainly to those who accepted the legend of American lawlessness it was puzzling that America had never known revolution; that in a society allegedly anarchical, government was stable, elections orderly, and property safe; and that a democracy should be able to boast the oldest written constitution in the world.

His disrespectful attitude towards authority, combined with his complacent confidence in the superiority of his institutions, made the American lenient towards dissent and nonconformity. Individualism, too, required nonconformity and paid dividends: the American was always taking a short cut to freedom, a short cut to fortune, a short cut to learning, and a short cut to Heaven.

A society which had not had time to nourish its own traditions invited nonconformity. Indeed, had the American wished to be a traditionalist, he would have found it difficult to determine what tradition he should honor, and after the middle of the century a Supreme Court Justice observed that Western judges commonly pronounced good law because they were so ignorant of the precedents.

Nature, too, conspired with history to justify heterodoxy, for where heretics could indulge their heresies in the wilderness, it was easy to tolerate them: certainly the Mormons had less trouble in Utah than in Illinois. While America was still rural, every village boasted its eccentric, but as the country became more thickly settled and its economy more tightly knit, eccentricity declined and conformity became a virtue. By the close of the century even the West had caught the infection of orthodoxy: Oklahoma became impatient with Jesse James and Dakota with Calamity Jane. Only in the South, where the tradition of individualism was strongest and where an inferior class indulged its masters, were idiosyncrasies encouraged. The triumph of standardization over individualism was a memorial to the passing of the old America.

The American was not lacking in a sense of discipline, but it was a discipline imposed by circumstances rather than by the state. It was imposed, to be sure, by school and church, but more rigorously by a way of life close to nature and subject to nature's iron laws, by the endless chores required of every

boy and girl, by the care of animals required on every farm and in most village homes, by the responsibility of large families, by the lack of servants in the North and the care of Negroes in the South, by the inescapable obligations of membership in self-governing and self-regulating communities. That dissipation of social responsibility which came with urbanization, and of economic responsibility which came with the corporation, was still in the future.

For all his individualism, the American was much given to coöperative undertakings and to joining. Nowhere else did men associate so readily for common purposes, nowhere else were private associations so numerous or so efficacious. In the Old World the establishment of a church, a college, a hospital, a mission, waited on the pleasure of the crown or the state; in America they waited on the interest of the individual, and it was not customary to look to the state for permission, guidance, or aid.

As the American had created his church and his state, he took for granted his capacity to create all lesser institutions and associations. A thousand organizations sprang up — organizations to do good, to prosper business, to influence politics, to recollect the past, to mold the future, to conquer culture. In time everyone organized: boys and girls in schools, businessmen and scholars, friends and neighbors, old settlers and newcomers, vegetarians and teetotalers, those who survived a blizzard and those who grew roses and those who collected stamps. It was an effort to give an appearance of stability to an unstable society, to create order out of disorder, to substitute new loyalties for those which had been dissipated and new conventions for those which had been lost, to enlarge horizons and inflate opportunities. It was an expression of faith in the efficacy of common enterprise, in the ability of men to make their own institutions, in the power of fraternity and democracy.

6

IN ONE realm the nineteenth-century American was a conformist, and that was the realm of morals, especially of sex morals. Although he did not always observe them, he accepted without question the moral standards of the Puritans, and if a later generation was to find him repressed and inhibited, there is little evidence that he was conscious of his sufferings. It was the testimony of foreign observers that nowhere were morals more pure or female virtue more deeply respected, and the statistics of illegitimacy confirmed this impression. The virtue of women, indeed, was safe anywhere, and chastity taken for granted before and fidelity after marriage. That violations of the moral code were common could not be denied by anyone familiar with the history of miscegenation in the South or of prostitution in the larger cities, yet violations were surreptitious, not flagrant, and it was considered neither sophisticated nor aristocratic to keep a mistress.

In a rural society men and women married early, reared large families, and lived as equals in the home and in society. The social position of women was an elevated one; nowhere were they more honored and protected, nowhere more encouraged in their intellectual development, nowhere given wider scope for the employment of their talents and virtues. In all matters of church and school, women took the lead, and the experience of every boy with women teachers throughout his school days doubtless did much to confirm that attitude of respect with which he was taught to regard the opposite sex. Women controlled not only education and religion, but largely dictated the standards of literature and art, and clothed culture so ostentatiously in feminine garb that the term itself came to have connotations of effeminacy.

Conformity and conventionalism in matters of morals sometimes assumed aggressive form, and the willingness to resign control of the whole field of culture to women combined with the traditions of Puritanism to encourage intolerance and justify censorship. Language was emasculated, literature expurgated, art censored. Piano legs were draped with pantalets, words like belly and breast dropped from polite conversation, the discussion of sex was confined to men and of obstetrics to women, while Shakespeare and Fielding joined French writers in disrepute.

Early in the century a furor was raised when Hiram Powers exhibited his undraped Greek Slave, and at the end of the century Thomas Eakins, the greatest of American painters, was driven from the Pennsylvania Academy when he used male models in mixed classes. Dancing, plays, and mixed bathing came under the ban. Censorship of art and literature slid easily into censorship of morals, especially those having to do with love and drinking; modesty degenerated into Comstockery, and the temperance movement into prohibition.

The romantic view of sex was by no means out of character, for in many matters the American was romantic and sentimental. His sentiment was spontaneous rather than introspective, an expression of the enthusiasm of his nature and the richness of his imagination rather than of bathos: it was closer to that of the Frenchman than to that of the German. He was sentimental about nature in her grander aspects, and liked rolling rhetoric in his orators. He thought the whole history of his country romantic and heroic, and every Fourth of July and Memorial Day he indulged in orgies of sentiment.

He felt no need for the picturesque anachronisms which provided the Old World with its romance — feudal castles and knights in armor and royal courts — and he applauded when his greatest humorist, himself the most sentimental of men, found them all faintly ridiculous. Humor was not only a positive but a notorious national trait; as pervasive as optimism and carelessness, and closely allied with both,

it cropped up in the most unexpected places and left few things untouched. It was entirely fitting that Lincoln, the most beloved of the American's national heroes, should be cherished especially for his humor. There were as many varieties of humor as there were regions: Yankees, darkies, and cowboys all had their special dialects, but all spoke a common language.

From Franklin to Mark Twain, American humor tended to exaggeration and extravagance; not until the next century was it to sour into sophistication and wit. It was fundamentally outrageous, and in this reflected the attitude towards authority and precedent. It celebrated the ludicrous and the grotesque with unruffled gravity: Franklin's story of the cod leaping Niagara Falls, Mark Twain's discovery of the Petrified Man, and Bill Nye's gratification that the Navy was safe behind the brick walls of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, all had the authenticity of the American game of poker. It bore the impress of the frontier long after the frontier had passed. It was leisurely and conversational; the tall story was usually a long story and was designed to be heard rather than read.

American humor was shrewd, racy, robust, and masculine, often vulgar but rarely gross, and interested in sex only casually. It was generous and good-natured, and malicious only when directed against vanity and pretense. It cultivated understatement not, as with the British, as a sign of sophistication, but as an inverse exaggeration: Lincoln's dynamited cur whose usefulness, as a dog, was about over, and Mark Twain's frog that had "no p'int's that's better'n any other frog," were as native as Paul Bunyan or Mike Fink. It was democratic and leveling, took the side of the underdog, ridiculed the great and the proud, and the politician was its natural butt. If America developed no Daumier or Hogarth, her cartoonists were, on the whole, the best in the world, and they addressed their talent chiefly to politics.

American humor recounted few comedies of manners, for these appeared where class distinctions were sharp and social climbing a passion, but many comedies of circumstance: where almost every man had, at one time or another, aimed too high, adventured too boldly, boasted too loudly, it was consoling to see him get his come-uppance. Nature played the part in American humor that social distinctions did in British: it was forever putting men in their place. Thus Mark Twain could find in the currents and snags of the Mississippi a proper foil for the vanity of man, but confessed of *The Bostonians*, which appeared cheek by jowl with his own story, that he would "rather be damned to John Bunyan's heaven than read that." The twentieth century seems to have concluded that Henry James was a greater writer than Mark Twain, but the nineteenth entertained no such hothouse notion.

STARS, PROTEINS, AND NATIONS

by PHILIPPE LE CORBEILLER

1

WHEN nowadays people find themselves discussing our economic, social, or international difficulties, someone is sure to say: What's really wrong with us is that science has got ahead of morals. We know too much about atoms and too little about ourselves. We should call a halt, a moratorium on science, and give mankind a chance to learn the Golden Rule again.

At the same time, the Marxists tell us: Physical sciences have developed to excess because there was profit in them for the capitalist and the entrepreneur. A classless society would develop the biological sciences instead and would further the welfare of the people.

Both groups apparently take for granted that mankind has up till now developed physics, chemistry, and engineering by preference, and that it could today take up biology or psychology if it wanted to, much as a man decides to drop tennis and take up golf. Both groups are wrong. Physics and chemistry have developed ahead of the other sciences because they are simpler. There is a definite order in which sciences have developed in the past and are likely to develop in the future.

This century-old idea has not won much currency, but it throws a good deal of light upon the troubled conditions of our times. Suppose we examine it.

The originator of the idea was the French philosopher, Auguste Comte, whose first great work, *Positive Philosophy*, was published in the eighteenth-thirties. In this work Comte first makes a list of the fundamental sciences, and suggests placing them in line in such a way that each science should be dependent upon those preceding, and independent of those which follow. Comte's classification was later improved on by Herbert Spencer, and Spencer's list runs thus: Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Psychology, and Sociology.

Born in France and a veteran of both World Wars, PHILIPPE LE CORBEILLER studied at the École Polytechnique and at the Sorbonne, where he received his Ph.D. in mathematics in 1926 and a degree in philosophy in 1938. In the long armistice he served in the French Ministry of Communications. In 1941 he came to this country, where he joined the staff of the Army and Navy Electronics Courses at Harvard, and he continues in Cambridge today in the teaching of communications. He has been an American citizen since 1944.

A glance at this list is enough to show that it actually fulfills the required condition. Mathematics can be and often is presented without any reference to the material world. Physics (including its mother science astronomy) makes use of mathematics, but we are careful to eliminate from a physical experiment any chemical transformation. Chemistry uses heat and electricity, but on principle precludes the intervention of living organisms. Biology makes use of physics and chemistry; psychology presupposes living individuals; and sociology deals with these individuals acting as members of a group. If we run down the list, the successive sciences become more complicated, but more interesting to the average man, and more essential to his daily life; if we go through the list backwards, the sciences become simpler in subject, but at the cost of becoming more and more abstract.

It is already an achievement to have placed the various sciences in such logical order. But this list is also valid from quite another point of view, that of historical development. As Comte expressly observes, although the different sciences are now developing simultaneously and side by side, any one is actually older and, at a given time, more advanced than the one which follows it on the list.

Mathematics was carried by the Greeks to a point of development far ahead of that of physics and chemistry. Algebra was reborn in the sixteenth century. Only a hundred years later, calculus was invented, but physics was still in its infancy. At the end of the eighteenth century, calculus had reached marvelous heights, the mighty edifice of Newtonian astronomy had been raised, elementary physics was well constituted (but electromagnetism was as yet unsuspected), and chemistry was just beginning. Modern biology got under way about the middle of the nineteenth century, roughly at the time electromagnetism culminated in the work of Maxwell; and psychology was born towards the end of the century. It is remarkable that the historical rule pointed out by Comte should still hold good today after more than one hundred years of intense and unpredictable development. It looks as if Comte had laid his finger upon some really fundamental law in the evolution of mankind.

It may seem arbitrary to say glibly that biology is today less advanced than physics. Are there not about as many courses in biology as in physics in a university, and does not a student of biology have to learn just as many facts as a student of physics? Is not the literature of biology comparable in extent to the literature of physics?

All this of course is true. To understand in what sense we mean that physics and chemistry are more advanced than biology, let us look more closely at these two groups of sciences.

2

CONSIDER the first chapter of physics, which is mechanics, and the fundamental law of dynamics that force is equal to mass times acceleration (Newton's second law). None of these three terms represents anything visible or tangible — anything, in fact, which may be observed directly. "Force" and "mass" have here technical meanings far removed from those they have in everyday speech. "Acceleration" is the "rate of change of the rate of change of a displacement," surely not something to be found in nature, but a devilishly complicated and artificial invention of man. Anyone who would suggest using three such arbitrary and abstract concepts in order to explain the flight of a ball would be thought completely crazy. But, lo and behold, it has worked. A law has been found to hold between the indications of the instruments which measure force, mass, and acceleration, and this law, suitably generalized, describes, as we now know, the course of planets in the heavens, of a shell on its trajectory, and of electrons in a radio tube. Its field of application is as broad as the whole universe.

What is true of this fundamental example is true throughout the realm of the physical and chemical sciences. We do not perceive a piece of temperature or a bit of heat; we only feel hot or cold. Physicists invented the scientific concepts of temperature and of quantity of heat, which were afterwards found to be connected by laws. They also invented the concepts of electric tension and current, and the volt and the ampere — but here they did much more than invent the concepts: they actually created the phenomena. There is surprisingly little electricity in nature. Imagine how many million times a day a man-made voltage or current is being measured and compare it with how many times a year a man is hit by lightning or shocked by an electric eel. One might almost say that before the eighteenth century, the globe was not electrified.

Similarly, mere observation could never have "discovered" silicon or aluminum, although sand and clay are common enough. Like most chemical elements, they exist in nature only in combination. Pure elements were extracted from their natural combinations by the chemists in the laboratories, following the lead of earlier experiments and theories.

And it has often been remarked that without man's industry the greater part of the millions of compounds synthesized in organic chemistry would never have seen the light of day.

As we have seen in the case of Newton's law, the justification for inventing all these physical and chemical concepts is that they could be connected by numerical laws. We know of no law connecting a magnetic lodestone and a piece of amber; but a numerical law does connect a magnetic field, an electric current, a velocity, and a force, all of them abstract man-made concepts. This specific law has been verified innumerable times in the past; and a physicist will bet you anything that it will again be verified, to a specified approximation, if you and he together put it to the test.

For such is the astounding character of most physical or chemical laws — in fact, of all quantitative laws: *a quantitative law is a numerical prediction*. If I tell you, for instance, that mixing 36.5 grams of hydrochloric acid with 40 grams of soda produces 58.5 grams of common salt and 18 grams of water, the meaning of this statement is that whenever you perform this experiment, the next hour, the next day, the next month, in any case *in the future*, you will get exactly those amounts of salt and water — to an approximation depending mainly upon the purity of your materials.

If the logical meaning of a quantitative law consists in its being a prediction, the role of science in the creation of modern industry rests on precisely the same basis. The ancient craftsman made pottery, swords, and dyes according to traditional rules which he could not understand. He had no way of measuring the temperature of his kiln or the purity of his materials; hence the ever present element of luck in the quality and appearance of his products, as well as his appeal to magic. In present-day industry the quality of the product, whether electrical power or a certain type of steel, a specific synthetic dye or a pharmaceutical product, is quantitatively predicted within specified and narrow limits.

Now one of the solidly established traditional beliefs is that man cannot read the future. That is why, in all civilizations, if a "prophet" can persuade a few people that he predicts the future, then for them he is a man of God or else has magical powers: as an ordinary man, he could not read the future. Science, however, predicts the future accurately — in a domain, to be sure, rather restricted, but constantly enlarging. This ability is truly revolutionary and has never happened before our times. This aspect of science is rarely stressed, because those who live in a technical environment, whether a chemical laboratory or a steel mill, take it for granted, and other people are barely aware of it.

Consider now the biological sciences. The more traditional ones, such as anatomy or zoology, consist of collecting and correlating all that naturalists

have been able to learn from the observation of living beings as they fall directly under observation. This is in striking contrast with physics and chemistry, which deal with intellectual, abstract, man-made concepts.

A good part of the biological sciences is still at the observational stage. Of course this is the right way to start: physics and chemistry also started at the observational stage. Even now, every time a new physical phenomenon is noticed — X-rays, radioactivity, cosmic rays — physicists also begin by observing it as if it were a strange animal, noting how uranium salts spoil photographic plates, or wondering how deep cosmic rays penetrate under the sea, and so forth.

After the observational stage of science comes the experimental stage. A great part of our biological knowledge, most physiology in particular, results from experiments on living organisms. In the last century such experiments consisted in abstracting some organ, or submitting the plant or animal to some unusual environment or diet, and noting the result.

This type of experiment is now becoming more and more refined. Physical stimuli can be specified with the sharpness and numerical precision common in physics. The "response," which in classical examples was death, or at least some gross disturbance, now consists of a change in some specific biological function, measured on a numerical scale. In the most successful cases a hypothesis can be proposed, leading to a mathematical formula compatible with the observed data. Later, by modification of the original experiment, one will attempt to check the correctness of the hypothetical guess. The science of biophysics, although as yet in its infancy, is obviously here transforming a chapter of biology into a quantitative and conceptual science of the physico-chemical type.

Other experiments consist in trying out the effects of some chemical substance. The chemical agents which are of interest to biology are of a highly complicated nature; all the resources of organic chemistry are used to aid in ascertaining the specified chemical compound which will produce a sharply defined and minute functional effect. This auxiliary role of chemistry has naturally developed into the systematic investigation of the chemical processes which go on in living matter. Biochemistry is a growing science which has gone far towards explaining the functional role of individual parts in a correlated organism. The advance of pharmacology, bringing synthesized drugs to the remotest country doctor, is one of its practical counterparts.

Another branch of biology uncommonly fascinating, even for the layman, is genetics. Genetics is a new science which was developed very much on the pattern of physics. Time after time, in order to understand some observed phenomenon, a theory was invented, dealing with imagined and at that time unobservable concepts, and the mathematical

or logical consequences of this assumed theory were checked against experience. It is no wonder that this procedure aroused the most bitter and heated criticism from the older authorities.

Yet the progress of our knowledge of cells has proved more than once that what was meant by geneticists to be nothing but a helpful hypothesis was in fact a shrewd guess about very minute particles of a germ cell which were actually there. Here we have a parallel with the history of the atomic hypothesis in physics; and similarly the chemists have been amazed to learn that the hexagonal carbon ring which they used symbolically in their formulas was actually visible in an X-ray pattern. Thus does biology, in biophysics, in biochemistry, in genetics, gradually adopt the ways of the older physical sciences.

3

THESE specialties, however, are but the vanguard of the advancing forces of biology. The major part of that science, as a glance at any standard textbook will show, is as yet frankly descriptive. The contrast with the deductive sciences of physics and chemistry is apparent in the old and moot question of the synthesis of life. For scientific knowledge automatically brings forth man-made construction, or synthesis. When man succeeded in finding the laws of vapors, he made steam engines; when he understood electricity, he made induction motors and radios; when he understood chemistry, he made aluminum pans and synthesized aspirin.

Why can't we synthesize living beings? For one thing, are we sure we have not already synthesized one of some sort? Give a little child a watch to hold. He recognizes at once, if you do not, that he is holding something alive in his hands. When a man makes a motor pump, he is in fact building a mechanical heart. A locomotive or a car goes one better: the pumping of its heart makes its wheels turn, and it advances on a road under its own power. In Victorian discussions of "What Is Life?" locomotion was always listed among the mysterious achievements attained by animals only. In recent years this contention has been quietly dropped: the resort has become too obvious.

Nowadays regulation is sometimes presented as another of these unaccountable marvels exhibited by living organisms. We find in more and more cases that the minute amount of a specific substance normally contained in some organic liquid or tissue is maintained within narrow limits by two antagonistic systems, one of which boosts up the required percentage when it is too low, and the other reduces it when it is too high. Death may follow the breakdown of either system. But velocity regulators or "governors," the first form of which was invented by Watt at the end of the eighteenth century, began to be well understood a hundred years later, and in a modern plant every important physical or chemi-

cal quantity (temperature, voltage, concentration) is automatically regulated.

What is more, regulation is now but the first step in the technique of servomechanisms, which was raised during this last war to such uncanny heights and which connects, for instance, a hundred-ton gun turret to a searching radar in the way the arm of a tennis player is connected to the motion of his eyeballs.

It is not the actual construction of a watch, governor, or servo which is of value to biology, but the fact that we now understand thoroughly the dynamical relationships which are essential to the maintenance of oscillations, the regulation of a physical variable, or the control of a motor by a sensory organ. From this angle as well as from several others, such as the mechanics of cellular structure, the understanding of the physical side of life has made considerable strides. It has resulted in the construction of man-made models, exhibiting one after another of the physical functions which were once considered to be characteristic of living organisms.

On the chemical side, the way ahead is also mapped out. The simplest and least differentiated living organisms are made of protein. Now protein is the generic name for a group of chemical substances of a most complex nature. A protein is a linkage of a very great number of simpler chemical groups, such as amino acids, which we know well, but we know very little as yet about how this linkage is made. We still do not know what a protein is; that is to say, we do not understand its properties, which is the same thing, and we cannot synthesize it, which is saying the same thing over again.

The situation was exactly the same with regard to rubber twenty years ago. Latex was a substance made by a certain tree, and its chemical nature was not understood. Chemists succeeded in synthesizing (understanding the constitution of) rubber ten years or so ago, and because of war pressure the question has been so well cleared up that half a dozen different kinds of artificial rubber with different properties are now manufactured on an industrial scale. Chemists tell us that the synthesis of protein, barring surprises, is not exactly around the corner; they appreciate the difficulties better than non-chemists can. But we may be sure they will once more succeed, in a not too distant future.

By underlining the role of physics and chemistry in the advance of biology, I may have given the impression that I am advocating the view, quite popular in the last century, that biology is at bottom nothing but physics and chemistry. There can be no doubt, on the contrary, that since we do not at all understand several of the most important functions of living organisms, our understanding them will depend upon concepts which lie *beyond* those which we are using at present. What I have been saying is that it is no wonder we do not understand life, since physics and chemistry have not yet advanced to the point where they can pro-

vide biology with the proper physical and chemical basis.

What scientific concepts biology will later invent to supplement those of physics and chemistry we of course do not know; we begin to have a bare inkling that they may have to do with organization. The elasticity of rubber has recently been linked mathematically with its fully developed chemical formula. There is no telling what the complexities of the protein formula will really mean in terms of the properties of living protoplasm. This is a very crude hint at concepts as yet unborn.

Electromagnetism may give us an idea of how biology will some day blossom out above physics and chemistry. Electricity and magnetism were also very mysterious at first. Familiarity with the industrial effects of electric power has robbed us of the sense of awe which we ought to feel when we see, for instance, an electromagnet attracting a dozen steel rails and carrying them through the air without any mechanical hold. It took a century to develop the proper concepts for coping with these eerie facts and linking them together in what is known as Maxwell's equations. Now that the task is done, we see that electromagnetism cannot be deduced from mechanics alone; its laws are broader and contain the Newtonian laws of mechanics as a specific case.

In this way, those who declared electricity to be nothing but mechanics have been proved wrong, while those who insisted that the same scientific method which had mastered dynamics, optics, heat, and so forth, would also master electricity have been proved right. The history of science does not repeat itself any more than does the history of nations, but, like the history of nations, it can provide patterns which may help us to recognize similarities and to orient our thought.

4

IN OUR classification of sciences, after Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, and Biology comes Psychology. It comes after them because a large amount of physiology is independent of so-called mental processes, whereas thought, or at any rate consciousness, seems an attribute of living beings provided with a nervous system and is dependent upon physiological conditions. Therefore psychology cannot be expected to reach the scientific stage (the stage at which physics and chemistry are at present) until some time after biology itself has reached it.

Indeed, if we look at present-day psychology, we find that its major branches have existed only since quite recent times. Physiological psychology was founded in Germany in the second half of the last century, but its beginnings look extremely crude when compared with the extensive, deep, and delicate type of research which is carried on nowadays, particularly in America. This type of work is so interesting and hopeful that obviously psychologists

are here making only the preliminary exploration of an immense and unknown territory. The particular study of behavior inaugurated by Pavlov was the discovery of another, totally different continent of thought. Psychoanalysis, originated by Freud in 1900, has completely revolutionized our outlook on the everyday conduct of man, as is apparent not only in professional work but even more strikingly in the popular books and magazine articles aimed at the general public.

In the case of the three divisions of psychology which we have just named, as well as in a few others, one gets the following double impression. First, one is amazed at the childishness of psychological writing prior to these new discoveries; second, one gets a definite feeling that since such essential and unrelated points of view were completely unsuspected so short a time ago, it is certain that many other equally essential aspects of psychology will have to be discovered before mankind gets even a rough idea of the extent of this science, let alone begins its scientific exploration. The growing understanding of the intimate relationship of mind and body — how a certain chronic illness, for instance, is accompanied by a certain mental attitude and vice versa — and the realization of how little advanced biology actually is, make it obvious that psychology as a science is barely born.

On this basis one might expect the social sciences to be entirely in the faraway future. And as a matter of fact, by far the greater part of sociology is at the purely descriptive stage: it studies types of society, existing or historic, as the naturalists of the seventeenth century described existing plants or animals. Some writers even remind one of the medieval naturalists, wishfully imagining societies about as plausible as hippogriffs and unicorns. It is remarkable, however, that a few of the social sciences (those which make systematic use of some science coming earlier in the classification) have risen above the descriptive stage and have begun working with abstract concepts. In economics, a group of mathematically trained researchers has been doing extremely promising work during the last decades, using the method of analytical dynamics in the study of economic systems.

In a totally different field, the application of psychoanalytic findings to anthropology and history has done much to explain such social facts as totemism and taboos, or the birth of the scientific spirit in the Ionian colonies of ancient Greece.

Such use of abstract concepts is of course disparaged by the conservative mind. It will be a long, long time before sociology receives from biology and psychology its necessary foundations.

5

THE idea that the logical dependence of the successive sciences implies a necessary order in their

historical development is thus found to be entirely correct when we compare their various present states. In every science the scientists do their best towards advancing their particular field; but it is entirely outside their power to raise their subject suddenly to the level of those which precede it in logical order. They are like workmen building and furnishing a house: the plumbers and electricians cannot begin to work until the walls are in place; the plasterers come next, then the painters, and last the furniture movers.

The fact that biology, for instance, does not, in general, use the same approach as physics and chemistry, and has not yet succeeded in synthesizing a living organism, is usually explained or excused on the ground that living organisms are essentially different in nature from dead matter. Similarly the science of mind is said by some to be of an altogether different kind from the science of nature. I believe that this is taking a much too modest view of these sciences. The further along they are placed in our classification, the more complex and inclusive their subject; and therefore it is necessary that the simpler and earlier sciences should have progressed effectively before biological, then psychological and social, problems may be tackled in a truly scientific fashion. But these sciences will be eventually as rigorous and therefore as powerful as physics and chemistry are today.

In the meantime there are urgent everyday problems to be solved, which cannot wait until all the factors involved are scientifically known. An example we are all too familiar with is illness. A child is dangerously ill; the physician is acutely conscious of the fact that biology and psychology do not provide him, as chemistry does the chemist, with an infallible rule of action. He calls to his aid, in addition to all the scientific knowledge he can muster, the best conclusions he can draw from insecure analogies, and the even less reliable support of intuition. He will make use of anything to save that child. This is why medicine is still called by many an art, not a science, and physicians find in the moral responsibilities they incur one of the highest marks and the true glory of their profession.

The case of engineering is somewhat similar. Techniques in general are a mixture of the scientifically known and the scientifically unknown. In metallurgy, for example, we know the physics of heat and the chemistry of iron and of carbon, but there is a great deal we do not know about what is called the physics of solids. Still, the engineer cannot wait another hundred years before building a steel bridge. He uses empirical figures and multiplies some of them, such as the velocity of the strongest winds in the region, by a "factor of safety" of 2, 3, or more, to be, as he thinks, on the safe side. Yet it happens sometimes that such unscientifically obtained figures turn out to be too small, and the bridge breaks down. Techniques, medicine, government, are all solving urgent problems the best

they can, without waiting for the unfolding of scientific progress in its Comtian order of battle.

If all sciences are not today at the "scientific" level, which they will, one after another, reach some day, there is a broader sense in which the workers in the different fields can rightly be called scientific. Among the rules followed in physical research, some are purely technical, and refer, for instance, to the proper handling of a precision balance or spectroscope; some refer to the relative functions of hypothesis, calculation, and experiment; and the rest are of an ethical character. They demand of the research worker an extreme scrupulousness in noting down the conditions and results of his experiments; a complete absence of prejudice and a high degree of self-criticism in comparing the theory that is being checked with the recorded observations; and complete sincerity in his reports.

The successes of physics and chemistry have been so spectacular that, in every field, workers have wanted to avail themselves of the same method; and if it is not yet possible in every science to apply mathematical tools to quantitative laws, it is always possible at any rate to follow the same ethical rules. Thus a historian rightly considers himself scientific when he reports on firsthand historical data with the same scrupulousness, sincerity, self-criticism, and absence of prejudice as the physicist uses in reporting on his columns of figures. It is in this sense that the different sciences may be worthy of the name, irrespective of the state of advancement which they have reached at the present time.

6

IN the preceding pages, I have tried to present to the reader my sense of the obviousness of Comte's logical and historical classification. Perhaps a few words should be added here, lest this hierarchy of sciences be taken too strictly and too rigidly.

In theory every science but sociology is an abstraction. Physics is what remains when everything chemical, biological, psychological, and sociological has been eliminated or ignored — and so on down the line. In practice no such rigid separation is usually possible, and most techniques borrow from several of the theoretical sciences.

For that very reason, all sciences will in a distant future eventually merge into one, a sort of sociology which will have absorbed all the natural sciences. From whatever point of view we look at the world, the oneness of nature impresses itself upon us. It is remarkable that already in our day physics and chemistry should have merged to a very large extent.

The road to this eventual unification is, however, the development of the sciences in the hierarchic order given by Comte, which I have tried to justify in the preceding pages. Let us draw some consequences from this position.

It would be far better to improve the organization of society than to build faster planes or better radios. But it would be of no avail to close physical laboratories and to substitute social laboratories, even if such a thing were at all possible. Only by continuing on the road along which successively appeared mathematics, astronomy, physics, and chemistry will mankind eventually solve its problems.

Some sciences, we have seen, are already at the quantitative and predictive level; others have reached it partially or not at all. We may call "science in the stricter sense" any coördinated group of quantitative laws; and "science in the broader sense" any body of knowledge obtained according to ethical rules such as those I have mentioned. The latter meaning would apply to such sciences as history, philology, and semantics, as well as to sociology proper or economics. With this distinction in mind, we may say that physics, chemistry, and a small part of biology are today sciences in the stricter sense; while most of biology, an even greater portion of psychology, and the sciences of society as a whole are sciences in the broader sense only. We confidently expect biology to pass from the second group to the first in a not too distant future. Biophysics and biochemistry are in a way the pivotal sciences of our age. From their progress the most spectacular changes can be expected.

This does not mean that the next advances in psychology and sociology should be considered less important. These sciences are so much more closely tied up with our everyday life that, were it not absurd here to talk in numbers, one might say that one unit of advance in psychology or sociology is likely to affect us as much as ten units of advance in physics, or fifty in mathematics. But for psychology we cannot soon expect the kind of revolution which we foresee for the science of biology in the near future.

To say all that precedes in still another way: Greece, the later medieval period, and the classical period, had an unbounded faith in human reason. They thought man could solve any problem immediately by applying his reason to it.

We see now that this confidence was exaggerated. Contrary to what people think, we cannot solve sociological problems today by even the keenest reasoning. Reason can work only from secure premises, and the necessary premises to sociology, which are psychological, have not yet been obtained. If Comte's classification really expresses logical and historical truth, then we must say that in our age, only problems in physics and chemistry are certain of solution, because only such problems are amenable to science in the strict sense. Most biological problems are not yet within the reach of the quantitative instrument forged by reason, but they will become so before too long. To solve psychological and sociological problems, mankind will have to progress another few centuries.

THE WOUNDED STILL FIGHT

by EDGAR L. JONES

1

MARK CARROLL was a kid with braces on his teeth when he joined the Army. Because of his brilliant high school record, he was selected for college training and an eventual commission. When the Army had more need for ammunition carriers than future officers, Mark was transferred to the infantry and sent to Europe. Two shell fragments during the Battle of the Bulge caught Mark without a foxhole for protection. One shattered both bones in his right leg; the other tore through his face, taking with it his teeth, which had cost so much to have straightened, a part of his tongue, and most of his chin.

Today, as he rounds out two years in Army hospitals, Mark looks to be thirty or thirty-five. The holes in his cheek have been filled in, and skin grafts have been employed to reline his mouth and gums. His jaws, formerly broken in eight places, no longer have to be wired together, and future operations will give him a makeshift chin. In the vernacular of the wounded, Mark is a plastics case, and so is his chum Hal, who is called The Nose because he lacks one. And so also is Freddie, whose head was reduced to the size of a man's hand by an explosion, and Lennie, who could not sleep because his eyelids were burned off.

Dougherty is a neuro case. The nerves which controlled his leg action were destroyed by machine-gun bullets which caught him from behind. The surgeon bet ten dollars that he could rectify Dougherty's sexual impotency, but he lost the bet to another doctor, who had maintained all along that the experiment was pointless under the circumstances. Even at that, Dougherty considers himself much better off than his friend Bill, who lost his power of speech, as well as the use of an arm and a leg. Bill had completed three years of college before the war and was considered a mathematical genius. In the past two years he has relearned, with great difficulty, to count to ten.

EDGAR L. JONES, a graduate of Dartmouth, served for fourteen months as an ambulance driver with the British Eighth Army and was cited for his rescue of the wounded from an exploding ammunition truck. He was invalided home with dysentery, and after his convalescence went out to the Pacific, where he was the *Atlantic* correspondent at Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

Cahill is a paraplegic, which means that the lower half of his body is completely paralyzed. A shell fragment hit his spine and left him without any sense of feeling from the waist down. Interested in surgery, he watches the reflection of the doctors on the bright surfaces of the operating room lamps as they cut into his abdomen and insert tubes in his kidneys and bladder. Sometimes his legs get the spasms and jerk about wildly without his knowing it, unless he happens to be looking. One night his left leg flung itself on top of a hot radiator. The following morning, much to Cahill's surprise, a nurse discovered that the leg was badly burned, so they had to move his bed to the center of the ward.

Tony is a psycho case, which sets him apart from the others, in a ward with a guard at the door. Tony and his running mate, Aaron, were sent to a forward foxhole to stand guard through a Normandy night. Apparently Aaron stuck his head up and had it taken off. When Tony was found in the morning, he was cuddling the head in his arms and mumbling Aaron's name over and over. That was more than two years ago, and Tony still rolls his pillow into a ball, hugs it to his chest, and mumbles Aaron's name over and over. He also cries when he hears "Dixie," and runs his hands across his lips, which has led the doctors to guess that Aaron was a harmonica player.

I met Mark, Dougherty, Cahill, and the others in an Army hospital, where a man with four limbs and a face feels extremely self-conscious these days. I went back again and again, yet I still have only a half-formed impression of what it must be like to be relegated to the world of the living dead. It appeared to be an easy assignment at first, because I was familiar with the attitude of most of our wartime GI's. I thought the common experiences which we had shared in the past would serve as a bond between the wounded and myself. But I was a whole man, and a free man, which made me an outsider among the officers and enlisted men who are still fighting the battles of Salerno, Leyte, and the Bulge.

The post-war world which I represented has no meaning for the badly wounded. Not peace, but the scalpel, has been their reward for military service, and the war will not be over for them until they have fought their way back into free society. Each

operation for them is another D Day; each faltering step a forced march; each visit to town a night mission in hostile territory. They have suffered through unnumbered nights of twitching pain and unseen horrors, yet time stopped for them with the smack of metal against their flesh. The past is best forgotten, lest it set a man to thinking, and the future is a nightmare of the pain yet to come.

Walking among those pajama-clad fragments of men who suck at life through a straw, I realized how lacking in understanding I was to expect them to be anything like the GI's I used to know. They are no longer the vigorously profane, unfearing individuals who cursed with inspired fervor the joint stupidity of the military, the home front, and anyone else presumed to be responsible for sending them to war. They are subdued, introspective men, anxious to make the most of what is left for them and of them. With a dozen operations behind them, and as many more to come, they concentrate now on only one thing: their day of liberation.

Outwardly, the wounded are as cheerful as a pack of Pollyannas. They have to be, because their own morale, as well as that of their neighbors, is dependent upon putting up a good show of inner contentment. But the whole man can read their thoughts in the eyes of those who are fortunate enough to have eyes. He can feel them saying, "That's what we want, Brother: to be like you; to get out of here and be free; to walk, talk, and hold a woman in our arms; to get a job and be independent; to go to the latrine by ourselves, cut our own meat and chew it, and sit in a bus without everyone pretending not to stare. You got our dream — the chance to live again as a human being."

2

MARK CARROLL assured me that men like him do not hold grudges against those of us who came through the war unscarred. He said that one of his mother's friends, while he was home on sick leave between operations, tried to slip him five dollars. The woman explained that her own son had come back unharmed, and she wanted to make it up to Mark somehow. Mark refused the money and told her she had the wrong idea about the wounded. "We all went into the thing with the same odds against us. Some of us had tough breaks, but that was to be expected. We don't resent another man's luck. The whole thing's over and done with, and we aren't wasting our time moaning about it."

Maybe Mark can accept a bad break and forget about it, but I often wonder about the men who can blame their conditions on something besides the impersonal odds of battle. I am thinking particularly of three of the paraplegics, one of whom was paralyzed for life by the rifle shot of a French woman sniper, the second by the pistol shot of an American MP (who later acknowledged his mistake), and the third by the collapse of a German building in which

he was sight-seeing; and also of Fred, whose abdomen was crushed by a fifty-ton bulldozer which was inadvertently backed over him at Okinawa. Fred has the most time to think, because he has been in bed for thirteen months without a visitor. Fred is a Negro, and his folks have been able to make the long trip to see him on only one occasion.

The wounded seldom voice their real thoughts, unless you happen to catch them off guard in a moment of depression. They usually have a brightly philosophical remark on tap to ward off any expression of pity on the part of an outsider. Dougherty, for example, brushed aside his blighted future (which includes the rancor of having his girl walk out on him) by saying, "After all, there are other things in life besides sex." And Paul Hoffner, who lost an eye, nose, and part of an arm in the Philippines, summed up his battle experiences by adding, "So, I'm not over there under a white cross, and life does have its sweet moments, you know."

I did not ask Paul what he had found sweet during his last two years in hospitals, but I did question Dougherty a bit more, after we had become friends. "We put on quite a show with all this sweetness and light," Dougherty said, "and some of us really mean it, especially in the daytime. With other guys around, talking and laughing, you feel pretty good about being alive; after hobnobbing with death a lot, as we have, you get to appreciate a lot of little things, including your neighbors, and there doesn't seem to be any percentage in being a sour puss all the time. But the nights can be hell. If the lights are out, and you can't sleep, and you're all alone with yourself, the nights can be pure, undiluted, miserable hell!"

As we were talking, a palsied, expressionless caricature of a man came shuffling by Dougherty's bed, moving less than ten steps per minute with the aid of a cane. Dougherty looked at him and said in a loud voice, "There goes the most yellow-bellied, slinking coward in the whole damned ward." I was embarrassed, because the fellow could not help hearing us, but Dougherty went on to explain himself. "We're trying to shake that boy up a bit. He's bad for himself and bad for the rest of us. He feels sorry for himself and won't try to get better. We don't have much chance to work on him, because his wife is here practically all day long, and she babies him to death. Of course he's bad off, but he has one arm that's okay, and that is more than some guys have."

"If there is a new nurse on duty, he's the type who pretends that he can't shave himself or handle a knife and fork. Maybe you think it's cruel of us to call him names, but we can't stand a bird who is full of self-pity, and maybe we can shame him into being a good sport. Like President Roosevelt once said, it takes guts to fight from a hospital bed, and sometimes it takes more guts than any one of us has. So we pool our courage and pretend that everything's rosy, and a sad sack like that one only fouls up the spirit of the ward. But we are going to get

out of here, even if we have to crawl on our hands and knees and drag whoosie there along with us by the scruff of his neck!"

3

ALTHOUGH it may take several more years of patching, sewing, and splicing, many of the men with whom I talked will eventually obtain their cherished freedom. That goal was already in sight for Louie Tigh, who had been wheeled off to the operating room on nineteen occasions and has only six more "cuts" to go. It was much farther off for young Freddie, the kid whose head was reduced to the size of a man's hand. Freddie was riding in an M-2 half-track on one of General Patton's daring thrusts across France, and the German artillery scored a direct hit. Private Freddie was hauled out of the fire by a sergeant who died later of shock, and that is about all that Freddie remembers.

Freddie's face, ears, eyes, nose, and hands were all but burned off. His insides were twisted "like spaghetti on a fork" by the fierce heat and concussion of the explosion, while his body spouted blood from countless shrapnel holes. The medics kept Freddie alive with whole blood and flew him to England, where he was encased in a plaster cast from head to thigh and fed intravenously. In that dark and lonely condition (it was five months before he saw the light of day), Freddie says he was helpless as a baby. "I guess others were worse than me," he explains, "but they didn't quit, so I didn't."

After four months and nine operations, one of the toughest of which involved the rearrangement of his abdominal organs, Freddie was flown to a hospital in this country. When he arrived in March, 1945, the nurses say he was like a "tiny old man — all thin and shriveled." By the time I had started my visits, however, Freddie was well along the road to rehabilitation. His arms and hands were not fixed, so someone still had to feed him and hold an occasional cigarette to his lips, but his legs and feet were rebuilt, which meant that he could get around by himself.

The plastic surgeons had used big patches of skin from Freddie's back and thighs to give him a face. New skin was growing from his forehead to the back of his neck; his ears were nearly restored; the foundations of a nose were taking shape, and work on his eyes was in progress. To replace one of his thumbs, the bone specialists had used a strip of silver as an artificial bone, an addition which has prompted Freddie's ward mates to refer to him as the "most valuable" member of their society. But they summed up his real value to them when they said that "Freddie won't quit"; because as long as Freddie does not give up hope, the spirits of the men in neighboring beds will ride along with his.

As Freddie says himself, he will be all right "in a coupla years," and that is all that matters now. Men wounded as badly as that do not let their minds

dwell on the war or pass their time in contemplation of where they might be today if their luck had been better. When they think of the past two or three years, they do it only as a measure of the progress they have made toward their day of liberation from helping hands and pity. They know that brooding only leads in one direction: a bed beside Tony in the ward with a guard at the door.

Lennie, the turret gunner who had his eyelids burned off, will also be through with doctors in a couple of years. Lennie bailed out of a Liberator over Budapest with his face and hair ablaze and a gunshot wound in one leg. Lying in the Royal Hungarian Hospital, unable to sleep, Lennie absorbed the will to live from a teen-aged American on the next stretcher to his. Although dying in great pain, the kid did not let the enemy soldiers hear a sound from him during his waking hours. But during the night, according to Lennie, the kid constantly repeated in his sleep, "It doesn't hurt, Mom; it really looks worse than it is."

The kid died and Lennie lived. When the Russians threatened Budapest, all the American wounded were evacuated from the hospital except Lennie, who was left behind for an eye operation. As soon as he was well enough to get around, Lennie joined the Hungarian underground and later fought with the Russians in their block by block campaign through the city streets. Wounded twice more, he was taken to a Russian hospital, where the Red Army made S/Sgt Lennie a major and gave him the Order of the Guard. If an American bomber had not landed at Budapest with express orders to bring Lennie home, he would have stayed on with the Russians until the end of the war.

Lennie found the Russians to be "vigorous, lusty, wonderful people," and not just because they kept him full of vodka and made him a major. In his spare time between operations, Lennie lectures to men's smokers and women's clubs about the danger of the current talk of war with Russia, which he says is merely propaganda which originated in Germany. Lennie is always willing to present himself as an object lesson in the unpleasant aspects of modern warfare. With his hair burned off, his face badly scarred, his eyes reduced to small slits and his ears and nose to red nubbins, he should make anyone think twice about sending youngsters off to war.

Lennie's concern about the prospects of war with Russia is unusual among the seriously wounded. Most of them have enough to think about already, without taking on the worries of the outside world. Neither GI's nor civilians, their isolated existence makes it difficult for them to maintain an interest in politics, or strikes, or shortages, or anything else which has no bearing on how much longer they are going to be cut, jabbed, and wheeled about like babies. Their former bitterness about the war has lost its flavor. As a boy with half a face put it, "We used to love to gripe about how things were being run, but it don't mean anything to us any more."

Any type of reading for many of them has become a bore, just as leather work and hooking rugs have become bores. They used to follow the war news in papers and magazines, participating vicariously in the activities of their old outfits, but they have grown tired of trying to keep up with the lives of others. After their former buddies came marching home, there was little in the news of which they felt a part. They have even found it difficult to continue in their devotion to the comic strips, because they lose so much of the continuity each time they are wheeled away to be cut. There is nothing unusual about this; the same sort of mental stagnation overtook men on small, by-passed Pacific islands.

Hal, who is called The Nose, fought off mental inertia for more than a year. He studied a lot in preparation for Harvard, where he has been accepted for admission, and he wrote poetry for the hospital newspaper. In the intervals between half a dozen operations, he was always known as a ready man for a serious discussion, but gradually his friends detected a change in his personality. To allow time for a flap of skin to take hold around his mouth, Hal had to keep his head bent against a shoulder for six weeks, and that got him out of the habit of reading and talking. Then, for another six-week stretch, he had one arm bound to his forehead while a tube of flesh and blood was extended from the arm to a spot where his new nose will be, and that seemed to make him morose and cranky.

His friends hastily point out that Hal hasn't quit on them; he is only the victim of the type of isolation which makes a man a "prisoner of his own thoughts." Those six-week stretches of pain deadened his spirits, just as they have deadened the spirits of many other men. Most skin grafts take that length of time and mean a continual burning sensation—both in the old spot, where the skin came from, and the new spot, where it is growing. And the same sort of pain is experienced by the men who wait for the spliced ends of nerves to heal. While the results of such operations are often truly wonderful, the wounded take issue with those outsiders who publicize modern surgery as a magic wand which heals overnight.

4

A PART of the wounded's seeming disinterest in life beyond their hospital grounds is a deliberate attempt on their part to close their minds to those things which they cannot have. "Why should I read papers and books and other things and torment myself?" asked Frank, who had been curled up uncomfortably for twenty days and nights, waiting for a piece of skin from his forearm to grow over a hole near his ankle. "I don't have to be reminded of the good things I am missing. Baseball is my real meat, but the hell with reading about it, if I can never play again myself. I'd much rather forget

the whole thing than read about the good times others are having."

John Lee took a different slant on the question. "My heart bleeds—in a pig's fanny—for the poor people on the outside," John said. "They have so many terrible troubles. The papers and magazines are always full of their gripes, squawks, and woes. I don't read the stuff any more; it makes me so sad—and also madder'n bejesus, because they don't know when they're well off!" John's case is rather pathetic, anyway, because he will never walk again. A bomb slipped from a rack in the plane he was helping to load and crushed his back. He did not have to load the plane. His missions completed, he was only giving his former crewmen a helping hand while waiting for a plane to take him back to the States.

And Dougherty added his observations to those of the others. "A hospital," he pointed out, "is the only military installation where you won't find a lot of pin-up gals, sexy magazines, and hot novels. There are too many guys in here like myself who are either too ugly now to get a woman, or who couldn't make love to her if they got one. Pictures of fleshy women and stories with a lot of loving in them only make us miserable. A young fellow can get awful sour, reading about parties, dancing, love affairs, and happy homes with kids in 'em."

I don't know why it should be so, but nearly all the wounded with whom I talked were young and unmarried. The average age of the eighty-four paraplegics in the hospital, for example, was only twenty-three. It seemed ghastly to me that so many young fellows should have been cut down and crippled before they had a chance to get started in life, but they considered their youth and single status to be a great blessing, pointing out how terrible it would be to have someone dependent upon them in their present condition. They claimed that having a family would only be an added worry, and that being young made it easier to adjust themselves to their disabilities and find a new life.

As an example of the adaptability of youth versus old age, the wounded pointed to Val and Chambers, both of whom are blind. Val, thirty-five years old and a former railroad brakeman, got his at Leyte, where a knee mortar exploded in his face. Chambers, a dozen years his junior, was a freak casualty. A German rifle bullet screamed past his face without leaving a scratch, except to break both lenses of his glasses. When the sharp fragments of glass flew inward, Chambers fell senseless on his face, thereby pushing the jagged particles still further into his pupils. Both men were wounded at approximately the same time, yet Chambers is now ready for the outside world, while Val remains a groping invalid.

Chambers is going to be a piano tuner. To hear him play the "Moonlight Sonata," you would never guess that a little more than a year ago he could not play a note. He learned to play the piano in the hospital, where he also learned to get around by

himself. He goes home on week-ends to New York and has no trouble with subways, buses, or crossing streets. Val, on the other hand, has been home only once, with a guide by his side all the way. Val does not know what to do for a living. He loves railroad-ing and was all set for a job in the shops after the war. While he has proved himself handy in recent months at leather work, he dislikes the thought of making pocketbooks for the rest of his life. He feels lost, and rather helpless.

Any comparison between the two is actually unfair to Val, because he has had to undergo a long series of operations which have kept him in bed. Yet the younger man does seem to have the situation more in hand. Chambers, moreover, has had the added advantage of going through the Army's school for the blind at Avon, Connecticut, which Val will attend later. The school has been publicized for its training in facial vision, or the ability to sense the presence of unseen obstacles in one's path, but Chambers says it's a bunch of malarkey. "They don't teach you this so-called sixth sense," Chambers says. "They tell you that you've got it and expect you to believe it.

"There was a tree down at Avon that we kept running into, and they'd bawl us out if we were, quote, so lacking in faith, unquote, as to put an arm up to protect our noggins. So we pretended to rely on nasal vision, or whatever they call their magic, but actually we kept track of how many steps we had taken from the porch, listened for the sound of the leaves, and ducked when the time came. A blind man depends mostly on sounds, not invisible rays. They had a lot of screwy ideas at Avon anyway — like not wanting me to be a piano tuner. They discourage veterans from taking up the traditional occupations of the blind. If you're blind, though, you're blind, and there is no use kidding yourself about studying hard and becoming the world's greatest lawyer or something."

5

IN ANY Army hospital, the doctors and nurses urge their patients to get out into civilization as much as possible. They know that too much hospital is bad for a youngster and makes it all the harder for him to adjust himself to the outside world later on. If they are reasonably close to home, the wounded visit with their parents or relatives between operations; if not, they go to a near-by town for an afternoon or evening of recreation. Sometimes they get drunk, fall, and break their crutches, but the hospital staff is usually lenient, putting more blame on bartenders than on the men who drink to forget.

Some men like to get away from the hospital; others stay away for a day and long to be back. The hospital, to the latter, is their own private world. They may become bored with its routine activities, but once outside, they quickly realize that the tempo

of hospital life is geared to their limited capabilities. People on the outside, they say, are in too much of a hurry all the time, and a man on crutches gets lost in the shuffle. There are no stairs or streetcar steps to get up and down in a hospital; traffic moves slowly, and a wheel chair will get a man to the library, PX, gym, or music room. Most important of all, a fellow in a hospital is with other men who are disabled or disfigured like himself. Outside those friendly walls, he feels conspicuous, awkward, alone, and afraid.

I asked Mark Carroll how he felt about people staring at him. When Mark first started going out, his chin was an aluminum cup into which his saliva continually dripped. "No one gave us the tip-off before we left the grounds," he said, "but we gradually learned to stare right back at people — maybe a little too defiantly at first, but it probably was what the gawkers deserved. You know, it would be better if people talked to us, instead of just staring. After all, we're vets, and we don't mind a little genuine recognition. I've had a lot of trouble, though, with drunks pestering me, and with old ladies who say, 'Whatsa matter with you, Sonny? Do you have an impacted wisdom tooth?'"

Mark, as I suggested earlier, is a remarkably well-adjusted youngster. Some of the other wounded hate being stared at so much that they never leave the hospital, except for those rare occasions when a hundred or more of them are hauled off to a baseball game or a special matinee. They prefer to remain among people who take their limitations for granted and do not make them feel like cripples — a word they despise. A number of them, upon discharge, have begged to remain as civilian employees in the hospital environment, and one of them, upon returning to civilian life, committed suicide. By shooting himself through the scar of his former wound, he finished the job which the Germans had left half done. At least, that is how he explained it in his note.

When I first talked with Jake, the Virginia steam-fitter, he had not been home in four years. He wanted to go badly enough, but home was a thousand miles away, and it had taken sixty pints of whole blood and plasma, plus nearly 2000 penicillin injections, to get Jake to the point where he could walk across the ward by himself. Shell fragments tore away half of Jake's hips and left his legs twisted and powerless. He suffered through months of a peculiar type of agonizing pain known as causalgia, which turns up in approximately 2 per cent of all cases of nerve injuries. Although he was hit in the hips, Jake's uninjured left foot had a burning, crushing, griping sensation which hurt so much that he could not stand to have a sheet touch it.

As soon as Jake had the strength to survive another operation, the surgeons relieved his causalgia by performing a sympathectomy, which involved cutting the nerve fibers leading to blood vessels and sweat glands in Jake's foot. He felt pretty good for

a while after that, and then he developed kidney stones, a common ailment among those who are confined to bed for long periods. (Dougherty was just feeling the pain from his first stone while I was there, and Fred, the Negro with the crushed abdomen, had three or four of them.) Despite his kidney trouble, the hospital made arrangements to fly Jake home for Christmas in December, 1945. The doctors thought the change would do him good, and Jake was sure of it.

The day before Jake was to leave, however, a stone dropped into his ureter and became lodged there. He sweated through a night of pain, finally had to tell the doctor about it, and spent his Christmas in the operating room. When I talked with him months later, Jake was discouraged. He could move around rather freely with the help of a cane and braces, but he did not bother to go into town for outside recreation. He could not drink or dance; his hips made sitting in a movie too uncomfortable, and there was always the danger that another stone might become stuck in his ureter. He was wondering what type of work he could do, if and when he got out of the hospital. Steamfitting was the only trade he knew.

On one of my last visits to the hospital, I noticed that Jake's bed was empty. The Kid from Brooklyn was sitting near-by in a wheel chair, so I asked him what the story was. (The Kid has aphasia, as well as paralysis of both legs, and of the first twenty words that came back to him, fifteen were indecent.) The Kid was so excited that he said twice as much as ever before, and half of it was intelligible. It seemed that Jake had passed all six of his remaining stones and was home on a furlough. Judging by the contortions which The Kid used to describe Jake's achievement, his labor pains must have been fearful to watch, but Jake was home at last.

6

THE patients most dependent upon constant medical care are the paraplegics. The rest of the wounded have their moments of freedom, but the paraplegics in many cases are chained to a pair of plastic tubes. One tube carries a septic solution into their paralyzed bladder and kidneys; the other returns the discharge to a bottle on the floor. With the nerve supply to these organs cut off, the danger of internal infection is always present, and two other disabilities, kidney stones and bedsores, are almost certain by-products of prolonged immobilization. To top off their troubles, the paraplegics sometimes get the spastic jerks in their dead limbs so badly that the nerves and tendons to or in the legs have to be cut.

During the First World War, all the paraplegics died, but the techniques for handling them improved so rapidly that between 2500 and 3000 of them were saved this time. Those saved were rushed to special medical centers in this country, where the

paraplegic sections were actually hospitals within hospitals, with their own workshops, recreation rooms, physiotherapy tubs and tables, and ambulation rooms. Thanks to new types of treatments, the Army expects one third of its paraplegics to recover sufficiently to walk out of the hospital on their own two feet. The rest will remain confined to crutches and wheel chairs, with a nurse close by.

While paraplegics used to be treated as permanently bedridden and given only passive exercise, the neurosurgeons of today have found that the best cure is to get their patients moving around by themselves as soon as possible. For reasons that remain unexplained, any type of activity on the part of a paraplegic produces some improvement in his nervous, muscular, and digestive systems. Although wheel chairs are the only means of self-locomotion possible for those injured above the tenth dorsal vertebra, those fortunate enough to be hit below that spot can learn to walk with crutches and leg braces. Then it is only a matter of trying to keep busy and waiting to see if some degree of life will return to the kidneys, bladder, intestines, and legs.

Cahill, when I talked with him, had high hopes of getting considerably better in the next few years. For a while he could not move his arms, but the feeling gradually returned to them and made it possible for him to learn to walk — first between parallel bars and later with the aid of braces and crutches. After five operations in the past year, his kidneys and bowels function fairly regularly of their own accord, even though Cahill cannot feel them functioning. This milestone in his recovery has meant freedom for brief intervals from the tubes and jars which have kept him close to his bed for nearly three years. It is now theoretically possible for him to go home on week-ends.

"I've tried going home, but it did not work very well," Cahill said. "A fellow's bodily functions may not be a pleasant subject for conversation, yet they are all-important to us paraplegics. You see, I can't tell when I've had a BM, and that makes it difficult in polite society, and I also have to wear a tube down one leg to take care of the flow in that department. The last time I went home, I forgot to close the spigot at the end of the tube. The folks thought it was the new little dog which wasn't housebroken, but I knew better. So I stay around here now — it's really easier, and the nurses are used to us."

Cahill, incidentally, was the only one among the wounded who had been given a rough deal by the medics. The others had nothing except praise for the Corps, and Cahill had, too, excluding one outfit in England which did not want to be bothered with a paraplegic. The GI's in that one particular unit did not take the trouble to turn Cahill over at regular intervals or to change his sheets, with the result that he developed huge bedsores which weakened him considerably. They also let him go without an enema for long periods, so that he felt bloated and miserable.

In the hospital that I visited, between two and three hundred men were there to receive preventive treatment for post-traumatic convulsive disorders. Army surgeons predict that 10 to 40 per cent of the men who have had penetrating head injuries will sooner or later develop epilepsy, or convulsive attacks. The scar tissue in the brain at the site of their former injuries will contract, pull on adjacent brain matter, and cause "puckering," which is associated with the spasms suffered by epileptics. To prevent this, the surgeons remove the brain scars and re-heal the wound by a new method which does away with dangerous scar tissue.

7

ALTHOUGH the war is not over for them, the wounded are well aware that GI's and casualties are no longer popular subjects in the outside world. They have seen the enlisted men on the hospital staff receive their discharge papers and walk out as free men. Their favorite doctors in a number of instances have returned to civilian practice. Their pet nurses have waved good-bye and favored them, months later, with wedding announcements. Their friends among the Red Cross volunteers have dropped out of sight, and only an occasional big-name entertainer now bothers to give them a free show. Manufacturers no longer send them part-time work to do, a wartime expedient which enabled the men to feel gainfully employed. And the most telling blow of all, they no longer have so many visitors or so much mail.

Jake, who had not been home in four years, remarked upon how much he missed the Sunday afternoon visits of the people who lived near the hospital. He said that the visitors were usually strangers to him, but that he enjoyed their "fluttering friendliness, their candy, and the crazy hats the women wore." Sundays, he added, had now become the loneliest day in the week for him. And as soon as he said it, he hastily made one point clear: "I'm not complaining, believe me. It's only natural that the people on the outside want to forget the unpleasantness of the war. We'll never get over how swell they were to us, and a feller can't expect folks to go on forever doing nice things for us shut-ins who don't know there's a peace on."

The wounded may laugh when they ask the question, but they are more than half serious when they inquire of an outsider, "Are we still heroes, or have we become burdens on society?" They have felt the marked change in the public's reaction to the returning soldier. There are no more cheers and parades for the vets, they say; it's moans and groans now about what to do with them all. No one has to tell the wounded that their chances of getting a good job are decreasing with each passing day, yet their high morale, as far as I could discover, is dependent almost exclusively on their determination

to do a full day's work upon their release and prove to the world that they are not "cripples."

I did not meet a single man who did not believe that some day he was going to get out and hold down a steady job. It is this one abiding faith which keeps the wounded looking ahead instead of backward. Much as they want to see the last of hospitals, however, many of them have to wait months for the final "cuts" which will ready them for discharge. With the Army's rapid demobilization of medical personnel and hospital facilities, the surgeons still on duty have to devote the bulk of their time to those men whose conditions warrant immediate attention. They can give only a low priority to those others who merely need an ear, or a chin, or part of a nose to make them more presentable.

With medical treatment under the Army slackening off, the wounded have been confronted with the possibility of being transferred to a hospital under the Veterans Administration, a prospect which they dread. To them, such a move would be the final break with the outside world, tantamount to being cast into limbo. They would no longer be uniformed soldiers; they would be hidden away among the lost relics of this past war, and the one before that, and the one before that. They prefer to stay in familiar surroundings, where they know how far the discipline will stretch, and to have their work done by doctors whom they know and trust. They prefer, in short, to stay as close as possible to the living world and to go on dreaming that we on the outside are waiting to receive them with open arms and a secure job.

While I have been writing their story, the wounded have kept me informed by mail of the latest developments in their world. The dreaded news has already arrived for them — the Army is closing their hospital in another month and turning the installation over to the Veterans Administration. In preparation for the approaching change, the wounded have been divided into three categories: those who will remain as civilian patients under the new administration, those who will be transferred to other Army hospitals, and those who will be discharged.

One would expect that the men who will receive an immediate discharge would be the happiest of all, but such is not the case. Many of them needed only a few more "cosmetic operations" to improve their appearance — a bit of skin here, or some cartilage there. But the Army doctors have told them that it may be six months or a year before they can get onto any surgeon's operating schedule, so they might just as well return to civilian life and hope that they can eventually find a Veterans Administration doctor to finish them up. With no danger of complications setting in, their cases are no longer a military responsibility. They are to have their freedom at last, but not in the way that they visualized it for themselves. Instead of going boldly back into society, they will seek out the dark corners which do not throw too much light on the scars that no one has had time to fix up.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

by GEORGE S. HOLLIS

IN the populated areas, it seems, God leaves men to act as their own leaven, but in the lonely places, He either lets them stagnate or tries them powerfully. The prairies are as if God had taken a vast scoop-shovel and smoothed them out, then dipped the corner of His shovel into the bin of humanity and scattered a few human grains across the great place He has flattened. There they stand exposed. They cannot take cover, because there is no cover to take. And the great high dome of sky above the prairies is God's microscope.

Lant felt that way about it, I am sure. As if he were isolated, exposed, and subjected to special attention. Though I never saw him do it, I think Lant used to go out at night and stand puny under the wide prairie sky, among his decaying buildings and dilapidated equipment, and shake his fists up at heaven and defy God to come down and fight like a man. He thought more about God than any other man I ever knew.

All of us in Lant's harvest crew were a bit scared of him. No, not scared, exactly, because we wouldn't let ourselves be that. But we were wary, as a man is wary and watchful and moves quietly, and thinks before he moves, when he goes into a pen with an irritated bull. For Lant's violence was sudden and unpredictable. When he was mad, he could have licked any two of us.

The *Atlantic* wrote to GEORGE S. HOLLIS of Sacramento, California, accepting his first story, and asking whether he did not have a novel in mind or on paper. This was his reply: "Yes, I should like to write a novel. Though I have sometimes lost sight of it, it has always been my ambition to write a worth-while book. But I think that the main reason for fiction must be as interpretation; to arouse sympathy and understanding or even, at times, indignation. And I do not think that at present I have sufficient insight or ability to tackle the job on a large scale. Whether it is apparent or not — and I hope it is not — I tried, in 'The Quality of Mercy' to put forward a certain philosophy of life."

My partner Harry and I were sent out to Lant by the Government Employment Office in Winnipeg. A temporary harvest job, to drive bundle teams and haul grain at four dollars a day and board. When we got off the passenger train with our packsacks, he was waiting. If we had been older and more experienced, we would have turned around right then and gone back to Winnipeg, because one look at Lant and his Model T should have told us what sort of place we were headed for.

Except for his broad brown face and huge hands, Lant certainly didn't look like a working farmer. He wore a rusty black suit — the coat was a Prince Albert hanging almost to his knees — and a black bowler hat which, above his sloped brow and slightly flattened nose, made him look something like a clothed chimpanzee, something like an extra-large Whitechapel pawnbroker.

As we were driving from the station, Lant glanced at our overalls and said: "I look common enough on the farm. But whenever I leave, I put on my best. A man owes it to his self-respect even for such a short journey as this."

"I look common enough on the farm." If he had left it at that, for us to draw our own conclusions, it would have been typical of those irrelevant statements he would sometimes introduce into conversation, or even into silence. Statements of a few words with which, it seemed, he expected to make clear a whole train of thought.

"I was the oldest son." And by that he meant that he had left home at fourteen to ease the problems of his parents with their large family, that he had received no help from anyone, and that he thought it was a bit unfair.

"I had no education to start with." You were supposed to see him struggling for knowledge, learning the electrician's trade and studying the liberal arts at

night school. There was something in the way he said these things that almost led you to the right inferences.

When we reached the farm, he stopped before the house and said, "You will have to wait a minute or two while I change my clothes." He went indoors to take off that ridiculous outfit of his, and soon returned to us in overalls. He led us to the partitioned-off end of a chicken shack which served as bunkhouse.

The space which he had deprived the chickens of was about sixteen feet by eight, halved by a board set on edge across the floor. In the half beyond the board, clean straw was scattered for a mattress; on the nearer bare part of the floor were boxes to serve as seats. Lant brought us a tarpaulin to lay upon the straw, and stood leaning in the doorway, watching us spread our blankets.

"There is no God," he said. "He is just a myth. I suppose you boys realize that?"

"I'm sort of an agnostic myself," I said.

"Then you're sort of a sensible man," Lant said.

"Well, I have cows to milk. We eat supper at seven."

2

HARRY and I went out and looked at the scenery. Like me, Harry was English; twenty-four, a year older than I. His eyes were extremely blue and his complexion extremely rosy. He looked solid and quiet and dependable, which is exactly what he was. He looked a bit amused as he surveyed Lant's layout.

The two-story house, a roofed oblong box set on end, looked as if the first high wind would topple it. The long low barn seemed to have crawled to its location and foundered there, too weak to go further and join the house upon its slight rise. Back of the barn was a huge, sprawling manure pile. Decrepit wagons and rusting machinery cluttered the yard. There was an implement shed, empty, and a few smaller buildings, all scattered, haphazard as a handful of thrown dice.

All around, the fields of wheat had been cut and thinly shocked, and some of them had been cleared of shocks. Half a mile away, in a cleared space, a tractor and separator stood lined up, and a man was working on the separator. I went down to the barn, where Lant had run three bony cows into their stalls and was milking.

"You boys are English," Lant said.

"Yes."

"I was from England myself. I wish you would throw some hay to the horses. Open one of those bales in the end stall."

I found a fork, and looked for the hay, and returned to Lant. "You mean those bales of straw?"

"That is oat hay. Give each horse a small forkful. I cannot afford to waste it. We will start feeding them grain when they go to work."

The horses were as gaunt and ribby as the cows. Their mangers were licked clean. As I left the barn,

the man who had been working on the separator came in — slow-moving, short, plump, and elderly. "Did you get it fixed, Dutch?" Lant asked.

Supper was served us in the bare kitchen, by a girl of about seventeen. She had Lant's stocky figure, broad face, and sallow skin. The striking things about her were her great dark eyes and wealth of black hair, which belonged on a beautiful woman. She moved about constantly, attending to our wants. She suggested restraint. You could imagine her, later, developing her father's exasperated resentment of life.

There was no conversation at supper, and very little to eat — stringy meat, stringy beans, and potatoes, with weak coffee or milk to wash it down. I was thinking that Lant probably followed the same policy with his men that he did with his horses — a subsistence ration when they were not actually working.

"You don't have to be so nice about it," Lant said suddenly to me.

I must have looked surprised.

"You're not at an English tea party," Lant said. "Don't be so elegant. Eat as if you enjoyed it."

I pushed back my chair and got up. I had had enough, anyway. "Well, I didn't enjoy it," I said. Harry followed me out, and Lant followed him and caught up with us.

"The food will be better in a day or two," Lant said. "Just as soon as I can establish credit at the store. Tomorrow we will go on with the thrashing." He hung a lighted lantern on a nail, and sat down on the boxes with us to smoke. "England," he said. "England produced the greatest poet who ever lived. Did you ever read Shakespeare?"

"I read what I had to in school," I said. "Some of it stuck with me. There's that piece about the quality of mercy. 'It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven —'"

"Not that guff," Lant said impatiently. "Even Shakespeare didn't hit the mark all the time." His voice became unctuous and deep as he recited. "'This is the state of man: Today he puts forth the tender leaves of hope, tomorrow blossoms — But the third day there comes a frost — And when he thinks, good easy man, full sure his greatness —'" He went right through the piece until he came to "And now my high-blown hopes break under me —" Then he broke off and went and stood in the doorway.

"'It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,'" he said in a voice dripping with scorn. "You can expect no mercy from heaven. There *is* no heaven. There is no God."

"And there is no blooming door," Harry said. "That must be why 'e didn't shut it be'ind 'im. We'll 'ave to 'ang something over it. The chickens 'ave been in already."

After a while, Dutch visited us. He was around sixty. The lantern shone on his bald head, so white and smooth in contrast with his weathered face. Between puffs on his pipe, he told us that he had worked

for Lant for seven months, that he had a room in the house, and that he was ready to quit.

"'Ow did you 'appen to stay so long, if you didn't like it?" demanded Harry.

"Oh, I feel sorry for him. He can't get nobody else. But now I getting sick of it. He do everyt'ing wrong."

"Then what are you 'anging around for?"

"Because he got no money. He can't pay off."

"Fine place we've come to, mate," Harry said.

"'Ow's 'e going to pay us?"

"When he thrash, he have money," Dutch said.

"Everyt'ing is owed. But wages, they come first."

"Look, Dutch," Harry said, "'e's been thrashing already. What 'appened to 'is old crew?"

Dutch shrugged. "Don't like bed. Don't like grub. Don't like Lant. Don't like anyt'ing. So they quit."

"Well then, 'ow did 'e pay them off?"

"Bank pay them. But no more. No wheat, no more money. Bank get Lant pretty quick now."

3

NEXT morning we pitched in on Lant's side in his battle against God. God had pretty well got him down. The horses had so little strength to work that it hurt Harry and me to have to force them to it. The patched-up harness was constantly tearing apart, and the worn-out wagon racks frequently broke. Harry and I, and a local kid named Dewey, who lived at home, drove bundle teams, and one or another of us was always stopping to make haywire repairs. Dutch hauled away the grain, for which heavy job he had the best team and the stoutest harness. Lant himself ran the separator and the tractor that drove it.

Throughout the day, there wasn't a period of more than two hours during which the thrashing rig did not have a breakdown. When this happened, Lant would attack the trouble like a madman and work in a frenzy, with his great jaws clenched, until he got it fixed. By night he had discarded his hat and was oil and grease and adhering dust from head to foot.

The second day was a repetition of the first, and the third of the first two, except that now the constant breakdowns were beginning to get on our nerves. To keep a rig of that size busy, we should have had a spike-pitcher in the field to help load the sheaves, and another bundle team, but Lant expected us to do it shorthanded when the rig was running.

Occasionally, all three wagons would be in the field at once, and Lant would have to stop the belt. He would treat the late-comer to a glare, but he never actually said or did anything out of the way for the first two days. It was at nightfall of the third day that he killed the horse.

As a rule, Dutch was careful to load his wagon box only with what he was sure his team could pull, but this evening it looked like rain, so he allowed the wagon to fill completely with the last wheat of the

day's run. When Lant finally shut off the tractor, Dutch swung the grain spout over the empty, gathered up his reins, and tried to pull out. The team could not budge the load. The poor bony horses tried several times, and failed, and lost heart. They went to lunging and seesawing and finally balked entirely. "Get down off that seat, Dutch," Lant said. "You can't drive horses."

Dutch threw the lines at him. "You so smart, you show me," he yelled.

Lant tried himself, from the ground. He took a short grip on the lines and lashed the horses with the slack. The near horse took the brunt of the beating. Repeatedly, it plunged into the collar and backed into the whippetree, and at last it fell down and lay there, its flanks heaving.

Lant went crazy. His face, through its smeared grease, was pasty with rage. He lashed the poor beast with the lines and drove his boots into its ribs, and then he beat and jabbed it with a pitchfork, but the horse was through.

Harry had unhitched his team, and at the end of the wagon tongue lay the neck yoke, a heavy stick of wood three feet long, thick as a man's ankle at its iron-bound ends. Lant ran to it and snatched it up, and smashed it down three times on the foundered horse's head. The horse simply collapsed.

When he realized the animal was dead, the rage went out of Lant and left him sagging. He looked around helplessly and shook himself together. "One of my best horses," he gasped. "But He drove me to do it. He shows *me* no mercy—" A strangled sob burst out of him. He hunted blindly for his hat and without another word left us.

We snaked the dead horse out of the way, hitched another in its place, put on a swing team, and pulled out the load. None of us said more than was necessary for the work. We felt a bit sick. We hadn't liked Lant before, and after that abandonment to naked rage we were really nervous of him.

When we got up next morning, the sky was low unbroken clouds, and as we came out from breakfast onto the roofless porch, the first drops fell. Lant stood with his broad face upturned. He seemed sardonically amused. "A few more days," he said, "and I would have had grain enough to begin hauling. But He has decided to rain on me."

It didn't seem to occur to him that his neighbors were being rained on too.

The rain fell intermittently. We mended our harness, amateur style, and between showers went out and patched up our wagons. When that was done, we had nothing whatever to do but lie around our chicken-shack home, and after a day of rest we hated the delay as much as Lant did. We wanted to quit, and couldn't until Lant had money with which to pay us off. That would not be until he could ship a boxcar load of wheat.

Lant would come down and talk to us once in a while. I remember one of those visits particularly. We were sitting on the boxes, as usual, smoking.

"No laborer was getting four dollars a day when I reached Canada," Lant began. "I went to the woods and cut wood for a dollar a cord. The best men there were cutting a little better than a cord a day. I cut two."

He made us see a picture of him frenziedly working with axe and saw, falling the trees, bucking them into four-foot lengths, and piling the sticks on the run. He wasn't boasting when he claimed to have done nearly twice as much as the other men. His voice was rough and resentful. He was stating facts.

"When I had saved a little, I went down to the States. And I studied and took courses and improved myself." He turned to Harry. "I used to drop my aitches, just as you do."

"What's so bloody awful about that?" Harry asked mildly.

Lant was silent for quite a while, then his bitter voice said: "He let me get ahead. He let me slave and study and get ahead. And then He brought me out here to wipe me out."

Again he brooded for a while, and again spoke. "I met my wife in night school. She was an artist. But He showed me a picture of the fine free prairies, and brought me out here. She couldn't stand it. He drove her away."

Lant got up abruptly and made his customary pause in the doorway, looking out at the rain. "There is no God," he said, and left us.

"'Im and 'is Gawd," Harry said. "I 'ave to laugh."

"But he hasn't got a God. He doesn't believe in one."

"Aw, come off it, mate. 'Oo do you think 'e was talking about? 'Oo do you think 'e meant brought 'im out 'ere? Why, Gawd, of course."

"Yes," I agreed. "I can see it now."

"One time in the trenches," Harry said, "I got buried up to me neck by a shellburst. The other blokes just stood and stared at me 'ead sticking out. Sort of stunned, they was. I said: 'Come on. 'Urry up and dig me out.' They just stood and looked. So at last I said, 'If you won't do nothing else, for 'eaven's sake put on me 'elmet before another one comes over.'"

Harry paused for a drag on his cigarette. "That's 'ow Lant feels," he said. "I know. Sort of smothered and 'elpless, and no one won't give 'im even a tin 'at. Lant's 'ad 'ail, and grass'oppers, and goodness knows what; and 'e thinks —" Harry hesitated. "Well, 'e thinks Gawd's picking on 'im — kicking 'im when 'e's down."

I certainly hadn't thought of Lant as smothered and helpless, but with his depreciated resources, and the bank holding him, and now the weather, no doubt he was.

4

At first we saw nothing of Lant's daughter, Arleen, except at the silent meals, but from the start it was

easy to tell that Harry was taken with her, and she with him. Lant didn't notice. He must have thought of her as still a kid.

Then one morning the mailman brought her a parcel of clothes from her mother in the States. Lant was off the place, and Arleen ran through the rain to invite us to look at her presents. They weren't even new — things her mother had discarded — but she was more excited over those few pretty clothes than a beggar would be over a million-dollar legacy.

She held them up one by one for us to admire. Bright dresses and blouses, and a tailor-made jacket and skirt. The last thing she showed us was an evening gown.

Old Dutch was smiling and smoking in the background. "Where you going to wear those pretty t'ings?" he asked.

The question deflated her. She laid the gown down and stroked it and sighed.

"Your mother want you," Dutch said. "Why you don't go to her?"

Arleen sighed again. "What would happen to Dad?"

"You better go," Dutch said. "Nobody can help your father."

And then Lant came in. He let the screen door slam behind him and stood staring at the clothes. His face flinched as he looked at them. He cleared his throat in the silence. "Where did those things come from?" he asked thickly.

"Mother sent them to me, Dad," Arleen said in a strained voice.

Lant winced again, as if he had been struck. "My wife —" he said, and faltered. "Your mother — Damn your mother!" He strode to the stove and threw off the lid with a great clatter.

"Dad!" Arleen gasped. The one word was a desperate protest that Lant ignored. He swept the clothes into a crumpled bundle and stuffed them into the stove, and clattered the lid back on.

Arleen stood very straight and still. Pale and with her lips pressed, she stared at her father, not angry but beaten and horrified.

"Silly bloody thing to do," Harry said. "You ought to be ashamed, Lant."

Lant turned to us. "Go on back where you belong," he ordered roughly.

It wasn't often that Harry swore, but he was swearing as we walked to the bunkhouse. After that, he used to go up and visit Arleen whenever Lant was off the place. At meals she would give him extra attention and they'd get to looking at each other. About the only time she smiled was when she was waiting on him.

In a week we were able to resume work. Because of the repairs we had made during the rain, things went better for a while, but soon the endless string of minor calamities began again, and with them grew the tension between us and Lant. On the third day, which was to be the last of thrashing until we had hauled grain, I blew up.

All through the morning, things went wrong with even greater frequency than usual. The tractor and separator, for a wonder, ran without interruption. The breakdowns were all with our harnesses and wagons, so that the outfit idled much of the time, with Lant pacing restlessly and staring impatiently into the field.

All three bundle teams were in the field and it was my turn up at the machine. A hame strap had broken and I had fixed it; two minutes later, a trace broke, and I mended that. When I finally got a load on and drove in, Lant was waiting for me. He came up beside the wagon. "Get a move on," he yelled. "You haven't done a damn thing all morning."

"Nothing but repair your junk," I yelled back.

"Work," roared Lant. "As long as I pay you a man's wages, you'll do a man's part."

I was mad, and scared of him, and madder at myself for being scared. I looped the reins onto the front of the rack and jumped down. "You can make out my time," I said. "I'm through."

Lant strode to within a foot of me, and we stood glaring at each other. He was pale with rage, and his teeth showed. Though he was twice my age, I didn't stand a chance in a fight with him. He knew it, and so did I, but I wouldn't back down.

Harry drove in just then, jumped from his wagon, and came over and leaned on his pitchfork. "'Ere, 'ere, you blokes. 'Old your 'orses," he said.

Still glaring at me, Lant paid him no attention. "So you quit," he grated. "Well, if you quit —" He pulled off his jumper and walked back two or three paces and flung it away from him.

"If you try anything on my mate 'ere, I'll 'elp 'im," Harry said.

Old Dutch had come up. "Yah," he said. "And me too, by Gott."

Lant wouldn't have hesitated if there'd been a dozen of us. He turned suddenly and rushed me. Harry stuck his foot out and sprawled him flat on his face, and the three of us piled onto him. He managed to squirm over onto his back, but that was as far as he got. Dutch was on his belly and Harry and I each had an arm, and he was about all we could handle.

He heaved and struggled and snorted for several minutes before he gave up. When he ran out of wind he just lay there, gulping for air and glaring.

"Will you be 'ave yourself if we let you go?" Harry demanded.

Lant didn't say a word.

"I've quit," I said.

"I quit too," Dutch said. "Lant, you not fit man for boss, by golly."

"Aw, use your 'eads," Harry told us. "'Ow can you quit if 'e can't pay you off? I'm quitting meself, soon as the grain's 'auled."

We got off Lant carefully, and stood about him in a wary half circle as he rose. He clenched his big fists and took a tremendous breath into his barrel chest. For a minute, it looked as if we were going to start all

over, but instead, Lant threw his arms in the air and turned his contorted face up, and shook his fists at the sky. "I quit, I quit, I quit —" he roared.

I don't know how many times he screamed it. He must have been trying to resign to God, but of course he couldn't. Suddenly he dropped his arms, ran to the tractor, and threw the belt in. We all went back to work.

5

A SHOWDOWN like that will generally clear the air. With Lant, it didn't work out that way. The tension was greater than ever.

Next day we began hauling grain to the railway. There were only three teams capable of the long hard pull, and Harry and Dutch and I did the driving. We would shovel our wagon boxes full at the granary and set out in a string together, plod for nearly half a day across the prairie, shovel off our wheat, and then plod back.

One trip a day was all we could manage, but gradually we filled the big boxcar on the siding, until at last there was only one trip left to make. Lant went off some place after supper, and Harry and I sat with Arleen and Dutch on the porch.

"Will you miss us, Arleen?" I asked.

She smiled at Harry, beside her, and he put his arm about her. "She's coming too," he said. "We're going to get 'itched."

"How's Mr. Lant going to take it?"

"We don't know 'ow 'e's going to take it, mate. 'E won't 'ear about it till 'e gets 'ome and finds she's gone."

"I wish we could wait till thrashing is done," Arleen said. "It'll be so hard for him to get men for just a few days' work."

"Everyt'ing his fault," Dutch said stubbornly.

"We've talked it over, Arleen," I said. "If he asks us to stay and finish up, we will. But you know he won't."

"No," Arleen sighed. "I tried to persuade him to. He won't."

"That's what's the matter with 'im," Harry said. "'E thinks 'e's too big to ask for anything. Too big to pray, even."

Presently we heard the unmistakable sound of Lant's jalopy. When we had returned to the bunkhouse, Harry said, "One of the neighbors is taking 'er to the station. I don't like this 'ole and corner business meself, but she don't want trouble."

Lant unconsciously checkmated their plans to avoid trouble. At breakfast next morning he hurried through the meal and got up before the rest of us were finished. "Are you men still planning on leaving me?" he demanded.

None of us answered. We felt that the first friendly move was up to him. "Very well," Lant said shortly. "Pack your stuff and take it with you. I'll pay off when you've unloaded. Arleen, you come along and help me bring the teams back."

He left us staring at each other. Arleen sank into the chair he had vacated. It was opposite Harry, and he reached over and took her hand. "Cheer up, kid," he said. "We'll manage. Some'ow."

She tried to smile back. Not a very successful attempt. "But how will I get my things away?"

"Easy," Dutch said. "I take your t'ings mit me."

"I'll 'ave a showdown with 'im right now, if you'll let me," Harry said.

"Oh, Harry, no," Arleen pleaded. "Someone would be hurt. Please don't."

Then Lant was back, and we had to go.

Lant drove the first team, going in, and Arleen rode with him. Harry and I rode together. We didn't talk much as we crept across the prairie, but he seemed as serene as ever. We had resolved to gang up on Lant if we had to, but I didn't like the prospect.

It was afternoon when we reached the railroad. The depot and its platform were on the near side. We stopped at the crossing to let Lant and Arleen off, and then took the loads on over the tracks, and swung around behind the elevators and sheds ranged on the far side.

When we had the loads off, we drove back over the rails and stopped in the road. Lant was with a group of men on the end of the platform. In his bowler hat and Prince Albert coat, his best, of which he was so proud and careful, he looked like an alien figure among those Westerners. Arleen, alone, was farther along, outside the depot.

We got down with our packs and stood looking back. Far to the left, insignificant under the great sky, the tiny plume of smoke from a freight train approached across the landscape. We couldn't very well leave the teams untended, so we waited while the freight drew nearer.

Up on the platform, Lant walked a few paces from his companions and turned to look back at Arleen. She seemed unconscious of him, and after a moment's hesitation he came on to us. He had the checks made out and, without a word of good-bye or good will, handed them to us. "I believe they are correct."

We agreed they were, and he turned from us to look back at Arleen. She was still standing there, and even from a distance she looked lonely and scared.

"Arleen isn't going 'ome with you, Mr. Lant," Harry said.

Lant didn't seem to understand. Puzzled, he stared at Harry.

"She isn't going 'ome with you, Lant," Harry repeated. "You'll 'ave to tie the teams one be'ind the other."

"What?" Lant rasped.

"Arleen's leaving with me," Harry said. "We're going to get married."

"What?" Lant snapped again. He stared a moment, then with a sort of contemptuous snort turned away. "Arleen!" he shouted.

She glanced round briefly, tossed her head, and turned her back.

"Arleen!" Lant roared, and we saw her stamp her foot.

Lant's shoulders squared, and the old mad gleam must have come to his eyes. What he would have done, we never found out. The freight engine had reached the crossing. Its sound overwhelmed us.

6

THE long string was going on through, traveling fast. The engineer was leaning from his cab window, peering ahead. His relaxed figure suddenly galvanized into action. He flung a shout of warning into the cab and hurled himself out through the window. An instant later, the engine hit the open switch.

Running too fast to take the curve, the engine left the rails, plowed along on the ties for a short distance, and stopped at a drunken angle. Live steam was pouring into the cab, and held in it, struggling to get out, we could see the fireman. He must have been screaming, but above the hiss and roar of the steam that was cooking him we could not hear his screams.

The engineer picked himself up and ran. Fearing a boiler explosion, the men on the platform scattered. Only Lant immediately attempted a rescue. With legs and arms churning like pistons he ran for the engine and climbed up, and fought and struggled like a madman to get the fireman out. His proud bowler fell off and rolled away unheeded. First he tried to get in and free whatever was holding the man, but the scalding steam drove him back. Then he seized the man's arm and strove to drag him out by brute force.

Harry went up and helped him, but they could not get the fireman out until the steam had subsided, and by then the man was dead. We gathered about Lant and led him away, and he was fighting mad. "He had to take him," he said in a sort of suppressed roar. "That young man who had a good job and everything to live for. And He had to ruin my best." His coat and pants were soggy and grease-smeared and ripped in a dozen places. We found his bowler, but someone had stepped on it.

He calmed down after a while, and held out his hands and looked at them. They were pretty badly burned. It was obvious that he couldn't drive, but he shook off Arleen and Harry. "You were going," he said. "Go."

"Oh, Dad," Arleen cried. "Don't you understand that we can't go now?"

"Why not?" Lant said, still looking at his hands. "I understand that I can't stop you."

"That's the reason we can't go, mate," Harry said. "We'll stay and 'elp you out."

The depot agent dressed Lant's hands and we started back. Arleen drove the front wagon, with her father beside her. Dutch followed them, and Harry and I brought up the rear.

As our teams plodded on down that string-straight prairie road, we could see for miles in every direction.

The widely scattered farmsteads; the stubbled fields dotted with straw piles; and here and there, dust rising from a working rig. The warm light of the setting sun gentled the cold bare landscape.

"Might change 'im, to 'ave someone do 'im a kindness," Harry said presently.

It fitted perfectly into my thoughts. "I doubt it," I said. "I was just wondering. Maybe we shouldn't have butted in when God finally had him down."

"I dunno, mate. Per'aps Gawd's doing 'im a favor."

"How in the world do you make that out?"

"Well, 'e's got guts, Lant 'as. Gawd can see that for 'Imself."

"You don't think God minds being told He doesn't exist?"

Harry pushed his cap back and scratched his head. "Why should 'E? It certainly don't 'urt 'Im. Per'aps it amuses 'Im. Per'aps — well, per'aps 'E says to 'Imself: 'So I ain't 'ere, ain't I?' And reaches

down 'Is finger and stirs up Lant again. And all the time 'E's — well —"

"Toughening up Lant's soul to last for eternity?"

"Or else trying to teach 'im something," Harry said.

The teams ahead pulled up, and we stopped behind them, and Lant came back to us. "Harry," he asked, "would you like to ride with Arleen?"

"Yes, I would, Mr. Lant," Harry said.

I drove on again, and Lant was with me now. For a long time we were silent, while night spread across the prairie and a million stars came out.

At last Lant said: "I have been thinking of a piece you started to quote once. 'The quality of mercy.'"

"I thought you didn't like that piece," I said.

Lant stirred on the seat, and the silhouette of his head dropped. "'It blesseth him that gives and him that takes,'" he said very quietly.

"'Tis mightier than the mightiest," I said.

We rode on together in the darkness.



ARMY COURTS-MARTIAL: THE DOUBLE STANDARD

by SAMUEL MORGAN

I

THE administration of military justice in the Army does not want for critics. Some complain of unconscionable convictions and sentences in individual cases; others attack the system as a whole. Both groups have committed themselves to irresponsible and ignorant charges attributable in the main to lack of information rather than any sinister motive, a circumstance not at all astounding in view of the secrecy in which the current appellate procedure is shrouded. Both groups, however, are symptomatic of the widespread dissatisfaction with military justice and the growing sentiment for immediate reform.

Constructive action would normally follow, were it not for an almost universal inability to focus criticism at the precise source of the evil apparent in numerous examples of inequitable court-martial judgments. In other words, the question is not, Is anything wrong with the court-martial system? It is, What is wrong with it?

SAMUEL MORGAN, a Chicago attorney, served during the war with the Judge Advocate General's Department and was a member of the Board of Review, the tribunal created by statute to perform the function of a supreme court in Army courts-martial. He believes it is imperative to point out certain defects in the administration of military justice which have not been adequately brought to the attention of the public.

The answer, though simple enough to be summarized in two sentences, is largely legalistic and its ramifications are exceedingly complex. In brief:—

1. There is an irreconcilable conflict between law and militarism, between the mind of the lawyer and that of the military commander. One stresses "legality" and "justice," the other "discipline."
2. The existing Articles of War represent a confused and confusing attempt to reconcile those irreconcilable elements.

The word "law," as here employed, is intended to describe that body of rules for the regulation of society which has traditionally been enforced through the *judicial* branch of government by judges and counsel trained in, and indoctrinated with, constitutional and common law.

Military justice has an entirely different background. Historically it has been administered by the *executive* branch of government, and its judgments have been influenced by "policy," "military necessity," and at times the whims and caprices of the military commander. Whether men were tried or not tried, sentenced harshly or leniently, retained in or expelled from the service, often depended upon the exigencies of the situation rather than upon any fixed rules of conduct.

True, military justice was administered within the framework of a "legal" system usually described as the Articles of War, but the rules therein enunciated were a code unto themselves susceptible to free interpretation suitable to the needs of the occasion and wholly independent of civilian law. With one unimportant exception, appeals from the judgment of a court-martial to a Federal or state court were not permitted, for courts-martial were not "courts" in the accepted sense, but executive agencies, whose findings were final and not judicially reviewable.

Because of the tyranny to which the Articles of War lent themselves, Congress has on occasion revised them with a view to obviating their more serious intrinsic evils. In each instance an attempt was made to incorporate into the military code certain of the salient safeguards with which civilian law has surrounded the defendant in criminal prosecution. The hope, of course, was that military justice would thus be assimilated into the great body of traditional law under whose protection our civilian population has attained personal freedom and security.

The last and most radical change occurred in 1920, when Congress, as part of a general overhauling of the Articles of War, provided for the first time for an effective system for the appellate review of court-martial sentences. Article of War 50½ created a "board of review consisting of not less than three officers of the Judge Advocate General's Department." In the relatively few cases requiring Presidential confirmation, this new body was to examine the record of trial, to submit an opinion thereon, and, in short, to act as Staff Judge Advocate — that is, legal adviser — to the President. With respect to the great mass of cases not requiring Presidential confirmation Article 50½ stated that "no authority shall order the execution of any . . . sentence of a general court-martial involving the penalty of death, dismissal not suspended, dishonorable discharge not suspended, or confinement in a penitentiary, unless and until the board of review shall, with the approval of the Judge Advocate General, have held the record of trial upon which such sentence is based *legally sufficient* to support the sentence. . . ." (Italics mine.)

The divergent and conflicting meanings given to the words italicized constitute the key to most of the inconsistencies and abuses of military justice. Standing alone, the phrase "legally sufficient" would in itself have provided ample cause for disagreement between the military mind and the legal mind. Article of War 37, however, adds fuel to the controversy by providing in substance that the judgment of a trial court shall not be set aside because of any improper ruling on evidence or any error of pleading or procedure unless the "error complained of has injuriously affected the substantial rights of the accused."

Seizing upon this statutory sanction of "irregularities," those adhering to the traditional and prevailing military point of view have insisted that the

Articles of War constitute an independent, integrated, and complete code which guarantees to the accused summary "justice" but not all of the safeguards and legal niceties of civilian law. To a dissenting group, on the other hand, the words "legally sufficient" represent the clear and unequivocal intention of Congress to ensure to every accused all of the substantial rights which would be granted him in the event that he were tried for the same offense by a civilian court.

These, then, are the fundamental legal and historical factors involved. Let us inquire into their practical application.

2

THE principle that military justice is the prerogative of the executive branch of government is often more pointedly expressed in the well-worn phrase, "Discipline is a function of command." But these latter words, while conveying the idea of executive control, contain certain sinister connotations.

In the first place, if "military justice" and "discipline" are regarded as synonymous and interchangeable terms, the decision in each court-martial case need not rest upon the individual facts presented but may be based upon the disciplinary requirements of the military unit to which the accused is attached. Thus, to take but one example, should absence without leave become too prevalent in a division, a soldier guilty of the offense may be assessed punishment that will be proportioned not to his culpability but to the deterrent effect upon such other members of his organization as may be tempted to stray.

In the second place, if military justice is a function of "command," the primary responsibility for its administration must be vested in the military commander rather than in his professionally trained legal adviser, the Staff Judge Advocate. When the opinions of the commander and the Staff Judge Advocate clash, the latter, being inferior in the military hierarchy, must yield, despite his obviously superior qualifications to pass judgment on purely legal questions. The commanding officer has more than rank available to enforce his will, right or wrong; he determines the efficiency ratings of his subordinates. And since promotion is dependent to a considerable degree upon the "grades" one has received, a Staff Judge Advocate of strong character and uncompromising principles may find his meritorious service unrecognized and unrewarded. If the Staff Judge Advocate proves too recalcitrant, he may be transferred out of the organization to a less desirable berth.

Although dominance over the Staff Judge Advocate is vital to control of military justice, the commanding officer's paramount authority is more directly derived from three powers specifically conferred upon him by statute. He (1) decides what cases shall be referred to trial; (2) appoints the trial court — that is, the court-martial; and (3) reviews

the record of trial for the purpose of approving or disapproving it and extending or denying clemency. In the first and last of these functions he is required to act upon the advice of his Staff Judge Advocate; but woe betide the Staff Judge Advocate whose counsel does not please the commanding officer!

The court-martial can be, and often is, just as much under the thumb of the commanding officer as is the Staff Judge Advocate. Its members, of course, stand in the same awe of the commanding officer's rank, and their efficiency ratings are also fixed by him. Some commanding officers are not content with the implied threat which these two circumstances convey. Many a court-martial has been haled before a commanding officer and specifically instructed by him that certain sentences would be "proper" and that, if they were not imposed, the members would be punished with low ratings.

In the Army Air Forces certain commanding officers even went so far as to publish and distribute directives fixing dismissal from the service as the minimum penalty in all cases involving a violation of the flying regulations. Since only Congress has the authority to establish a minimum, as distinguished from a maximum, punishment, the promulgation of these instructions was in open defiance of the most elementary and fundamental precepts of our system of jurisprudence. Yet, despite the obvious character of the coercion exercised, not a single court-martial protested or resisted, and undoubtedly scores of young officers were illegally dismissed.

In most instances the commanding officer does not need to express his desires to the court-martial, for it is understood that his reference of a matter for trial is an indication of his belief in the guilt of the accused. When, occasionally, a court acquits or imposes a trifling sentence, the commanding officer has two methods of evidencing his displeasure with the "uncoöperative" attitude of his subordinates. The more drastic is the removal of a number of the offending members from the court. The other is to send every member a so-called "skin" letter—that is, an official reprimand. To the average civilian a communication of this type would be only a minor source of annoyance; to most officers it is a much dreaded punishment, for it becomes a part of their record and may adversely affect their careers in the Army.

Sometimes, instead of instructing the court as to the "appropriate" minimum punishment to be assessed for a particular offense, the commanding officer will simply order the imposition in all cases of the maximum punishment authorized by law. The practice is in direct contravention of the provisions of the Manual for Courts-Martial, 1928, which require the members of the court to follow their own consciences in fixing the penalty to be exacted for an offense. Operating within the wide area of discretion which is granted to him by a maximum sentence, the commanding officer, in his capacity as the initial reviewing authority, can form his own opinions as to

guilt or innocence, or as to the measure of culpability, and can disapprove the sentence entirely or reduce its severity as he deems fit.

Although courts-martial prior to 1920 were mere fact-finding agencies, the apparent intention of the complete revision made by Congress in that year was to endow them with certain important semi-judicial attributes. By extorting maximum sentences, commanding officers have again relegated courts-martial to the relatively inconsequential status of fact-finding bodies. Many of the exorbitant court-martial sentences which have received widespread publicity were in all probability due to this rather obvious device for the circumvention both of the Articles of War and the Manual for Courts-Martial. Subsequent mitigation of the sentences by the commanding officer as reviewing authority or by the Board of Review in Washington did not remove the bad impression which the announcement of the original sentences created among civilians.

A supine Staff Judge Advocate and a "coöperative" court-martial are sufficient in themselves to guide the course of military justice into the channels desired by the commanding officer. Since, however, nothing must be left to chance, extreme care is also exercised by the commanding officer in the selection of trial personnel. The general rule is that the Trial Judge Advocate, who is the prosecutor, must be an able and experienced lawyer, and the Defense Counsel either not a lawyer at all or, at best, an inexperienced or unskilled one. The exception arises in cases which have attracted or may attract public interest and newspaper comment. In these cases able counsel is usually appointed for each side. Of course no accused is under any compulsion to accept the Defense Counsel chosen by the commanding officer, but normally the accused, being poor and far from home and friends, can see no alternative.

From what has been said up to this point it is patent that every step of the prosecution and trial can be effectively dominated by the commanding officer. If, as is usually the case, he is fair-minded and realizes his own limitations, he will forgo the exercise of his powers and will permit his courts-martial, Trial Judge Advocates, Defense Counsel, and Staff Judge Advocate sufficient independence and discretion to guarantee an impartial and efficient administration of military justice.

If, on the other hand, as occasionally happens, the commanding officer is narrow-minded, tyrannical, and unscrupulous, the law has wittingly or unwittingly delegated to him tremendous authority which he can abuse to satisfy his own whims, prejudices, and personal animosities. He is grand jury, prosecuting attorney, trial court, and intermediate appellate court all in one. He is a monarch in the ancient sense, and his word is law. As an administrator of so-called "justice," he is a complete anomaly on the American scene. His autocratic hold upon all stages of the prosecution, trial, and initial

review is the principal weakness of the system and accounts for most of the "evils" so often decried by enlightened critics.

3

THE vast number of relatively unimportant cases tried before "summary" and "special" courts-martial — tribunals possessing only restricted punitive powers and comparable in civilian life to our justice of the peace and municipal courts — do not go beyond the commanding officer. He is the authority of last resort, the final hope, the ultimate appeal. The more important cases adjudicated by "general" courts-martial — tribunals endowed with almost unlimited criminal jurisdiction — must be transmitted to higher authority for further review.

Disregarding for the moment the procedure followed in the foreign operational areas in which Boards of Review were temporarily established during the war, general court-martial records, after leaving the commanding officer, are classified and disposed of as follows: —

<i>Status of Accused</i>	<i>Sentence Involving</i>	<i>Final Review by</i>
1. Enlisted man	Dishonorable discharge not suspended, or confinement in a penitentiary	Board of Review and the Judge Advocate General
2. Officer	Dismissal not suspended, alone or coupled with any other punishment	Board of Review, the Judge Advocate General, the Secretary of War, and the President
3. Officer with rank of General	Any punishment	Same
4. Cadet	Suspension or dismissal, alone or coupled with any other punishment	Same
5. Officer or enlisted man	Death	Same
6. Officer below rank of General, or enlisted man	Any punishment other than death, dismissal not suspended, discharge not suspended, or confinement in a penitentiary	Military Justice Section of the Judge Advocate General's Office

Matters falling within the last group generally receive only perfunctory examination, for the Military Justice Section is without real authority to enforce its decisions. If it determines that substantial error has been committed, it cannot itself reverse the judgment but must transmit its recommendations to the Board of Review for further action.

Cases assigned to the latter body, whether directly from commanding officers or from the Military Justice Section, are more carefully and judicially scrutinized. As already pointed out, the Board of Review was created by statute in 1920 to appease a popular demand for the reform of the court-martial

system. Unquestionably the establishment of this new appellate tribunal, which can be loosely described as the Supreme Court of the Army, represented a great step forward in the administration of military justice. It is also true that members of the Board were from the first chosen on the basis of merit and were accorded a degree of independence and freedom of expression which is unique in the military order. The historic military point of view, however, was not eradicated, but merely driven underground. By circumvention and illiberal interpretation the statute was so administered as to defeat in considerable measure the purposes for which it had been created.

One example of evasion of the law was simply to withhold from public knowledge the right of defense counsel to appear and argue before the Board of Review. The few who did avail themselves of this last chance to present their versions of the law and the facts were almost all civilians. Military counsel found it difficult, for one reason or another, to obtain leave to visit Washington on behalf of their clients.

Another more affirmative circumvention was effected by the shysterish employment of a super-technicality. As already noted, the Board of Review acquired jurisdiction only when the sentence involved (1) the death penalty, (2) dishonorable discharge not suspended, (3) dismissal not suspended, or (4) confinement in a penitentiary. Since confinement in a disciplinary barracks did not fall within this last class of punishments, and could extend for any length of time, — including life, — and since a dishonorable discharge could be suspended temporarily, commanding officers who feared that a particular record might not pass the scrutiny of the Board of Review could and often did designate the disciplinary barracks as the place of incarceration, suspend the dishonorable discharge for a day or two, and then order it executed. All the statutory grounds for the assumption of jurisdiction by the Board of Review being absent as of the date on which the record was first approved by the commanding officer, the case would be forwarded to the Military Justice Section and would there receive the usual overspeedy and superficial examination.

The branch Boards of Review temporarily created in various foreign theaters during the war provide a flagrant instance of illiberal interpretation. As can be seen from an examination of the outline at the beginning of this section, judgments falling within categories 2 through 5 do not in ordinary times become final until approved by the President, as the "confirming authority." After our entry into World War II, however, the President, in order to facilitate the administration of military justice in operational areas, divested himself of many of his powers as confirming authority and delegated them to "commanding general[s] of the Army in the field."

Within their respective zones, and with certain noteworthy exceptions, supreme commanders stood

in the shoes of the President, as confirming authority, but the manner in which they exercised their jurisdiction was quite different. Back in the States no case was ever presented to the President until *after* it had been examined by the Board of Review, whose members, consequently, were able to act without fear of pressure from "above." In the foreign theaters, on the other hand, Article of War 50½ was so construed as to require that records be approved by the confirming authority before being submitted to the branch Boards of Review. The latter were, as a result, constantly faced with a dilemma: they could in close cases attempt to compromise with their consciences to win or retain the favor of the supreme authority; or they could refuse to deviate even slightly from their principles and "buck" his wishes, with all the risks which such an "affront" to his eminence involved. Barring a full investigation, no one will ever know which alternative was more frequently chosen; but most certainly a number of extremely doubtful convictions were sustained.

4

NARROW construction of the Articles of War reached its pinnacle in the artificial and unnecessary distinction drawn, for the purpose of review, between cases under Article of War 50½ and those under Article of War 48. In the first group were included all convictions finally considered by the Board of Review and the Judge Advocate General; in the second were all convictions finally considered by the Secretary of War and the President. Under the arbitrary rule which it adopted and blindly followed, the Board of Review was authorized to examine "50½" cases only for pure errors of law and it was at all times precluded from reweighing the evidence.

Indeed, in the absence of any substantial legal error, if there was *any* evidence tending to support the conviction, the Board of Review was duty bound to sustain the judgment rendered below. To this proposition a correlative practice was added: if the conviction was affirmed, the Board, generally speaking, was under no compulsion to state the reasons for its action. If the sentence was upset, an opinion in writing justifying the reversal was required.

When passing on Article of War 48 cases, on the other hand, the Board was expected to reweigh all the evidence and, in effect, to grant a new trial in which its findings were substituted for those of the trial court. In performing this function the Board, regardless of whether it reversed or sustained, was obliged to submit opinions in writing, setting forth its conclusions both as to the law and the facts.

Since "50½" cases involved only enlisted men, and "48" cases covered all important sentences affecting officers and cadets and applied to enlisted men only when the death penalty was imposed, the result was caste discrimination at its worst. Much ado has been made in the press over some of the privileges enjoyed

by officers and denied to enlisted personnel. This, to my mind, is the most flagrant and most obnoxious example. We who pride ourselves upon our democratic institutions have, in this instance, deliberately and cold-bloodedly abandoned the fundamental principle of equality before the law. We have created a legal system which metes out one brand of justice to the officer and another to the enlisted man. Nothing could be more foreign and repugnant to our traditions.

One of the principal defects of the Articles of War lies in the authority granted to the Judge Advocate General to dissent from the opinions and holdings of the Board of Review. If he were limited to findings of a lesser offense than that approved by the Board, there could be no serious objection to the exercise of the power, but his dissent is not so circumscribed. If the Board believes that the record shows the commission of only a lesser included offense, — that is, an offense of the same nature but involving a lesser degree of culpability, — he may hold that the original offense, or its equivalent for purposes of punishment, has been proved. If the Board favors an acquittal, he may find that the offense as charged, or its equivalent, or a lesser included offense has been satisfactorily established.

In all cases of dissent, the President, or more commonly the Secretary of War, upon the advice of the Under Secretary of War, renders the final and binding decision. Now obviously neither the President, the Secretary of War, nor the Under Secretary can spare enough time from his other onerous and pressing duties to study court-martial records upon which he may have to pass. Matters requiring confirmation by the President are usually presented to him for his signature by his military aide, who, unfortunately, rarely has any legal training. In almost all cases the recommendations of the Secretary of War are followed; when the aide does differ with the Secretary, the reasons, more often than not, are extralegal.

The recommendations or final action of the Secretary of War are usually the end products of short conferences between the Judge Advocate General and the Under Secretary of War. Cases upon which the Board of Review may have deliberated for days and even weeks are disposed of in a few minutes by the Under Secretary. By some remarkable coincidence his decision and that of the Judge Advocate General are almost invariably the same. Since the Board of Review is a human institution, it is far from infallible, but to believe that, in all differences between the Judge Advocate General and the Board of Review, the Judge Advocate General is always right is to strain one's credulity to the breaking point. The instances in which Mr. Patterson, as Under Secretary of War, exposed himself to justifiable criticism in the administration of military justice were mostly those in which his views clashed with those of the Board of Review.

The last weakness in the appellate procedure is also

the most reprehensible and the most inexcusable: namely, the susceptibility of the offices of the Secretary of War and the military aide to the President to political pressure. In the age of Francis Bacon public opinion still, in large measure, condoned the exertion of political influence upon judicial officers. The subsequent development of an independent and incorruptible judiciary was slow and frequently interrupted, but eventually, though perfection was never attained, the public and its judicial officers adopted and generally abided by a moral standard which excluded political favor, at least in its more obvious forms, from our legal processes. Although our courts have thus been delivered from evil, the same evolution has not occurred in all branches of our executive departments.

Politicians of all kinds, in and out of office, still consider it their prerogative to cajole or browbeat administrators of executive law into giving "special" treatment to "friends." This type of extralegal interference is all too prevalent in military justice at the appellate level. In a fairly recent case the accused was shown to have committed a planned and particularly brutal murder with robbery as the motive, to have hidden the body in a wood, and to have fled in panic from his organization to a temporary haven where he was finally apprehended. The trial court brought in a sentence of death, and the commanding officer affirmed. When the record was received in Washington, five Southern Congressmen appeared before the Board of Review and vociferously argued that the accused had acted in self-defense. The Board rejected the contention as being unworthy of serious consideration, but the five gentlemen were not dismayed. They carried their fight to the Secretary of War and to the President and finally emerged victorious with a commutation of sentence from death to life imprisonment.

Others more worthy of clemency than this particular man died on the gallows or before a firing squad. Their relatives and loved ones have a right to ask why the extreme penalty has been so capriciously exacted. They have a right to demand that "equal justice under the law" be construed to mean equal justice for every man and woman in the Army, including the "friends" of Congressmen.

No system of law is better than the men charged with its enforcement. On the other hand, a legal

system which offers to unscrupulous men obvious temptations for abuse can never be equitable or just.

Although countless proposals, some sound, some dubious, and some fantastic, have been advanced for the reform of military justice, only four fundamental changes are really necessary. These are:—

1. The establishment of a truly independent system of courts and justice within the Army. The Staff Judge Advocate, the Law Member of the court-martial, the Trial Judge Advocate, and the Defense Counsel should *always* be members of the Judge Advocate General's Department and should receive their ratings and promotions from the Judge Advocate General and not from the commanding officers of the organizations in which they may be serving. The Judge Advocate General should be endowed with supreme authority in all legal matters affecting the Army. To avoid the possibility of his deference to superior military rank, he should be given appointment as a civilian.

2. The distinction on review between Article of War 50½ and Article of War 48 should be abolished. The evidence in every general court-martial case involving a penalty of death, confinement anywhere for a period of a year or more, dismissal not suspended, or a dishonorable discharge not suspended should be completely reweighed by the Board of Review.

3. The Secretary of War, the President, and the commanding generals of armies in the field should be replaced as the confirming authority by a board of three qualified civilians, who will be able to give adequate time to the consideration of differences between the Board of Review and the Judge Advocate General.

4. All political interference with the administration of military justice should be outlawed and made punishable in the same manner and to the same degree as contempt of court.

If some of these suggestions meet with objection because their adoption would entail an increase in the personnel and the expenditures of the Judge Advocate General's Department, the answer should be that justice is not too expensive at any price. This country, rich as it is, can well afford to expand the pitifully small Judge Advocate General's Department of the Army to workable proportions.



THE BATTLE OF THE CLAUQUE

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

1

THE claque at the Vienna Staatsoper was an exclusive group of forty innocent opera lovers with uncompromising ideas about good music and good singing. Joseph Schostal, the claque chef, a dignified man with black sideburns, high-toned principles, and great authority, who gave us free standing room admissions in the fourth gallery in return for applause, never failed to remind us of the claque's "classical tradition." I became a full-fledged member of the illustrious body in the twenties, when I studied music at the Vienna Conservatory. Every once in a while, Schostal called a meeting at his permanent headquarters, the back room of the Peterskeller, a traditionless beer cellar across from the Staatsoper, and over foam crowns of *Gösserbräu* reminisced about the history of the claque.

The founder of the noble institution was the Great Schoentag, who commanded a social position in Kaiser Franz Josef's Vienna before the turn of the century. Schoentag went out riding in the Prater in the luxurious equipage of Ernest Marie Van Dyck, the great Belgian *Wagnertenor* — "best Parsifal they ever had in Bayreuth," Schostal said; "studied the part under Mottl" — and played whist with Hans Richter, director of the Hofoper, as it was called in those feudal days. Once the Kronprinz Rudolf honored the claque chef by inviting him to supper at the Hotel Sacher and letting him pay the bill. The Kronprinz was a great patron of the claque before he became the Hero of the Mayerling Saga. Some lesser members of the imperial household exercised their cordial relations with the claque to promote subtly the artistic futures of the blue-eyed, slim-ankled coryphées of the ballet.

Schoentag's successor was a man by the name of Wessely, who, like almost all prominent Viennese, hailed from the fertile plains of Moravia. Wessely lived the life of a *grand seigneur*, was called "my dear friend" by Lilli Lehmann, had a son in a Kaiserliches Husaren-Regiment, and owned a house in Hietzing, a swank suburban district. He died of a broken heart

when Hofoperndirektor Gustav Mahler, in a temperamental whim, abolished the claque.

"Then came the horrible, the claqueless interregnum," Schostal said. "It was a wild, chaotic time, with several hand-clapping outlaws operating inside the Opera. Then there was Freudenberger."

We knew the sad tale of old Freudenberger. We saw him in the fourth gallery every time *Fidelio* was given. He would slip in through a side door, carrying a half-torn, battered score of Beethoven's opera. He shuffled along the wall, trying not to look at people, his lips silently moving — the ghostly appearance of a white-bearded patriarch. As claque chef, he had been a close friend of the Austrian playwright and novelist Hermann Bahr and his wife, the great dramatic soprano Anna von Mildenburg. Later Freudenberger's artistic judgment became somewhat dimmed by the demon alcohol. The claque operates 'way up in the fourth gallery, and after too many seidels of Schwechater beer, Freudenberger was unable to climb up the two-hundred-odd stairs leading to the "Fourth." He would spend the evening in a *Beisel*, the local equivalent of a beer joint, leaving the conduct of applause to his incapable underlings. Soon plain anarchy reigned in the fourth gallery, and the artists who had paid cash to Freudenberger and didn't get the proper applause were in a rebellious frame of mind.

"This proves what lack of leadership will do," Schostal would say. "I am a true democrat in my political convictions, but in the fourth gallery I firmly believe in the authoritative system."

In the twilight era of Freudenberger, Schostal, then a youthful music student, all but slept at the Opera. He was there every evening and during the daytime hung around the stage doors — there were separate entrances for singers (male), singers (female), orchestra members, chorus, ballet, stagehands, executives — and when one of his idols went by, he would take off his hat and meekly exclaim, "Hoch!" One night before a performance of *Samson et Dalila*, the prima ballerina, Jammerich, a temperamental lady, refused to go out on the stage unless the Freudenberger gang was silenced and "that nice young man Schostal" was called in to organize the applause for her. "I want him to come here right away," she

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said to the horrified Hofoper executives. "*I zih mi net aus* — I won't undress." And to prove that she really meant business, she didn't undress.

A runner was dispatched to the fourth gallery and in no time Schostal, dumfounded and trembling, found himself sitting in the prima ballerina's private dressing room. The dancer explained that she wanted special applause after the ballet in the first act, "something that makes their rear ends jerk up from their seats."

"I agreed to give all I had and the prima ballerina smiled and began to get out of her many petticoats," Schostal said. "I remember well. First a purple taffeta one with ruffles, then a light-purple one made of fine silk, with Brussels laces, then a pinkish one of tulle, sort of shirred, and then a beautiful petticoat of ethereal white batiste." When he got to this point of his story, Schostal took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow in nostalgic excitement. "She was a great dancer," he said, with a deep sigh, and there was finality in his voice.

2

SCHOSTAL was an idealist and a businessman who managed to make a fortune out of his love of good opera. He refused to take money from singers whom he didn't consider worthy of the Staatsoper, and got infuriated when some Viennese newspapers, envious of the claque's influence on matters operatic, called us *eine amerikanische Gangstergruppe*. Schostal had his own scientific theory of applause. "The driving power of the initial applause must overcome the inherent inertia of the audience," he said. Many singers considered him their artistic father confessor and several times Franz Schalk, director of the Staatsoper, invited him to sit in on auditions of young artists, which Schostal rightly considered the high point of his career. Once Hans Liebstoeckl, the editor of the *Extrablatt*, offered him the job of music critic, but Schostal refused. It didn't seem ethical to mix applause with criticism. Liebstoeckl said, "The claque chef of the Barcelona Opera is also the town's leading music critic," but Schostal said, "No, sorry."

Schostal was anxious to keep up the high artistic standard of applause and devoted much effort to the training of new men. At the end of the 1925 season several claque members whose homes were in the "province" were called back from Vienna by their enraged families because the boys spent more time at the Staatsoper than in school. Schostal then decided to hold regular auditions for new candidates. They took place at the janitor's box under the Kärntnerstrasse arcades, in an area with walls and floors of large marble squares, where the acoustics came nearest to applause conditions in the fourth gallery.

Schostal originally intended to hold his auditions in the "Fourth," but the management of the Staats-

oper failed to see his point. He would sit down on the large bench which was customarily reserved for Leo Slezak, Erik Schmedes, Richard Schubert, and other aging tenors, and the candidate, after a thorough examination in operatic airs, recitatives, leit-motifs, detailed knowledge of popular scores, and "general music understanding," was ordered to produce some *Probeapplaus* — test applause. If a man wanted to make the grade, he had to produce what Schostal called *den dunklen Klang* — the deep, dark sound. High-pitched hand-clapping was considered girlish and strictly taboo.

Few men came up with the hollow-sounding, sepulchral applause that had the professional touch. Schostal would glance at Herr Nusterer, the janitor, a tall, mustachioed man in an admiral's uniform, who looked on the gloomy side of things and had only two sorts of comment. A candidate would be either "bad" or "very bad." If Schostal liked the candidate and Nusterer's comment was "bad," Schostal would accept the new man for a trial period. After the audition, Schostal and Nusterer would send to the Peterskeller for a *Frühschoppen* beer.

Schostal had a strange respect for Nusterer, who had been *Portier* at the Opera for over twenty-six years and had never been at a single performance. Once he had gone into the auditorium during the third act of *Walküre*, looking for Herr Dr. Richard Strauss, but the spectacle of eight full-bosomed ladies jumping all over the stage and screaming, "Hojotojo!! Heiaha-ha!!" had been too much of a shock. Nusterer lived in Mauer, a suburb mainly populated by grimly underpaid federal employees, and he hated Wagner because the interminable performances of *Meistersinger*, *Tristan*, and *Götterdämmerung* usually made him miss the "last blue" trolley car, which left the Operngasse at five minutes past eleven.

"If a man for twenty-six years has worked at the Opera and never heard a performance, he must be either an arch-moron or have character," Schostal said. "Nusterer is no moron, so I have decided that he's got character. That's why I ask his opinion about our new candidates. Nusterer is the Voice of the People."

Nusterer's great ambition was to converse in the English language. The Staatsoper and the Burgtheater in Vienna were the only two theaters on earth which had no daytime box offices. The box offices were opened only half an hour before the beginning of the evening performance. There were a few agiotage peddlers, hiding behind the marble pillars and in the niches near the entrance, who had tickets concealed in their pockets as though they were dirty postcards, but they charged innocent passers-by twice the official price. The only place where tickets were sold at regular prices between 9.00 A.M. and 3.00 P.M. was the Bundestheaterdirektion at the Bräunerstrasse, a ten-minute walk from the Opera.

Anglo-Saxon visitors staying at the Bristol, the Imperial, or other Ringstrasse hotels, who came to

the Staatsoper for tickets, always got lost in search of the box office before they wound up at Nusterer's lodge. It was always a great moment for the *Portier* when he could tell those *Valuta-Aristokraten* from England and America how to get to the Bräunerstrasse. He had learned English all by himself from a then popular book entitled *Learning English — A Pleasure*.

"Dös iss simpel," Nusterer would say. "Jöst nomadize over the Operngasse and takens the firsh street for your lefft. Net right, net *gradaus*, böt lefft. Jöst promenade and follow your nose. Pörsue the Augustinerstrassen öntil the Josefsplatz. Dös iss a tulli platz, the Josefsplatz. Firsh for your right and firsh house for your lefft — and da sa ma." Seeing a blank expression on the faces of his customers, Nusterer continued, "Nachurell", today iss *ausverkauft*, bought out. Maybe tomorrow bought out. Böt keep smiling. Dös iss simpel. Go buy tickets to Theater an der Wien. *Gräfin Mariza*, they give. Or the Ronacher girls. Graceföl and déshabillée — böt iss all right for *die gnädige Frau*."

3

NUSTERER entertained cordial relations with the claue chef. Schostal paid for the *Frühshoppen* and in return was given by Nusterer advance information on who would be on police duty at the evening performance. The *Portier* had his own channels to the Polizeipräsidium. Every night there were four *Kriminalinspektoren*, plain-clothes men, on duty inside the house, two in the parterre standing room, one in the fourth and one in the third gallery. We never understood why they had a man posted in the third gallery. No *claqueur* would be seen dead or alive in the "Third," where the acoustics were deplorable; third gallery tickets were sold only to innocent travelers from the hillbilly districts of Styria, Sudetenland, the Hungarian bush, and the American Far West.

There were signs inside the Opera reading "*Alle störenden Bei- so wie Missfallsbezeugungen sind verboten — All Disturbing Manifestations of Ap- and Disap-proval Are Prohibited*," and the four *Inspektoren* on duty were always after offenders, most of whom naturally belonged to the claue. All policemen liked Staatsoper duty because they were paid an extra seven schilling per evening and besides received a *Dienstsitz*, a duty seat. They never used the seats for themselves but brought their *Pupperln* along. The girl friends sat down and the cops remained in the standing room. One *Inspektor*, an elderly man with four children, whom I'll call Weber, brought as many as three different *Pupperln* in one week. I remember a Botticelli blonde who came always to Mozart and early Verdi operas, and a luscious red-head who preferred the more lascivious side of the repertoire — *Thaïs*, *Salomé*, *Elektra*, *Schéhérazade*, and the Venusberg scene from *Tannhäuser*.

The Botticelli blonde was on the *Dienstsitz* one evening when Emanuel List, today a Metropolitan Opera star, sang the Cardinal in Halévy's *La Juive*, a part that in Vienna was associated with the great Richard Mayr. Mayr was one of the claue's best clients, but List was an excellent man, and Schostal's private ambition was to always give able people a break. He loved the challenge of a difficult assignment. Knowing what he was up against, Schostal alerted the *Hohlposcher* — Hollow Sound Men — a powerful task force of six master *claqueurs* who were alerted only on critical evenings. I remember three of them, Gold, Ritter, and Hofbauer, strong and fearless men. When they started to applaud, it was as though a regiment of heavy tanks were rumbling over a cobblestoned street at high speed.

List sang the air of the Cardinal in great style and Schostal from his command post under the first lamp on the extreme left gave his "cue," a faint nod of his bald head. The Hollow Sound Men, strategically posted behind the marble pillars, broke into a deafening drumfire that shook the house and roused the audience into a "spontaneous" ovation. The din was so formidable that people sitting near-by put their fingers into their ears. An elderly, bald misanthrope with the face of an unhappy baboon turned around and shook his fists against us. The Hollow Sound Men ignored him coolly. They started another heavy barrage after the duet of the Cardinal and Leonora, which was even more earsplitting. All of a sudden the bald man jumped up and shouted, "*Polizei! Polizei!*" and ran out of the gallery. The *Hohlposcher* didn't even bother to pull his leg as he ran out past them, and Schostal said, "Guess he wants to make the last train for Steinhof." Steinhof was Austria's largest insane asylum.

After the second act, Kriminalinspektor Weber and his blonde *Pupperl* came up to our command post. Weber gave the girl ten groschen and told her to get him a glass of water, and when she had gone, he turned toward Schostal. "I'm afraid you're in serious trouble, *Herr Doktor*," he said. Schostal's influence was known among the Force, and many coppers called the claue chef *Herr Professor* or *Herr Doktor*. "A fellow just asked me to arrest you. He says he'll get the District Attorney to prosecute you for serious bodily injury."

We were stunned. According to paragraph 152 of the Austrian penal code, *schwere körperliche Beschädigung* meant busting in a man's skull or breaking his shinbones, putting him out of action "for at least twenty days," and none of us had as much as touched the madman. Weber said, "You see, he's got some trouble with his ears, and when you started that salvo, he got ill. *Himmelherrgott*, that was a blast! My Greterl almost fell down from my seat. He made me write down a protocol. You will have to see Hofrat Ritzberger tomorrow morning."

The *Hofrat*, chef of the police Strafsektion and a great friend of the claue chef, was already well informed about the misadventure, when Schostal came

to see him. He got up from his chair and they shook hands. The *Hofrat* said, "Well, well, well — what now?"

"A man with ear trouble has no business coming up in the fourth gallery," Schostal said. "The next time he will file a claim against the Staatsoper, the *Bundestheaterverwaltung*, and the entire Republic of Austria, because the bass tubas in the second act of *Walküre* made him sick. You remember the bass tubas when Hunding gets killed by Wotan, *Herr Hofrat*?"

Ritzberger offered Schostal a *trabuco* cigar and explained that legally there was a difference between the *Walküre* bass tubas and the salvo of our Hollow Sound Men. "A man who buys a ticket legally must anticipate the bass tubas because they are a fixture of the Opera, like curtains and lights. The claque isn't — yet. However, I'll add a postscript to the protocol when I send it over to the District Attorney. I hope he won't press any charges which would get you before a jury." Three bad weeks went by, during which the claque showed notable restraint and a certain lack of enthusiasm. Then Hofrat Ritzberger called up Schostal and told him that the D.A. had not bothered about the case. That night, at a performance of *The Flying Dutchman* with Friedrich Schorr, the claque was again in great form.

The Hollow Sound Men caused more trouble at a memorable evening of *La Fanciulla del West*, with Maria Jeritza as Minnie and Alfred Jerger as Sheriff Jack Rance — both clients of the claque. In the second act Minnie plays her famous poker game with the Sheriff, cheats, and wins after using cards that she had hidden under the upper part of her stocking. It was a great scene and Jeritza made the best of it, and there was always a terrific ovation for her. The girls of the Jeritza Club, an amateurish fan organization of thin-voiced sub-sub-debs under the leadership of one Herr Silberstein of the *Bodenkreditanstalt*, shouted like mad.

In the general bedlam, Mr. Jerger, the able baritone, was completely forgotten. Finally he couldn't stand it any more. One evening he got in touch with Messrs. Gold and Hofbauer of the *Hohlposcher* and asked them, for the sake of artistic justice, to put in a few cries of "Hoch Jerger!" The Hollow Sound Men dutifully reported Jerger's request to Schostal, during the roll call under the arcades, when Schostal gave out standing room admission, shortly before the performance. There was always a lot of noise and excitement during the roll call and Schostal didn't give the matter much attention, but told the task force to go ahead on their own.

Too late the claque chef realized what he had let himself in for. At the end of the second act, the Hollow Sound Men raced down the stairs from the gallery, broke through the *Parkett* auditorium and ran up to the orchestra pit, where they started *unisono* to shout, "Hoch Jerger!" There was a magic about their booming basso profundo voices and the well-

domesticated Viennese audience took up the hint immediately. Within a few seconds even old Jeritza admirers found themselves shouting, "Hoch Jerger!" many, as they later shamefacedly explained, against their better judgment. Things got so bad that Silberstein of the Jeritza Club approached the Hollow Sound Men and meekly asked them to let his girls have "just one curtain call for Jeritza alone." By that time a general reaction had set in; everybody was tired and hoarse, and the Jeritza ovation fell flat.

Up in the fourth gallery Schostal watched this major disaster with trembling hands. Madame Jeritza was one of the claque's outstanding clients and there was no saying what she might do. "*Mea culpa!*" the claque chef murmured. "I'll have to take a walk to Canossa." The Hollow Sound Men were sorry for what they had done, and wanted to go with the chef to apologize to Madame Jeritza. Schostal was deeply moved. "I appreciate your loyalty, men," he said. "But it was my fault and I have to face her alone."

He told us later what happened when he accompanied Madame Jeritza from the Staatsoper to her home at Stallburggasse 4. "She was furious and I can't blame her. 'Have you heard those hooligans?' she said. 'I got so mad I couldn't even look out for them. Who were they — morons from the province who thought this was the Sunday afternoon football game on the Hohe Warte?'" Schostal breathed heavily. "I told her that I was beside myself — that it won't happen again. And it won't," he added, a Boris Godunov-like expression in his fierce eyes.

4

THE Hollow Sound Men displayed conspicuous bravery beyond and above the call of duty in what the annals of the Viennese police call the Battle of the Claque. This took place in 1925, one night after the première of Richard Strauss's *Intermezzo*. It was a conflict among Vienna's cab drivers that precipitated the Battle. There were two groups of taxicabs in Vienna, the 50-groschen taxis, dilapidated vehicles of proletarian domestic origin — Steyr, Wanderer, Tatra — and the 80-groschen de luxe conveyances — early vintage Studebakers, Panhard-Levassors, Fords, Lancias, and other elegantly superannuated foreign-make limousines. The 50-groschlars and the 80-groschlars both parked at the Operngasse, but the more aristocratic 80-groschen cabbies seldom spoke to the 50-groschen hoi polloi, and there was quite a feeling of class consciousness.

Schostal, who attended to the *Wagenvertrieb* around the Staatsoper, insisted that all prominent singers ride in the more dignified 80-groschen cars. After the evening performance, when the singers at the stage door were waiting for cabs, he would never let a humble 50-groschen man approach any of his clients.

"They've got broken windows, bad springs, and no heat," he would say. "You can't take a chance with them."

Finally the 50-groschlars couldn't stand it any longer. A deputation approached the claque chef at his Peterskeller headquarters. "We don't care about the carfare," the spokesman, a red-bearded ex-wrestler from Hernals, Vienna's Third Avenue, said. "We'll be happy to drive them home gratis but we want to go home and be able to tell our wives that we, too, are driving the Lehmann and the Jeritza. We are getting sick and tired of being heckled by our wives and children. 'All day around the Opera and never one of them *Kammersänger* in your cab,' they say." The ex-wrestler paused for a last man-to-man appeal. "If you were married, *Herr Doktor*, you would know what a wife can do to you."

Schostal finished his beer and wiped his mouth. "I am very sorry," he said finally. "But I cannot possibly permit Frau Kammersängerin Lehmann to ride in a Steyr that may never reach her destination. She should forever ride in a Rolls-Royce, filled with Persian rugs and crystal mirrors," he added poetically. The red-bearded spokesman muttered dark threats, and the deputation left in a rage.

A few nights later, after the sensational première of *Intermezzo*, Schostal saw to it that Madame Lehmann, who won a triumph as Christine, was taken home in the most luxurious 80-groschen car, a black Buick limousine that was called "*der nobliche Booeek*" around the Staatsoper. Then all members of the claque adjourned to the Peterskeller to discuss the Strauss première over *Rindsgulasch* and beer. All of a sudden the door was torn open and a mob of blood-thirsty 50-groschlars broke into the room. They were led by the red-bearded ex-wrestler, who seized a beer seidel — not his own, at that — and threw it against Schostal. If the claque chef hadn't shielded his face with the brand-new score of *Intermezzo*, he would have been badly hit. The expensive score got wet all over with stale beer. It was this sight that infuriated us members of the claque more than the raging cabbies. Beer glasses and plates with goulash were thrown through the air, but the cab drivers out-

numbered us five to one and they advanced steadily. Schostal jumped on a beer barrel, from where he directed the battle, proving that real leadership shows itself in moments of dire stress.

"We have to hold them until our 80-groschen reinforcements arrive," he shouted. The Hollow Sound Men fought like lions. Gold took off his braces and whirled them around in a mad circle, hitting 'em right and left, while Hofbauer tore legs off a heavy table and bravely attacked the ex-wrestler. Meanwhile Immerglück, a gray-haired, fifty-year-old boy, crawled down under the tables on hands and knees, the way the Nibelungen do in the first act of *Siegfried*, and managed to get out on the Operngasse, where he hollered for the 80-groschen men to come to our support. Unfortunately most of the de luxe cabbies were out on rides, taking the singers home. One by one they returned, and there were also a few *Nächtler*, night chauffeurs, who took our side and heroically dived into the scramble, but there is no doubt that only the arrival of twenty-odd policemen saved the claque from complete annihilation.

We all, 50-groschlars, 80-groschlars, night chauffeurs, claque members, and three beer-drinking members of the Philharmoniker, who had come to our support out of nowhere, were taken to the nearest police *Wachtstube*. The Hollow Sound Men looked badly beaten up, Gold's pants were falling down because he couldn't find his braces, and Schostal was holding the pitiful remains of the expensive *Intermezzo* score under his elbow. Another pitched battle flared up in the police wagon when a 50-groschler spat at the man who had brought Madame Lehmann home in his "Booeek," but the police officer on duty in the *Wachtstube* handled the matter efficiently. Schostal, well known on the police premises as a champion of Law and Order, was released at once. The members of the claque, the three Philharmoniker, the 80-groschlars, and the night chauffeurs remained at the station for another hour, and were sent home with a few words of mild reprimand. The 50-groschen rowdies were held behind bars all night long and fined 20 schilling each for rioting and disturbing the peace.



AS SWITZERLAND SEES IT

by CARL J. FRIEDRICH

1

BETWEEN the acts of the world première of *Niobe* a fashionable crowd gathered outside the Opera House at Zurich and looked across the lake into an evening sky. Nothing in the attire or behavior of the crowd of well-dressed men and women suggested that anything whatever had happened since 1939, or that men, women, and children were starving a few hundred miles away. But the visitor looking across the square could notice that the grass seemed exceptionally long even for an uncut lawn.

"I suppose the labor shortage is very severe in Switzerland?"

"Yes, but why?"

"Oh, just that that lawn there seems to have gone uncut for a long time."

"But that is no lawn, it is a wheat field." In the very heart of this thriving industrial city, unbelievably prosperous and peaceful, wheat is grown to stretch the short rations. This is no isolated instance; it is a practice common throughout Switzerland to use every square inch of land for food production.

The Swiss are among the few Europeans left in Europe. The passions of exclusive and revengeful nationalism have been fanned to such a degree of fever heat throughout the rest of Europe that the men and women with a true European outlook are few and far between in these embittered and torn lands. The Swiss have had plenty of trouble of their own, but they have sat on their mountains and looked on, armed to the teeth and watchful.

The more sardonic snarl that the Swiss worked for the Germans six days a week and prayed for Allied victory on the seventh. And indeed the blacklist of Swiss firms is long and available to anyone for inspection. All you have to do is go to the antechamber of the nearest consulate, where it lies on the front table. And yet, the quip is rather unfair to these tough, bourgeois democrats, because they worked under the duress of an all-engulfing blockade. It is also unfair because most Swiss worked most of the time for Switzerland, especially those hundreds of thousands who wore their country's

uniform. Even in 1938 Switzerland looked like an armed camp. I remember the enthusiasm with which an old doctor in the Ticino, on the sunny shores of Lago Maggiore, pointed out to me their total defense setup, with every road mined and every man assigned to his station.

If anyone wanted to give a lesson entitled "The blessings of peace and the scourge of war" he could do no better than look at Switzerland and then pass over into Germany. Indeed, it is a marvel to an American to go about in Zurich's great department stores and see all the things which have been scarce in America—shirts and butter, hardware and chocolate, and every kind of wearing apparel. Switzerland is experiencing an unprecedented boom, further enhanced by a steadily mounting stream of tourists from all over Europe, who are flocking into Switzerland to seek peace and plenty.

In contrast to France, where the black market plagues the unsuspecting foreigner on all sides, Switzerland has managed to apply its administrative skill and traditional rectitude in business relations to the control of food prices with great success. A generally accepted system of points includes restaurant meals, and the foreign visitor is handed his share upon entering the country and at regular intervals thereafter.

Thus you are not suddenly struck by a *coup de main*, as the French jocularly call it, by which a completely unitemized bill of fare for a regular dinner with wine (you can't get it without) in one of your favorite haunts of pre-war days is presented to you with customary French urbanity and a gracious smile to the tune of 1200 francs or about \$10 on the legal exchange. The reason for this unexpected blow, you learn later from helpful friends, is that all prices in the restaurants and shops for foreigners are figured on the black-market exchange, which is about twice or two and a half times the official rate, depending upon how good a bargainer you are. To make this exchange semi-official, it reappears when you change your remaining francs into Swiss francs in Switzerland, where you get about a third of the official equivalent in dollars.

Such a system would, of course, not suit the Swiss at all, and what we Americans have dubbed the

On a trip to Europe this year CARL J. FRIEDRICH, Professor of Government at Harvard, gathered these facts and impressions about Switzerland, which so often has survived as an island of peace in the midst of a war in Europe.

"parallel market" does not exist. Prices are high, but no higher than in the United States except on selected items such as coffee. There are others which are lower, like streetcar fares. But what is even more important for the average citizen, in Switzerland the rationed items are always available in the amounts provided for, whereas in France the poor and the impoverished middle class, who have to live on their rations, often cannot get what their rations provide. The items disappear into the black market.

And yet, beneath all this glittering surface of plenty, a deep anxiety is troubling the little republic. The Swiss look across the border into starving and devastated Austria, and in once gay Vienna they see the Russians, and they tremble. They glance across the border westward and they see their French sister-republic stalemated between Communists and anti-Communists. They try to peek through the heavy silk curtain which hangs between them and occupied Germany, once their best customer as well as their fiercest competitor, and they catch glimpses of utter misery and starvation.

To these, as to the refugee problems, the country has steadily responded with generous gifts and help of all sorts, including the providing of temporary shelter during the war for 35,000 Jews. (If we had made a comparable effort, we should have taken in 1,225,000, since our population is 35 times that of Switzerland; actually, we did not take as many as Switzerland.) An island of bourgeois society, Switzerland still responds with liberalism to humanitarian appeals. But the anxious questions recur: How long will the Americans stay? How long will the British stay? What will happen after they leave? Shall we have the Soviets as neighbors across the Rhine?

2

THE prevailing opinion in Switzerland is rather pessimistic, as far as the future of Europe is concerned. They see all the Continent enslaved under the totalitarian dictatorship of Moscow. Time and again I have been told by sensible and intelligent men that there is no difference between the Hitler regime and the regime of Stalin. I listened to many heated arguments between Swiss intellectuals, some of whom alleged that the Soviet dictatorship was worse than that of Hitler. The arguments were cast purely in terms of individual liberty and traditional Swiss democracy. Never once was there mention of the Soviet achievement in building a thriving industrial nation. Yet it surely should be part of any such argument. In spite of the prevalence of such prejudices, Switzerland officially has re-established trade relations with the U.S.S.R. and observes a strict and guarded neutrality.

In the Russian zones of Germany and Austria a different attitude is developing. It constitutes a complex adaptation to a unique and novel situation. When you hear from bourgeois Germans such state-

ments as "We must find a way of living with the Russians"; "The Russians are human beings with much real ability"; "The Russians are like children; they want to be liked," you realize that daily contact with the Russians is educating these Germans in a direction which diverges sharply from that of their fellow Germans farther west and of most other Europeans. The Swiss, with the least contact, are perhaps more ready to attribute all such reactions to "propaganda" than any others. Actually, the Germans who say these things are fully and painfully aware of the terror and regimentation of the system. And yet —

In France, all these reactions are sharpened by the great strength of the Communist Party. Vivid are the memories of 1939-1940, when the Communists tried to divide the nation by their shouts about capitalism and imperialism. Indeed, the feeling is gaining ground that France cannot resolve her internal conflict as long as the threat of war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. paralyzes her and divides her into two hostile camps.

From this has sprung the conviction among certain levelheaded groups of the Resistance that France must change her approach to the German problem. And it is changing. A leading Swiss theologian told me that in some ways the French zone was the most successful of the four. While he was immediately contradicted by another scholar who cited some recent act of raping by noncoms, the fact remains that in cultural matters French approaches to the German problem have had a startling impact. It caused a sensation in Switzerland when the Governor of Constance, a Communist, arranged a series of joint cultural projects: a Franco-German exhibition of painting, a number of Franco-German concerts, Franco-German literary evenings. Many Swiss went to see the exhibition. Its spirit was not that of the victor patronizing the vanquished, but that of free cultural competition.

When the French issued a series of postage stamps for their zone bearing the portrait of Goethe in a beautiful etching, the Swiss marveled at how deeply the Germans were touched. One of the leading Swiss magazines carried a story by the German editor of the Constance paper: "Have only I had this experience of not believing my eyes when I first recognized Goethe on the stamp? Two voices spoke to us, the Germans, through this gift: prudence and generosity. And with it seemed to go the desire that our world too might rediscover the spirit which is represented by this great European who is now again recognized by France."

When I spoke of all this to a Swiss merchant, he remarked: "This is Europe, and a contrast it is to the monument which the Russians had German slaves erect for them in Berlin to celebrate the victory of the Soviets.

"Why did you allow it?" he added. "It was a challenge to you as much as to the Germans." In truth, this symbol of conquest and humiliation seems

to frighten and trouble many genuine Europeans.

Germany and Russia, these are the two problems around which all thoughts in Europe circle incessantly. But the contrast between France and Switzerland is profound. The great Gide, who retired into an Olympian retreat while the barbarian tide swept over France, has now returned to wield his discriminating influence in French letters. The latest addition to his *Journal* of many years has appeared. With a few deft strokes it recaptures for the reader the sense of disdainful despair felt by the French intellectual as France fell before the invader. In it we find a brief expostulation and anguished cry which he might utter again today in anticipation of what so many Europeans — French, Swiss, and the others — feel to be the new wave of the future: "Oh, incurablement léger peuple de France. Tu va payer bien cher aujourd'hui ton inapplication, ton insouciance, ton repos complaisant dans tant de qualités charmantes."

The Swiss did not show this lightness of spirit. They had ponderously and reliably insisted on building a house of stone, and the big, bad wolf tried his claws, but never found the time or the spirit to attack it. Had he won, the Swiss would have been easy game. Today the whole episode seems to the Swiss a little bit like a miracle. "Will it work another time against another enemy?" They somehow do not quite believe it.

Consequently Switzerland has been trying to compose its difficulties with the Soviet Union. Last March the Swiss resumed diplomatic relations and the Swiss government seems to be as circumspect now regarding the Soviet Union as it was in 1938 about Hitler and his Reich. One hears rumors that an informal censorship has been established to restrain papers from publishing accounts that are too unfavorable. Authors tell you that one must now be careful about what one says on the subject of Russia. The establishment of a sizable Soviet legation and consulates is being looked upon with mingled feelings, but the old and tried spirit of "neutrality" is reasserting itself.

3

THIS spirit of neutrality is proving a formidable obstacle to Swiss acceptance of the United Nations. At present Switzerland is not part of the organization because, as one leading Swiss scholar put it, "in order to qualify as a peace-loving nation, you have to be willing to go to war." In view of the very narrow majority which brought Switzerland into the League of Nations, it is virtually certain that a move to bring the republic into the United Nations would be rejected by the people, who, in this real democracy, insist on voting directly upon such questions. The Charter of the UN, with its provision for making war upon the aggressor by vote of the Security Council, runs smack against the ancient tradition of Switzerland not to commit herself to any arrangement

whereby she can become involved in war without her own consent.

We Americans should be inclined to sympathize with the attitude of the Swiss, since we accepted the world organization only after being provided with a veto power on the use of our forces for war. In any case, that is the Swiss position and it cannot help being reinforced by the contrast which every Swiss is bound to draw between his thriving country and many another land in Europe.

We are apt to be impatient with such obstinacy. We are provoked a little with the neutral who sits out a war in which we fought valiantly for what we believed to be right and just. Our annoyance is sharpened when we discover that the Swiss are now counting on us to keep the dreaded Soviet Union at bay. Why, indeed, should we be expected to provide a *cordon sanitaire* against the new totalitarian threat indefinitely? All conservatives in Europe, but more especially conservatives in Switzerland, are ready to argue that such a policy is in our own most evident interest. They want us to pursue it, yes; but while they would benefit from it, so would we, they claim.

They do not seem capable of grasping that our relations with the Soviet Union are global in structure and portent, and that we are bound to conduct them not in terms of the needs of one particular locality, but in terms of slowly evolving an overall peace structure — a task which we cannot hope to achieve without a great many retreats, as well as advances, over many years.

But the Swiss have other and more local causes of complaint. Public sentiment is displeased by what they consider our highly arbitrary methods of dealing with them on the issue of German assets in Switzerland. The issue is complex, and it touches the fundamentals of the capitalist order. It is hardly understood in the United States, except among those especially concerned. For many a year now, Switzerland has been the Delaware of European capitalists. As the socializing tendencies grew in country after country, frightened property owners deposited funds in Swiss banks and stored securities in Swiss vaults as a nest egg against that rainy day of socialist and collective property controls.

Even before World War I, farsighted businessmen, worried about the prospects of war, had begun to develop a species of international business enterprise which might one day lead to the United States of Europe — that perennial dream of all good Europeans whereby the Swiss recipe would be applied to the Continent as a whole. These internationalists of all countries, including Germany, founded companies in Switzerland, such as the international electrical companies which the great Walther Rathenau promoted so assiduously, until he was murdered by German nationalists.

It is the tragedy of Europe's more recent development that these very instrumentalities were turned into weapons of Fascist aggression. Naturally many

of the holding companies and cartels which had grown out of these earlier efforts were dominated by German businessmen. I say "naturally" because the predominance of German business enterprise in many fields gave its executives and capitalists a leading position in the international combines. When these businessmen came under totalitarian control, when they were coördinated into the system of ruthless expansionism of the Nazi dictatorship, their objective changed.

It is this phase of the development which Americans have come to fear and even to hate. Hence we were determined to break up any such organizations as might serve as a cover for the revival of German aggression. But to the Swiss bankers and the Swiss public at large, the issue is different. With Hitler gone and the Soviets looming beyond, they incline to look upon these enterprises as important mainstays of capitalism and a free society. Besides, they know that the Germans have been ruined by this war to such an extent that their predominance in these organizations is largely a thing of the past. They also feel that some of the Germans were enemies of the Hitler regime, and should not now be penalized for being capitalists. The position of such people is not too different from that of the Swiss: they helped the Nazis, yes, but they did it willy-nilly.

The more conservative among the Swiss cannot help feeling that we have fallen prey to Communist propaganda, and that our wrath against the German leaders of big business, while understandable enough on moral grounds, is hardly compatible with good sense. They readily agree that we had a legitimate claim to all loot, such as the Belgian gold. They also were prepared to surrender every last asset of convicted Nazi and Fascist criminals. There is no love lost between the Swiss and the Nazis and Fascists. Switzerland is the only country in Europe which does not have, and never has had, a Fascist movement of any kind.

But just because of this deep-rooted democratic setting, civil liberties are sacrosanct. Even private property, although slowly yielding to the needs of collective controls, remains a carefully guarded right of the individual. Within this framework, the Swiss reaction becomes clear.

The right of private property is something we should not have forced them to violate, the Swiss feel. Not even Hitler demanded that they surrender the assets of what were his own "subjects." We used every pressure at our disposal — blacklists, blocking their deposits in our banks, and the rest — to force the Swiss into acceding to a position where they had to violate principles which we were not ready to violate ourselves. They felt that they were placed in the position of defending two very unpopular groups — namely, Germans and capitalists, or more particularly German capitalists. And yet their principles seemed to them to be democratic; the rule of law and the protection of the individual from arbitrary acts of government.

The whole matter high-lights the central issue in Europe today: Will Europe in the future be totalitarian and collectivist, or will it be democratic and individualist? Of course no Swiss in his right mind dares hope or expect a return to genuine individualism. When the word is used, it merely means a limited safeguard for an individual's rights and liberties.

There is a clue to what this latter approach means in the provisions of the draft constitutions for the South German States. In all three constitutions, property rights are limited by the proposition that "property creates obligations toward the community." While reasonable compensation is still guaranteed in Bavaria, Hesse simply provides for socialization of mining, steel, and power and for state supervision or administration of banks and insurance companies. Württemberg-Baden more generally provides for the socializing of enterprises where "the productive purpose can be better achieved without private ownership of the means of production." At the same time labor is proclaimed "a moral duty" in Württemberg-Baden, and complete equality in pay is provided for men and women. Men like Dr. Hoegner, the Social Democratic Minister President of Bavaria, told me: "We must find something between the East and the West." This "something" appears to be a democratic socialism which combines an increasing collective control of the economy with free elections and civil liberties. Whether such plans are practicable remains to be seen. But in any case, these constitutions roughly resemble what is developing in England and France and elsewhere in Europe. It is Sweden's "Middle Way." In all these programs and developments, certain kinds of property have become exempted from the private sphere: mineral deposits, communications, power resources, large banks and insurance enterprises, public utilities, and the like. These, it is presumed, will be collectively administered.

Such ideas are by no means radical. They are the conservative and middle-of-the-road approach of social democrats all over the Continent, including Switzerland. And they illustrate the limitations within which a democratic and individualist approach to the future of Europe's social and political order is confined.

4

THE victory or defeat of these ideas is, in the thinking of the Swiss common man, essentially a matter of American policy toward Communist aspirations in Europe. Now that Switzerland has concluded its treaty with the Soviet Union, criticism of Moscow has abated somewhat. But it is surely striking evidence of the smoldering resentment that only the Communists were in favor of the settlement of German assets which we forced upon the country. Is it perhaps also a hint as to the frame of mind by which the settlement was dictated? This thought was freely suggested by more than one Swiss who could

not otherwise explain why democratic and individualistic America should have made herself the spearhead of an attack upon private property more radical than had ever previously been suggested to them by anybody else, including the U.S.S.R.

Tormented by such bewildered doubts and suspicions, the Swiss, like most other Europeans, are full of fear. They expect us to go to war against the Soviets. I had considerable difficulty in persuading well-informed Swiss friends that we do not intend to throw atomic bombs at Moscow. It was their deep conviction that Bikini was merely a screen and that they would awake next week to see the cities of Russia in ruins. One cannot help feeling that wishful thinking is involved. How convenient it would be to be rid of the specter of Moscow.

The Swiss are not alone in harboring such fears. There is defeatism abroad in France too. There are few Frenchmen, whether intellectual or common man, who do not incline toward the conclusion that war between the United States and the Soviet Union is inevitable. Most French detest war violently. Yet their dismay at the prospect of another does not seem to keep them from readily accepting the prospect. It suits the well-known French pessimism. And as they look across the Rhine toward the "iron curtain" they exclaim: "... only four hundred kilometers!" One hears this time and again as the final argument in all discussions.

Such suspicions of impending war are shared by many other Europeans, including the Germans. Indeed, one has at times the impression that there might be centers from which these rumors are spread systematically by interested parties: Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade. And there are plenty of American officers and officials abroad in Europe who talk in a reckless and minatory tone about the Bolsheviks, not aware that they are now being taken as the spokesmen of the most powerful nation on earth. Switzerland is the vacation land of many of these emissaries of our emotional public that wallows in agitated hysteria about the atomic bomb and war with the Soviets.

While our spillings regarding war fall on eager ears, our antics concerning the atomic bomb bring only a faint reaction among Europeans. It is strange how little interest or concern there is in this weapon. Do they think that it will be passing them by, flying over their heads toward distant shores? Or is its horror submerged in the general horror of war? Whatever it is, the fact of their indifference is undeniable. *Combat* even spoke of the "curious American excitement" over our new weapon.

To these fears and suspicions corresponds a violent determination on the part of many to be done with all war, *coûte que coûte*. It stirred the Swiss to find in the draft of the new Württemberg constitution an article which read: "War is not an instrument of national policy. Any action which is undertaken

with a view to preparing for war is contrary to this constitution." Maybe it's just a declamatory phrase, but not to the draftsman of the article, Professor Karl Schmid of Tübingen University, Chef du Gouvernement of the French part of Württemberg. These words are meant to be a challenge to the great powers that continue to think in terms of war. In a recent speech, Schmid said: "In one matter we propose to be dogmatic; we do not want to wage any more war and we do not want to make any preparations which would enable us to participate in war. . . . Whether other people think as we do is a matter of indifference to us. Let them go on rearming if they consider it right; let them send their youth into the barracks; we shall never do it again. If once again the madness of war should be unloosed, and if fate should decree that our country become the battlefield, well then we shall go down with a clear conscience that we have not ourselves committed or promoted these crimes."

These statements would be of paramount significance if they represented an aspiration to follow the example of the Swiss and their neutrality. But they go beyond it. For it was the great argument even in Stresemann's day that Germany must struggle to reach arms equality so as to defend herself against the danger of becoming the battlefield, that she must be able to protect her borders. Now the sentiment among the masses of the German working population is "Farewell to Arms" and not a regretful farewell, at that.

The Swiss are troubled. Looking at Europe from the island of bourgeois society in Switzerland, one realizes more fully, more poignantly than anywhere else, what has happened to Europe in the course of this generation. Whatever one may think of Communism, Fascism, and Nazism, they have destroyed the old order. Is a new society emerging which lies beyond Communism and Fascism? A confederated Europe in which socialism and democracy are effectively combined?

Whatever the answer to these political issues, it is a future of hard work, desperate work. But it is a future in which the creative energies of man will be more fully employed than they have been for ages. The startling burst of new music, art, and literature all over Europe is a harbinger of that future. It may yet be the greatest rebirth Europe has seen since the age of Leonardo, Dürer, and the other giants of the Renaissance.

This is the age of the worker. Perhaps it will also become the age of a new and more universal workmanship. Switzerland, no less than the Soviet Union, is a community of work. The wheat field facing the Opera House is a symbol of the new age. When seen together, they dramatize the future. Or do they? There is a stirring — but it is hard at the moment to say whether it is an Indian summer or a new spring that is in the air.



A N A T L A N T I C S T O R Y

HOW SANDY CLAUS COME TO THE RIVER

by BEN HUR LAMPMAN

HIM and her, living all by themselves there on the upper river, with the young ones growed up and gone, they kept right on a-setting considerable store by Christmas. Yes, sir, the old man and the old woman, they was great hands for to keep Christmas. He would cut a young fir and stand it by the south kitchen window, and the old woman would string popcorn — they growed all their own popcorn — and fetch out the busted trinkets and trim it. By a-doing so, a man's got to suppose, they figgered somehow the children still was with them. And besides it give them two a rest from a-jowering and a-jawing one at tother the whole eternal time.

But the time a man recollects best was that time the old man taken it into his head for to play Sandy Claus for the old woman. Some says the minister give him the red suit, and there's some tells that the old man sneaked it home from a rummage sale. There wasn't no whiskers to it. No matter, it was all wore out and most of the trimming was gone, wherever he got it, but he reckoned that it would do for to surprise the old woman.

So he hid the Sandy Claus suit in a manger under some straw, and there's where he hid the old woman's Christmas presents, too. What was he fixing for to give the old woman?

Well, the old man allowed he would surely please her for once, by Godfrey, so he bought a new butter-mold with the oak-leaf and acorn pattern, like she'd always hankered for, and a new crockery pitcher for pancake batter, and a brooch for to wear at her throat when they come down to the valley to church. It was a right pretty brooch, and it ought to been, on

account of the old man paid six bits for it at the variety store, for a fact.

Then he bought her a pail of hard candy, like him and her was so fond of, and a big bag of nigger-toes. That there was going to be a Christmas the old woman never would forget — when Sandy Claus come into the kitchen on Christmas Eve.

You never knowed him and her, did you? They was gone long before your time, wasn't they? A man kind of forgets. Anyhow, the old woman was sharp as a bradawl and quick as a steel trap, and nary time did ever he fool her. So she knowed well enough the old man was up to something, a-grinning like a chessy-cat, and juking around, but all the old woman done was to click her store teeth, like when she was a mite aggravated, and snort, and tend to her housework.

"The old fool!" she says to herself. Fact is, she said it to him more'n once, but she couldn't rile him, and when she couldn't she knowed for certain that the old fool was a-scheming for to make himself ridiculous somehow. And she knowed it had something to do with Christmas.

So that's the way things was betwixt them two the day before Christmas, when they had the tree in the window with the doodads hung onto it, pretty as ary picture, and the strings of popcorn, and the colored stub candles ready in their holders. Them two et their supper without a word passed, and it a-growing darker and darker, and the old woman got up and lit the kerosene lamp, and the old man he snickered, and the old woman she sniffed and clicked her store teeth at him. He's about ready, she says to herself, for whatever it is he's schemed for to do. A-watching him like a sparrer-hawk, as women sometimes does.

By and by the old man got up from the table, and taken a straw from the broom, and started a-picking his teeth. Then he lit the lantern and he says to her that he was a-going out to tend to the stock, and the

As a small boy in North Dakota, BEN HUR LAMPMAN got his first whiff of printer's ink and much of his education in his father's print shop. The sketches and short stories which he contributes to the *Portland Oregonian* — one of which we reprint here — are in Western accents as authentic as Bret Harte's.

kitchen door slammed. She was a-smiling then, and hustling for to get the dishes done in a jiffy.

Then she put on a shawl, and opened the door real careful, and snuck out to the barn with the lantern light a-coming through the cracks. The old woman clapped an eye to a crack and she seen what she seen. She seen Sandy Claus, with the lantern on a harness peg, a-stuffing straw in them red pants. Then the old woman struck out for the house in a terrible hurry.

The old man was a-wishing she was there in the barn for to help him, but he made out somehow, with a scrap of mirror on top the feed bin. Only thing was, he had to make Sandy Claus' whiskers — his own was too breshy and the wrong color — out of some cotton batting he pulled from an old quilt they'd used for the horses, and some tag ends of last spring's wool clip. He strung the whiskers on binder twine and fetched it over his ears and tied it, and, by Godfrey, he looked into the mirror and seemed like he was Sandy Claus to the life!

He wished the children was little and to home like it used to be. He fished around in the feed bin, and h'isted the whiskers, and taken a long swig from his hard-cider jug. The old woman's presents he chucked into a feed sack, and he picked up a string of rusty old sleighbells and he blowed out the lantern and started for the house, a-jangling them sleighbells. It was a starry night.

The old woman, she'd been pretty busy her own self, for a fact. First-off she changed to clean calico, and fixed up her hair, and then she got fire from the cook stove and lit all them Christmas tree candles, and blowed out the lamp, and set down and leant

back in the rocker, and made out she was a-sleeping.

By Godfrey, the old man he says to himself, a-jangling them sleighbells, why don't she come to the door like she ought to? But she never come to the door. He flang them sleighbells down on the porch; fit to wake the dead, and yelled "Whoa!" a couple times. There wasn't ary sound from the kitchen. So Sandy Claus swore and went in, with the feed sack over his shoulder.

She's a-sleeping; old woman's a-sleeping. She's got for to work too hard on the old home place. She ain't young any more like she used to be. The old woman looks like a child in the candlelight, a-sleeping there on Christmas Eve in the rocker. Dang me, if she don't look like the girl I brung home from the valley. Effie May. Effie May.

Seemed like the old man plumb forgot that he was Sandy Claus. In the candlelight from the Christmas tree he drawed nigher and nigher to the old woman — and he stooped, sort of, and them cotton batting and sheep's wool whiskers of his'n, they breshed the old woman's face. Well, sir, she snorted like a heifer, and with one swipe she had them whiskers off'n him, and she like to took an ear with 'em. "You old fool!" she says, but her eyes was a-laughing.

She put up her arms to Sandy Claus, still a-laughing, and he come into them, and his face come down to her'n, and her'n come up to his'n, like it was forty year back. He smelled pretty strong of corncob pipe, and sheep dip, and glue, and hard cider, and horse liniment — but a woman gets used to that. And Sandy Claus dropped his pack on the kitchen floor at the old home place.

BATTLEGROUND

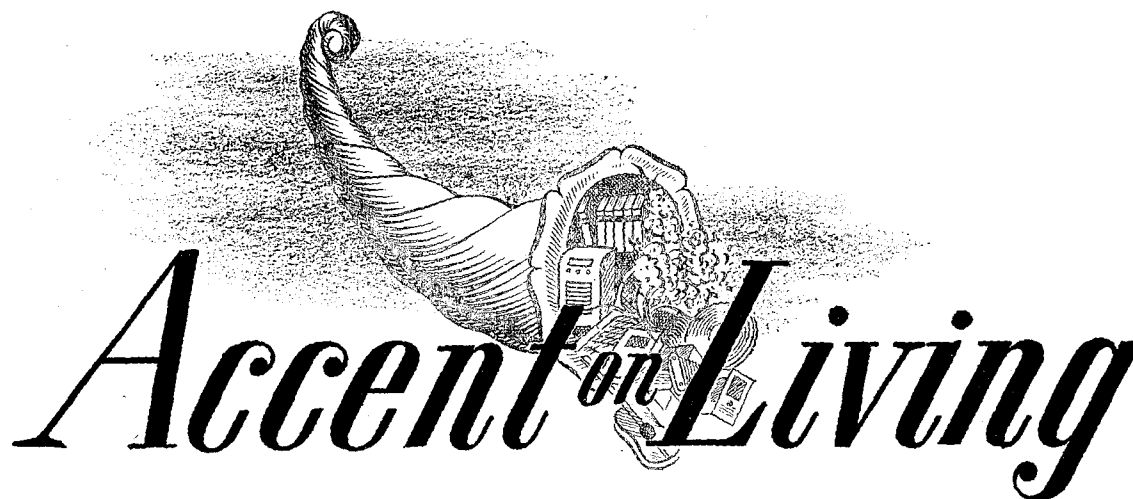
by EDWARD WEISMILLER

Now the dark wings swing past
Pale cities overblown
Where from the drifted stone
The sunlight cracks like glass;

This we were armed to find,
Who from an earth apart
Sought the divided heart,
Fought the dividing wind.

We whom idea drove
Weaken with hurt, to hate;
Now we do not translate
Our first unsparing love.

But half who held the lash
Lie in the winter pools;
And the just fever cools
In their translating flesh.



Accent on Living

This Month

The series by Louis N. Ridenour which begins on the next page was originally entitled War Birds. We threw the title out, partly because we needed his subtitles and partly because of a vague idea that we should have to answer considerable mail pointing out that a bat is not a bird. The series does deal entirely with winged fauna, however: bats and pigeons which were selectees in the Allied forces, and a colony of sea birds of Axis sympathies.

If Dr. Ridenour's report on the bats strikes the reader as somewhat incredible, we can only say that the pigeons story which will appear in the January *Atlantic* will seem even more so. But they are factual accounts in which even the strangest detail is stoutly supported by Dr. Ridenour. We asked him, for instance, if he would really back the statement that the man carrying on the pigeon project fed the birds marihuana to step up their rate of peck.

"Certainly," he replied. "Everyone knows that many kinds of bird seed contain marihuana. Why, in some places the addicts simply plant bird seed and pull up everything else that comes up except the marihuana." It made us wonder about goldfish food, but there are no aquaria in the series — not so far.

The reader is advised, then, that "Bats in the Bomb Bay" and our January installment, "Doves in the Detonator," are not merely an alliterative caprice of Dr. Ridenour's. They are accurate titles for the bona fide research on which he reports.

In response to an Accent on Living statement by Crosby Gaige that a cocktail party is "the lowest form of social intercourse," the *Atlantic* has received a resounding endorsement of Mr. Gaige from Miami

Union, Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and a request for more Gaige in the *Atlantic*. We are happy to comply (page 117).

The Massachusetts traffic standard is so weird that the Chicago area has always seemed to us a motorist's safety zone by comparison. Boulevard travel in that city is the easiest, the fastest, and the most highly disciplined of any in our experience. Yet the situation of the driver is rapidly deteriorating there and elsewhere, according to Bergen Evans of the Northwestern University faculty ("Look Out, Here I Come!" page 119). His own observations of behavior on the highways made him curious to hear what the experts had to say about traffic accidents. All that they could tell him, hopefully, was that "the driver who expects to survive must drive under the assumption that all other drivers are drunk or crazy." No driver can "take it for granted that he has any legal rights on the road at

all." We trust that the Evans diagnosis will get a hearing before Detroit is again in full flower.

We once spent an evening with Russell Maloney at the New York tavern from which "A Night at the Mermaid" (page 121) was documented. For literary inspiration a night at a dog track, a freight terminal, or a foundry would be more rewarding. Even so, a familiarity with such a place would have done our own teacher of English composition no harm. We could have forgiven him an uninformed yearning for the Mermaid, but he lacked even the "secondhand gusto" of Maloney's pedants. Our man taught nothing but his two grandiose obsessions. His first was a conviction that "aborigine" was a good word but its derivation made "aborigines" incorrect and



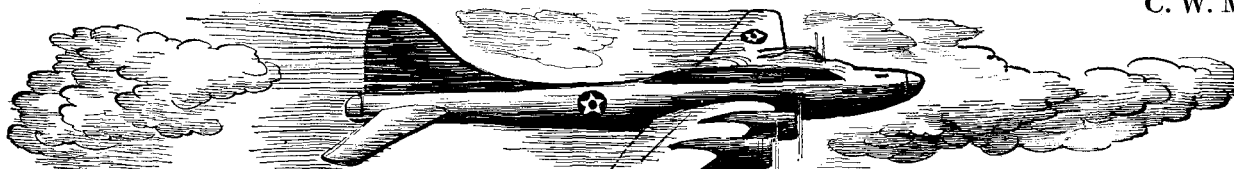
that we should always use "aboriginals" instead. Secondly, he believed that Theodore Roosevelt was the greatest American of all time, and all our composition subjects covered, affirmatively, his doings. Beyond these two nuggets, we recall him only for his tweeds and his handsome, Roman-coin profile.

In these days of canned journalism, when the mimeographed handout conquers all, it may seem ungenerous to raise questions about the reporter who

actually takes the trouble to ask a question and write down the answer. But the answers are oftentimes so puny that we are glad to give R. J. Hicks his fling at the matter ("And I Quote," page 123). The worst we ever heard was on the radio last year when a diligent reporter, in the hubbub over a false Armistice rumor, provided his wire service with the following bulletin:—

"An unnamed official, who declined to be quoted, said: 'I have nothing to say.'"

C. W. M.



Bats in the Bomb Bay

By LOUIS N. RIDENOUR

DURING World War I, the Allies spent some of their anti-submarine effort training sea lions to track down U-boats. The war ended before this measure could be used in combat.

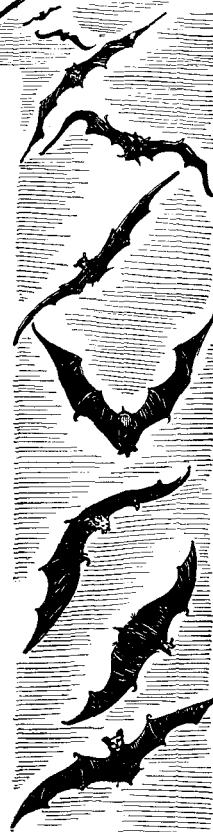
World War II, as everybody knows, was an air war to an overwhelming extent. It began and ended with air bombardment of cities, and the Navy was frank to say that its most important class of ship was the aircraft carrier. Accordingly, the animals looked to for assistance were predominantly birds.

One scheme involved bats. I learned of this when I was having luncheon at the Cosmos Club in Washington with a general officer in the Army Air Forces and a distinguished civilian employee of the War Department. The General turned to my companion and said, "By the way, they tried three hundred bats out at Sunnyvale the other day, with full load. Only two crashed."

Naturally enough, I waited for the laugh. But my friend — let us call him Wilson — turned to the General with considerable interest. About this time they noticed my surprise, and told me the following story.

A professor in a well-known Ivy League University had made the observation that bats, when the sun is about to rise, roost — if that is what bats do when they hang by their claws — in the most unlikely and hard-to-reach places. He reasoned that if the bats could be caused to set fires in such places, the fires would probably go unnoticed for some time, and then be very hard to put out. And, since Japan is notoriously made of paper —

The professor was so taken with the idea that he spent quite a lot of his own time and money backing it. He looked into the bat supply available in the caves of the West and found that, like the Chinese people who would never finish marching four abreast



past a given place, certain types would never finish flying out of caves at a certain rate, even if they never came back.

He studied the handling of bats and found that they could be caused to hibernate by lowering their temperature, and to wake up by raising it. He worked out a means of attaching a tiny incendiary capsule to each bat, by means of a surgical clip fastened to the loose skin over the chest.

Since the bats would be damaged by the force of the air stream if they were loosed without protection from a modern bombing airplane, the professor designed a box which could be filled with bats and hung from the standard bomb shackles in the bomb bay of an American airplane. The box would be dropped as a unit, and after its air resistance had slowed it down sufficiently, it would be opened by a spring and the bats would tumble out unharmed.

At one stage of the project he explored the possibilities of a rocket with bats in the war head and a time-delay mechanism which would release the bats at the top of the rocket's flight. This device was intended to permit the bombardment of the enemy shore with bats fired from the deck of a submarine.

The professor studied the load-carrying capacity of various species of bat, and when he had found the type that could handle the biggest payload, he made statistical investigations to determine what proportion of these bats would stall and spin in under full load. It was such a test that the General was reporting to Wilson. It seems that they took the bats up onto the rafters of the airship hangar at Sunnyvale and pushed them off.

Professor of Physics at the University of Pennsylvania, LOUIS N. RIDENOUR served during the war on the staff of the Radiation Laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This is the first of a series of three short articles dealing with certain of the more bizarre problems of wartime research.

Well, this particular secret weapon was never used. I saw a very brief story in the newspaper that said the reason was that bats are notorious carriers of disease. It was feared that the Japanese might think we were engaging in biological warfare if we dropped bats — even incendiary bats — on them.

In a way, I'm sorry that the bats weren't dropped in anger, because I like to think how dramatic the scene would be. Imagine a giant four-engined bomber droning through the night, just before the dawn. The navigation is by radar in the darkness, and muttered course corrections come from radarman to pilot on the interphone. Enemy searchlights reach out like probing fingers for the bomber, and from time to time flak bursts near-by with the hollow sound that means it is too close.

At last it is time to start the bomb run. The pilot throws the controls to automatic, so that the bombardier can steer the airplane. The bombardier is bent over his radar bombsight, concentrating on the run. Flak bursts appear unheeded at nine o'clock, a little low. Finally, when the tension of the crew has become unbearable, there is an abrupt lightening of the plane. The bombardier straightens up and breathes a sigh. Pushing his interphone button, he says the two words the crew has been waiting for: "Bats away!"

FOOD

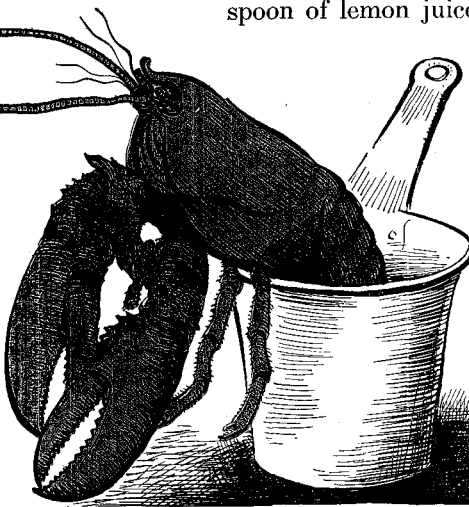
Sea Food

By CROSBY GAIGE

SOME years ago I had the privilege of editing the American edition of Mme. Prunier's Fish Cookery Book. Prunier's in the Rue Duphot in Paris was at that time the world's most famous restaurant specializing in fish. Alfred Prunier, his heirs, successors, and assigns, were artists in the same sense of the word as the tapestry weavers of Belgium or the diamond cutters of Holland. Fish was their medium of creative expression. As a matter of comparison, Mme. Prunier's book describes one hundred and fifty different ways of cooking sole, whereas the most popular American cook book presents but five methods of dealing with this fine fish.

To return to the range side, here is the method of preparing the Goujonettes of Sole served recently at a luncheon that I enjoyed with Jeanne Owen

Author of many cook books, an authority on food and drink, CROSBY GAIGE is equally well known as a theatrical producer. He is the chairman of New York's Wine and Food Society. This is the eighth in a series by Mr. Gaige.



and André Simon. The recipe can be successfully used for English sole, lemon sole, or flounder. The boned fillets of fish are cut on the bias into finger-like strips. These are dipped in salted milk and lightly floured. Fry them in deep fat for five to seven minutes. The fat should be very hot, slightly smoking, so that the fish is seared or "sized" at once.

The delicately browned julienne strips of fish should be served from a napkin. They may be taken in the fingers and dipped in the Perfect Mustard Sauce. The recipe for this sauce was given me by the late Charles Scotto, Escoffier's favorite pupil, when he was chef at the Hotel Pierre. Of such sauces the French say with profound aptness, *C'est la sauce qui fait manger le poisson*. It is the supreme blessing with grilled pompano, poached lake trout, or poached turbot. Here is the way to prepare it, and the cook must figure out for herself the quantity of sauce to satisfy generously the number of guests to be fed. This sauce is slightly expensive and is appropriate for a party or for the family when they are on their best behavior.

On the fire, in a sauté pan, one ounce of butter is melted and one ounce of flour is stirred in briskly for about two minutes without browning. Add to this one-half pint of slightly salted consommé. Stir well with a fork or metal whip. Blend two egg yolks with two tablespoons of heavy cream and whip into the mixture. Remove from the fire and add a teaspoon of lemon juice; strain through a fine cheesecloth. Over low heat add one-quarter pound of sweet butter and one tablespoon of powdered English mustard that has been made into a smooth paste with a little water. Blend the whole mixture thoroughly and serve in a hot sauceboat.

There are many distinguished members of the Crustacean family. They are all fairly well-to-do and I have met them on friendly terms in most of the swankier eating places of Europe and America. Whether they go under the name of Homard, Langouste, Crawfish, Rock Crab, or Lobster, they are all interesting fellows and worthy of cultivation. Chefs of high and low degree are forever practicing their art upon these creatures. We have *Homard Américain*, *Homard Américain*, Lobster Newburg, and *Homard rôti au Whiskey*.

The best lobster I ever ate, however, was cooked in a tin wash boiler over a fire of driftwood at a beach party held in a rocky cove on the Maine coast. The lobsters were the smallest that the law would allow and there were plenty of them, at least two per person and a few spares for the greedy. There was an

ample supply of melted butter enhanced with finely chopped parsley. The picnickers, freed from the conventions of the dining room, were joyously at liberty to crack their lobster claws at will and to scatter the shells without damage to napery or carpets. Each guest had a little dish of melted butter in which to dunk his lobster. From recent experience I hesitate to confess that my own dish of butter had been blessed by just one fragrant tear that brimmed from the eye of Little Eva, my personal clove of garlic who has been with me for years and who always accompanies me to picnics and similar celebrations.

Some mistaken people go in for broiled lobsters, but the real high priests of the lobster cult rightly insist that boiling is superior. The usual method is to plunge the lobsters into a pot amply filled with boiling water—sea water if it is available—and cook for twenty minutes after the water has resumed boiling.

Cold lobster should be served with homemade mayonnaise. Here is a recipe for a mustard mayonnaise that lends a touch of variety to the proceedings. This is also a good companion for a boiled striped bass.

MUSTARD MAYONNAISE WITH CHOPPED CHIVES

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 1 egg yolk | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of paprika |
| 1 teaspoon of salt | A pinch of cayenne |
| 1 teaspoon of dry mustard | 2 tablespoons of lemon juice or wine vinegar |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of sugar | 1 cup of salad oil (about) |
| | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of finely chopped chives |

Beat egg yolk with rotary beater until it is thick and lemon-colored. Mix the seasonings and add to egg yolk, beating well. Add one tablespoon of the lemon juice or vinegar and continue to beat well. Begin to add oil, about one-half teaspoon at a time, beating steadily as you add, until one-fourth cup is used. Then one to two tablespoons can be added at a time, beating as you do so. As mixture thickens, the remaining lemon juice or vinegar may be added. Blend in sufficient oil to make rich, thick dressing. Then stir in the chopped chives. Store in cool (not freezing) temperature.

NOTE: If oil is added too rapidly at first, the mayonnaise will not thicken. Once the mixture really begins to thicken, then oil may be added more rapidly, but each addition must be well mixed in. Makes about one and one-third cups of dressing.

Distinctly a party dish is a Curry of Lobster and Crab Meat that was served at one of the famous dinners of the American Spice Trade Association at the Hotel Astor. It was presented on squares of lightly toasted bread with little mounds of chutney, candied ginger, and shredded coconut as garnishments.

CURRY OF LOBSTER AND CRAB MEAT

- 10 ounces of fresh cooked lobster
- 16 ounces of crab meat

Butter a saucepan, put in lobster and crab meat, cover with parchment paper and place in a medium oven for about four minutes.

CURRY SAUCE

- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| 6 ounces of butter | Salt and pepper |
| 1 apple | 2 ounces of flour |
| 2 thick slices of eggplant | $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of yellow curry powder |
| 2 ripe tomatoes | 2 cups of bouillon |
| 1 large peeled onion | 6 ounces of white wine |
| 1 teaspoon of parsley | 1 bay leaf |
| 4 ounces of celery | 1 cup of heavy cream |

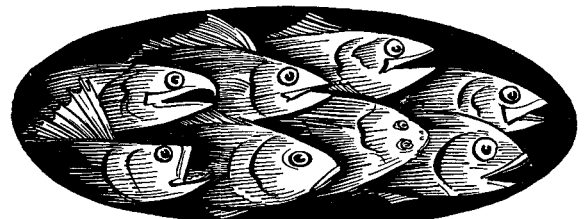
Melt in a saucepan the butter without letting it brown; then add the apple, eggplant, tomatoes, onion, parsley, and celery, all roughly chopped, and cook until tender. Then add the flour, curry powder, bouillon, white wine, bay leaf, and season with salt and pepper to taste. Let the whole reduce on a slow fire until it thickens (about one hour); strain and add it to one cup of cream. Mix the curry sauce with the lobster and crab meat and boil for one minute before serving. Serves six.

NOTE: One tablespoon of curry powder is sufficient for a mild flavor. Use one and one-half tablespoons of curry powder for increased flavor.

Absolutely the best rule for cooking oysters that has ever come to my attention is not to cook them at all. They should be opened fresh and eaten just as they slide from their nacreous sheaths. A drop of lemon juice and a touch of freshly ground pepper may be permitted, but the oyster in itself, more than any other medium, carries the essence of the sea.

Personally I am very fond of a good cocktail sauce, that zesty combination of chili sauce, catsup, grated horse-radish, lemon juice, and chopped chives. It is an end in itself and should be served at least once a day on all tables for the delectation of habitual self-confessed dunkers like myself. Give me a roll and a dish of cocktail sauce and I can amuse myself indefinitely. However, I would never waste cocktail sauce on an oyster, or vice versa.

If we must cook an oyster, let us do properly some *Angels on Horseback* or *Anges à cheval*, one of the best savories ever devised for a Sunday night supper. Remove the "beards" from raw oysters, wipe each oyster with a cloth, wrap it in a thin slice of bacon, and skewer them on small skewers—a half dozen to a skewer. Grill them briefly until the bacon is cooked but not too crisp, and serve them on pieces of lightly toasted bread that have been sprinkled with bread crumbs fried in butter to which has been added, for zest, just a touch of cayenne pepper.



Skater

By LYSBETH BOYD BORIE

Now is the frozen time.
Now there will be
Ice on the stained glass
Of the pond,
Ice on the silvered arrows
Of the reeds
Beyond.

Now is the frozen time.
Now middle age
Sits at the crackled fire
And turns its page.

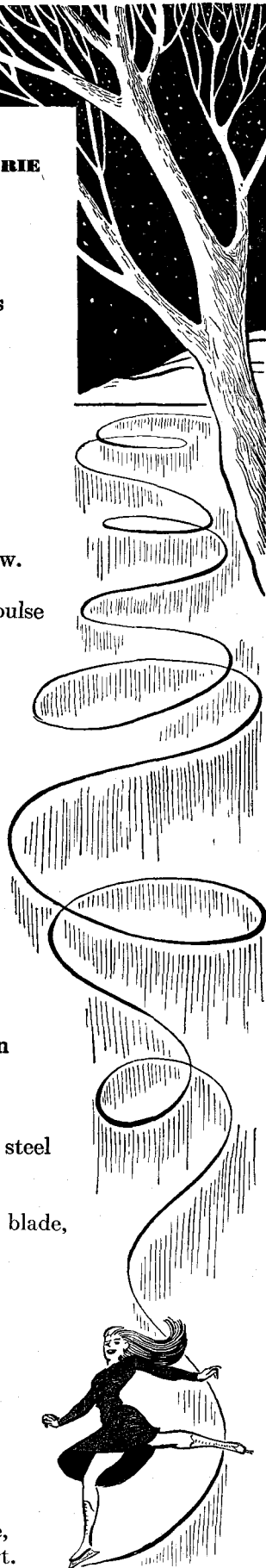
Now is the frozen time
For those beyond the thaw.
But you, youth,
You with the quickened pulse
For law,
Have none of this.
Let the wind take you
With the sting
Of its kiss.

Cloud the white air
With the breath
Of your laughter.
Shatter it
With the heat
Of your song.

You, youth,
Surely you will wear
A yellow scarf
That the wind may loosen
And lash to flame
Across your hair.

Now let the clean, strong steel
Bite the blue ice.
Cut here,
With your swift runnered blade,
Some new,
Some mad,
Some marvelous
Device.

Now is the frozen time.
Skater,
Bend low,
Strike fleet,
Cut deeply to the start.
Too soon
Comes winter to the knee,
Comes winter to the heart.



FACTS

Look Out, Here I Come!

By BERGEN EVANS

IN the past twenty-five years more than seven hundred thousand people have been killed by automobiles in the United States. This is almost twice as many as have been killed in all the wars in which this country has ever been engaged. Some fifteen to twenty million others have been injured, more than a million of them permanently disabled. As a cause of death the automobile ranks just behind diabetes and tuberculosis. The dead lie along the highways in windrows. The shrieks and moans of the mangled almost drown out the curses of those who have struck them. He that would now be a friend to man and live by the side of the road must build a hospital, not a house. And he had better have an understudy, for the number of those killed every year while befriending the injured is large.

Things are getting worse, too, and if the manufacturers make good—as they surely will—on their promises of more power and more speed, they are going to get very much worse.

Probably the most astounding element in this situation is the public indifference to it. Everyone knows what is happening. There are few people who have not at some time or another seen an accident and turned away in horror. There is hardly a family in the country that has not sustained a casualty. A ten-year-old child could formulate rules that would put an end to it. Yet it goes on with an ever accelerated ferocity.

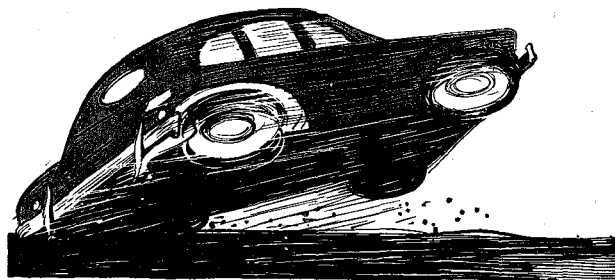
Obviously there is more to it than meets the eye. Such a state of affairs would not continue unless it gratified something pretty deep in the national psyche. We must like it. However much we may lament and protest, we are plainly having a wonderful time.

Psychiatrists and safety directors now assume that any man who is the victim of an unusual series of disasters has in some way courted his misfortune. If a man falls down a manhole once, it is an accident; if he falls down a manhole twice, it is a coincidence; but if he falls down a manhole twenty times, it is a pleasure. Of course the pleasure may not be in the falling but in what he unconsciously hopes to get out of it. He may want sympathy. He may want an excuse to quit his job. He may hope to sue the city. He may want to triumph over an opinionated neighbor who said that no one ever fell down a manhole twice. Or he may just enjoy the publicity. But however obscure the motive or painful the fall, he likes it.

And there can be little doubt that we like our automobile accidents. There wouldn't be so many

BERGEN EVANS is the author of *The Natural History of Nonsense*, from which two excerpts, "Wolf! Wolf!" and "Don't Believe All You Hear," appeared in the *Atlantic* earlier this year.





of them if we didn't.

That we like to see and hear about them to the most revolting detail is certain. The prevailing temper of the crowds that collect so eagerly at the scene of an accident is invariably one of pleasurable excitement. The newsreels and the popular picture magazines batten on sadism. Such things are always presented, of course, as contributions to safety. But there is no evidence that they affect anything except the circulations of the readers and the magazines.

That most accidents are directly due to those involved in them has gradually come to be the opinion of men who have devoted years to the problem. It is curious and a little sad to read the bulletins and analyses issued by the insurance companies, the highway departments, and the traffic institutes. Up until about 1937 they had a distinct note of hope: a few more educational campaigns, better road engineering, stiffer law enforcement, shatterproof glass, new headlights, and so on, and the situation would be under control. But safety campaigns educated, the engineers broadened the roads into runways and banked them into speedways and elaborated the intersections into Chinese puzzles, the manufacturers put shatterproof glass and sealed-beam headlights into every car — and the deaths went up and up and hope went down and down.

Now the experts have decided that it is primarily a psychological problem. They seem discouraged, even a little exasperated: "Drivers usually have no one but themselves to blame for accidents"; "Highway safety is a problem which . . . must be solved by each individual for himself"; and "Automobile accidents are the result of individual carelessness."

But is "carelessness" quite the word? Is a man "careless" when he scoots out of line to pass twenty other cars on a hill, when he cuts in savagely, races through a changing light, or smashes the gates at a railway crossing to smear himself broadside against a passing train? (In about 27 per cent of all car-train accidents it is the car that hits the train!) Why are there relatively far fewer accidents involving taxis, buses, and other commercial vehicles than what are quaintly called "pleasure" vehicles? Is it that commercial drivers care more or, perhaps, less? Could it be that men who drive for wages do not identify themselves so completely with someone else's car?

The fact must be faced that the automobile is particularly conducive to the sort of behavior that causes accidents. The exhaustion that comes from

driving and inhaling the car's fumes is insidious, resembling mild drunkenness rather than ordinary tiredness. The continual shock of driving in traffic frays nerves and strains tempers. The immense power obedient to the slightest pressure of the foot encourages a feeling of aggressive potency, particularly in the weak, the frustrated, the defeated, those who are suffering from feelings of inferiority — those whom the insecurity and accelerated competition of the modern world are multiplying by geometric progression. Lolling on soft cushions, soothed by music, sweeping through space with a hypnotic hum, the very air warmed to please, how easy to deem oneself a god! And how terrible the wrath visited upon the impious wretch who would dare to disturb one's dreams or question one's divinity!

There are over twenty-five million cars in use in the United States and about half of them seem to be operated by temporary paranoiacs. It is amazing what delusions of grandeur and persecution seize otherwise sane-seeming men once they get behind a steering wheel. Any attempt to pass them is an affront, to be resisted to the death. Any hesitation in letting *them* pass is studied insolence, justifying the use of violence. The slightest delay of others at a green light is a malicious prank; the least impatience of others at *their* delay is a violation of the Constitution. And so they go, chafing and raging until, worn out with fifty tantrums, they arrive home limp and exhausted to gather strength for the next morning's ordeal.

But these are the milquetoasts and in their milder moments. More manly fellows assert themselves, show the other driver "where to get off," put him "in his place," which, often enough, is the hospital or the grave. Sometimes they put themselves and their families there with him. The more socially conscious and energetic may undertake to educate those whom they regard as poorer drivers by shouting at them, crowding them, dazzling them by the glare of their headlights, and, sometimes, heading directly at them with a burst of speed and swerving aside at the last moment. Or at least, one assumes, intending to swerve aside at the last moment. The police cannot always be sure just what a corpse's intentions were.

Most "causes" of accidents are only contributory factors. They are merely the conditions under which if you behave in a certain way you are likely to have an accident. (The experts compute that "on the average a person violates a safe practice three hundred times before he is injured in consequence.") But the behavior is the thing and much of the behavior seems to be motivated by what De Quincey called "the glory of motion." People collide at intersections not out of carelessness so much as out of resentment at the other fellow's daring to cross their path. Drivers get out of their lanes and race to death at the summit of hills because they are furiously determined to put an end to the "persecution" of the cars dawdling in front of them. Autoists speed as

much to save face as time and frequently and literally lose both.

The safety campaigns and the work of the engineers are highly commendable but the most they can do is to create circumstances under which safety is possible if the public wants it. But there is little indication that any very large segment of the public wants it — wants it, that is, enough to pay the necessary price. Probably 90 per cent of these killings and maimings could be stopped at once if cars were properly inspected, traffic laws enforced, and drivers' licenses issued only to those who have demonstrated their ability to drive, their familiarity with the laws, their physical and financial soundness, and their emotional stability.

The rub is in the last requirement. It might eliminate half of those now driving and reduce the automobile industry to mere purveyors of transportation. In so doing it might also give us back some peace and leisure, permit us to plan cities for living, lighten the immense subsidy that through roads, traffic regulation, and tariffs we now must pay, divert wealth into houses and books so that people will be content to stay home, even on Sunday afternoons, and generally slow up the hysterical tempo at which millions are now jittering themselves into futility.

There isn't much chance.



For Any Scholar

By LOUISE DAUNER

Now follow your skills' clear belling over
Ragged fields till you run to cover
Sly quarry, truth . . . Then leap the wall
Of bone-white fact. Give ear to call
Of stinging blood and the fancy's play.
There lurks your quarry — beyond the day!

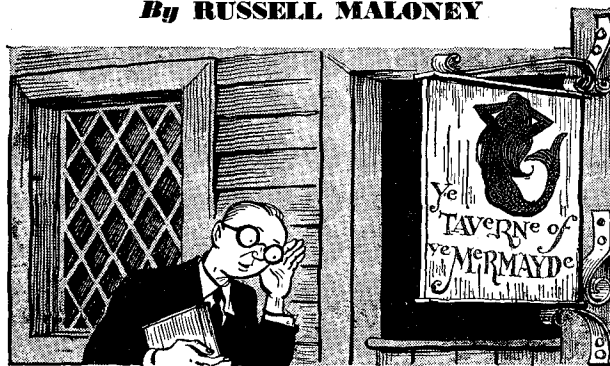
Follow your vision, annihilate
With searching flame of both early and late
And near and far . . . Then find time's real
Within two hands that touch and feel.

Oh break this ice of the sculptured rhyme
Whose bright prismatic structures chime
Friezes on a wintery air!
Let lights of living waters flare
To constellations in the veins.
These whirling spheres, these loves, these pains,

These poignant ledgers of time and space,
Of the Moses-vision, the fall from grace,
These are the quarry whose caverned night
Blood-documents emblaze with light!

A Night at the Mermaid

By RUSSELL MALONEY



I SPENT four years at a great Eastern university, studying the history of English literature. It seems to me sometimes that my mastery of this useful subject is somehow apparent in my manners and conversation, and that the proprietresses of lending libraries treat me in consequence with a certain deference.

For the benefit of those who are in modest circumstances, or who for any other reason have not been able to spend four years studying the history of English literature, I might explain that the course of study tends mainly towards indoctrination in what I call secondhand gusto. Secondhand gusto is, for instance, jovial delight in the antics of Falstaff as expressed by an assistant professor who would get up and change his seat if a tipsy fat man sat down beside him in a streetcar.

In my day — and I suppose it's the same way now — lecturers in the field of English literature were almost unanimous in regretting that they had been born too late to be able to pass an evening at the Mermaid Tavern, in the company of Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, Shakespeare, and the other notables of the English set. What fine talk there must have been, as the wind howled without and the potboys came and went with great flagons of ale! The class would stir torpidly, and one or two of the students would jot in their notebooks, "merm tav - - - gt tlk."

Somewhere in the attic I have whole notebooks full of data on bygone literary gatherings that various members of the English Department at my particular Eastern university were sorry to have missed. Some were sorry not to have sipped tea at Mrs. Thrale's with Sam Johnson, some regretted being born too late to bandy whimsies with Charles Lamb; but in the end the experience the members of the Department of English missed more than anything else was an evening at the Mermaid. A Gallup Poll of an entire cross section of instructors in English literature would probably indicate that this yearning is common throughout the profession.

Well, since leaving the Eastern university and

RUSSELL MALONEY is well known to *Atlantic* readers for his series of notes on the theater.

going out into the world, I have met quite a few contemporary writers of eminence, and I have come to the conclusion that lecturers in English literature, like everybody else, just don't know when they're well off. The truth is, none of them would have been any happier at the Mermaid Tavern than Shakespeare would have been at a faculty tea. I claim no special knowledge of what went on during those golden nights at the Mermaid; but, after all, certain things remain unchanged from century to century. Alcoholic beverages have a predictable effect on those who consume them, whether in the form of a firkin of nut-brown ale or a Cuba Libre; the vagaries of writers are, I am sorry to say, fairly standard vagaries; the difference between tavern and bar-and-grill is merely nominal. It should not be especially difficult, then, to reconstruct, for the purposes of argument, an evening at the Mermaid.

Past and present are alcohol-soluble, so to speak, and I do not feel that I am taking an undue liberty in postulating that the Mermaid resembles in all essentials a contemporary literary rendezvous I happen to know of, a barroom patronized by space salesmen, proofreaders, publishers' salesmen, engravers, and other people in the arts. As in all such haunts (the Mermaid included, I would guess), the management is dimly proud of its artistic clientele; better a drunken novelist than a drunken wholesale grocer or a drunken insurance man, any day. A few outsiders are tolerated by way of background. Writers — at least the breed of writers who frequent saloons — are innocently convinced that the only reason non-writers go to these saloons is to see the writers.

Sometimes, to be sure, this is really true. I have in mind a scholarly young man whom I shall call Oliver Minch. Oliver has already taken his B.A. and his M.A., and is making patient, ant-like progress towards his Ph.D. His field is English literature. Naturally, he wishes he could have spent an evening at the Mermaid, trading quips with Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Jonson, while the wind howled outside and the potboys came and went with flagons of ale. Well, let's give him his wish.

As Minch enters the tavern (wiping the steam from his glasses, looking around to get his bearings, and betraying himself with every gesture as an outsider), it happens, by great good fortune, that one

of the tables is occupied by Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Jonson. It isn't that they are inseparable; it's just that they aren't speaking to anybody else at the moment. Writers mistrust all non-writers and most other writers. They have nothing to say to one another, either; this results in what is called a companionable silence.

Writers recognize only one possible relationship with non-writers, and Minch, with the instinct of his kind, realizes what it is; he approaches Shakespeare, the only one of the group he recognizes, with a request for his autograph. Shakespeare is bound to act disgusted, the convention being that writers don't like to be approached by admirers, and the other three really are disgusted, because Minch didn't ask for their autograph. Nevertheless a relationship has been established, and there is a good chance that Minch may be grudgingly invited to sit down and have a drink.

The wind is howling outside, the potboys — several rather uninviting specimens sent over by the Waiters' Union, which is sore at the management — are coming and going with tiny highballs and huge plates of gray chophouse food; now for the great talk.

Well, what do writers talk about?

I know of only one successful writer who is able to get through an evening without talking shop; I play pool with him now and then, and the experience is balm to my soul.

Writers generally talk about themselves. But they speak without candor, the man who stole his style from F. Scott Fitzgerald naturally mistrusting the man who stole his from Booth Tarkington, the war correspondent feeling a certain condescension towards the man whose fiction is labeled fiction, the humorists coddling their respective neuroses like suspicious mothers at a public playground. Minch would sit for an hour without hearing any talk greater than the following specimen: —

BEAUMONT: Say, I think the boy got our drinks mixed.

I ordered rye and this tastes like Scotch.

FLETCHER: Mine tastes all right.

SHAKESPEARE: So does mine.

JONSON: My Scotch tastes like rye. I guess he got mine mixed with yours.

Once in a while a writer will make a simple statement about himself, such as, "My feet hurt," or "I'm going to Croton for the week-end," or "I wish I could get a divorce." This is rare, however. I know one group of writers who have whiled away twelve years of evenings by playing a simple game with matches, similar to the Sicilian game of *Mora*, without exchanging a single abstract idea.

Mr. Minch is a stickler, however; he still hopes for some great talk, and to that end has stayed at the table, nursing his firkin of ale as long as he could, reordering when he had to. There is a great deal of table-hopping; one or another of the writers will disappear for ten minutes at a time, while he



has a drink at the bar with some friend just back from Hollywood or says hello to an editor. All at once Minch, who has been almost drowsing over his fourth firkin, is aware that there is nobody else at the table. He looks around without seeing any of them. However, the potboy, catching his eye, comes forward with a check. "Your friends have gone," the potboy says, menacingly placing the check under Minch's nose. "Fourteen dollars, please."

I'm afraid I haven't really clarified the situation, though. I have no doubt that some graduate student, morosely leafing through the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* in years to come, will be struck by the mention of the Mermaid, look up my essay, and embody it in a footnote to his thesis on "Ye Goodlie Companie at ye Mermaide," with some such comment as, "This suggestion is more ingenious than scholarly, and may safely be ignored." And so it may. So it may.

And I Quote

By R. J. HICKS

THERE is no doubt that the present-day reporter is a serious fellow who declines to let a single peradventure creep into the grim business of news-gathering. Anyone who has watched the worrying over detail that accompanies a running story as it comes in over the ticker knows this.

Take the dickerings between Presidential advisers and labor leaders at the White House. "On leaving the White House, John L. Lewis said he had no comment," says a bulletin. Good. A few minutes later there comes an amplification. "As he left the White House, after his latest talk with Labor Secretary Lewis B. Schwellenbach, John L. Lewis told reporters, 'I have no comment.'" Again good.

But we are by no means done yet. A few minutes later: "White House Press Secretary Charles G. Ross told reporters, following the departure of John L. Lewis, that there would be no statement forthcoming immediately on the result of the latest talks."

And again, after some minutes: "Queried concerning his statement that there would be no statement [by the President] 'immediately,' Charles G. Ross, White House press aide, explained that there would be no further statement 'at this time.'"

Now there must be a reason for this, and I think I see what it is. It can only mean that recorded history, up till now, has been disfigured by a series

R. J. Hicks is the nom de plume of a well-known newspaperman.

of rather hideous misunderstandings. The reporters hitherto have been careless, slapdash fellows. They have half heard somebody say something — Mazarin, for example, or General Stonewall Jackson — and, without stopping to check up, or get him to repeat it several times, they have charged off and rushed the whole thing into print.

And once a thing is printed it is virtually impossible ever to catch it up with the accurate original. Historical personages, therefore, have preferred to shrug and let it go, determining philosophically to live up to what has been put into their mouths. Kidding in public is highly dangerous. So is irony. The lightly whimsical (unless it is done by someone like Shaw, who is known to every reporter as having been consistently whimsical for the past half century) is fraught with disaster.

Let us examine what passes for the record.

It is not generally known that the remark which helped to lose Edward VIII his throne was uttered apropos a report which he had been reading on the vanishing schools of sperm whales. The report pointed out, justly enough, that unless drastic action were taken by British authorities, the whales might become extinct.

"Hmm," said King Edward, musingly, "something must be done for whales."

This was picked up by trigger-happy reporters during Edward's inspection of a Welsh colliery. They filed the story but omitted the *h*. Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin read it in the *Times* next morning, spluttered over his Lap-

sang suchong, decided it was unconstitutional, and from that moment the die was cast.

You recall the delightful episode which graced the eighteenth-century Battle of Fontenoy. The British and French Armies were drawn up, facing each other and ready to start. A French officer approached the British lines, swept off his hat, and remarked (according to the history books): "*Que Messieurs les Anglais tirent les premiers!* — May the English gentlemen shoot first." Ever since, people have sighed and said those were the days of chivalry and so forth.

Actually it was a bit differently intended. The French officer had been instructed by his commander to try to bluff the British into calling the whole thing off and to get them to leave the field to the French without a shot fired.

He therefore called out, "*Que Messieurs les Anglais se retirent les premiers!* — Perhaps you boys would like to retire the first."

The British officer nearest at hand was befogged. "What's the frog babbling about?" he inquired testily.



A near-by combat correspondent undertook to help out. "He says the English can shoot first."

No one could have been more taken aback than the French when the grinning British promptly whipped their muskets to their shoulders and let fly.

The scene is now the little French cemetery of Picpus (literal translation: Stingflea). The date: July 4, 1917. Several hundred top-hatted French notables are watching Major General John J. Pershing as he staggers forward under the weight of a vast wreath. "Bravo!" they murmur. "Ah, c'est bien émotionnant! — Ah, it is well emotionating." Fearful lest his chief stumble over the floral tribute, Colonel Charles E. Stanton steps smartly forward to lend a hand. Pershing is temporarily unsighted by the flowers he carries. He points vaguely to a tomb and whispers hoarsely, "Lafayette?" (It is in fact the last resting place of a wine merchant named L'Oiseau.) Stanton grabs Pershing's elbow and swings him sharp left. "Here we are," he replies reassuringly.

Later, over their cognacs, the war correspondents tried to get their stories straight. They finally agreed on the form of the words, but, not being so tidy as the present generation of newsmen, the order was slightly changed and the attribution was shaky. To this day, the stirring "Lafayette, we are here!" is variously ascribed to Stanton and to Pershing.

Horace Greeley, as is fairly well known, had a pleasing lisp. (Had he lived in a later epoch he would have reported Coolidge's classic bulletin as "I do not chwoose to wun.")

When a tiresomely persistent youth, who had become rather tipsy at a party, kept pestering him for advice as to his future, the kindly Greeley gestured towards a couch and replied, "Go west, young man."

It was only the departure of the youth for Oregon the next day (where he did only moderately well as a tallow salesman, but later married a Canadian girl of means) that persuaded the astonished Greeley to accept the version that has been handed down by the society reporters covering the party.

The scene: The U. S. flagship on Lake Erie. The date: September 10, 1813. Commodore Oliver Perry takes a last look at the British hulks strewn around and goes to his cabin. "I suppose I must make a signal to Harrison now," he says, scowling. "I'm so tired I could sleep for a week. This paper work is an infernal bore." He turns to his Personal Assistant. "All right, Brownlow. To General William Henry Harrison, General in Command —" His voice trails away. His eyelids droop. It had been a long day. "Yes, sir?" says Brownlow, quill poised. "Eh?" says Perry, starting awake. "Oh, yes. Well, now, let's see. Old Harrison always likes everything explained from the beginning. So let's say —" Begins: "We

have met the enemy and they —" His voice dies again. He yawns cavernously. Brownlow again, quill poised: "Yes, sir?" Perry (yawning): "Ah — Ah-h-h — Ah-h-h —" His head falls forward. He snores.

Brownlow: "Commodore! The message is incomplete!" A renewed snore is his only response. Brownlow studies Perry for a moment; then with a shrug he dashes some sand onto his parchment, gets up, and leaves the cabin. Outside, a group of war correspondents assigned to the Navy await him. A clamor rises.

"Okay, Brownlow, how about it?" "Come, Brownlow, even with the swiftest of pigeons my week-after-next deadline is in grave jeopardy." "We beg of you, do not tarry."

"But, boys," protests Brownlow, "there's no story." A chorus of protests. "No, but see for yourselves. The Commodore said, 'We have met the enemy and they —' See? That's absolutely all that is written down here."

The correspondents study the parchment angrily and disbelievingly for a moment. "What else did he say?" one asks menacingly.

"Nothing," says Brownlow. "Nothing but a couple of Ah's."

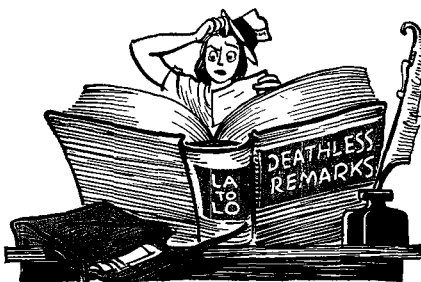
"What do you mean, a couple of Ah's? Now quit holding out on us, Brownlow, or our papers will have some pretty nasty comments to make on Navy public relations in their Michaelmas editorials. Just tell us exactly what he said."

Brownlow (whining): "As heaven is my witness, fellows, the Commodore said, 'We have met the enemy and they — Ah — Ah —'"

A reporter: "Why, you dope, you didn't understand. What the Commodore must have meant to say was —"

And that is why General Harrison, reading the dispatch later, raised his eyebrows and remarked, "I always knew Perry was an efficient officer, but I had not realized that he possessed into the bargain a terse phrase-making ability. Unless I miss my bet, this may well become historically more famous than the encounter itself."

And that, also, is why we must be patient when it seems on occasion that the modern reporter is overdoing the caution and the double-checking. The next time you read that when a White House aide said that he had no information on the Finnish envoy's visit, what he really meant, according to a later check, was that he did not know anything about the visit of the Finnish envoy, do not be impatient, but spare a moment, rather, to pay mental tribute to a fine body of men who are determined to sift the facts and to ensure that history from this time forward will suffer from no taint of that perversion which has dogged it in the past.



JAMES JOYCE

by HARRY LEVIN

1

A LONG and hazardous period of probation seems to face a writer when, ceasing to be a contemporary, he becomes a classic. But in the case of James Joyce, perhaps because he was so rigorously tested during his lifetime, this further trial has been cut short. Already his work has weathered rejection by publishers, objection by printers, suppression by censors, confiscation by custom officials, bowdlerization by pirates, oversight by proof-readers, attack by critics, and defense by coteries — not to mention misunderstanding by readers. Meanwhile he has won the most significant kind of recognition: imitation by writers. His influence has been so pervasive that, to a large extent, it remains unacknowledged. How many of those who read John Hersey's *Hiroshima* recognize its literary obligation to *Ulysses*? There have been other demonstrations, but none so pertinent, of how an original mode of expression can help us to grasp a new phase of experience. Is it any wonder, when we live in such an explosive epoch, that even the arts have made themselves felt through a series of shocks?

Hence Joyce's books, which a few years ago we had to smuggle into this country, are today required reading in college courses. As we study them closely, we are less intimidated by their idiosyncrasies, and more impressed not only by the qualities they share with the great books of other ages, but by their vital concern for the problems of our own age. In the light of the political exile that has activated so many writers in recent years, Joyce's artistic expatriation no longer seems a willful gesture. His escape from his native island to the continent of Europe, as it turned out, was to merge

his private career with what he called the nightmare of history. It was easier for Flaubert, a sedentary bachelor with a comfortable estate and a regular income, to assume the stigmata of aesthetic martyrdom. It was excruciating for Joyce, a nomadic foreigner struggling to support a family by other means than his writing, to be bound — as he put it — “to the cross of his own cruelfiction.”

The temptations and distractions that sidetrack the artist have multiplied, and examples of intransigence are rarer now than they were in Flaubert's day. What he represented to his younger contemporaries, nonetheless, Joyce has become for us: the Writers' Writer. The characteristics that enabled him to sustain his purpose are apparent in his very death-mask. Delicately but firmly molded, the head is long and narrow, the forehead high, the chin strong, and the eyes are closed. It is the face of his Stephen Dedalus, of the perennial student, of a man who carries to the verge of his sixtieth year the agility, the curiosity, the sensibility of his youth. And, just as many of Joyce's fellow citizens are forever transfixed in the poses he caught — the priests saying Mass, the barmaids pouring ale, the sandwich-men filing by, the midwives and undertakers plying their respective trades — so he has crystallized himself in our minds as the hero of *Stephen Hero*, the model for *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

Setting down his memories of his brother in a current Italian journal, Professor Stanislaus Joyce would caution us against a too complete identification. James Joyce was a rather more filial son than Stephen Dedalus, it appears, and his actual adolescence was less dispiriting than his later depiction of it. This we might have gathered by comparing the account of his university days in *Stephen Hero* with the final chapter of the *Portrait*. The earlier version is more immediate, fully rounded and factually detailed; the definitive treatment is carefully shaded and dramatically sharpened. It is not enough for the novelist to possess, like a number of Joyce's

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Early an admirer of James Joyce, he has been asked to edit Joyce's selected works for the Viking Portable Library.

characters, "an odd autobiographical habit." He must be able to trace a meaningful pattern through the welter of circumstances. Joyce has managed, by invoking an ancient myth, to conjure up a modern one. Deliberately he has struck the attitude of Icarus — the classical posture of flight, the artist's revulsion from his middle-class environment, the youthful effort to try one's father's wings.

The works of Joyce's maturity are less personal and more human: in his own terms, they are farther removed from his lyric self and closer to his godlike ideal of sympathetic detachment. Their emphasis shifts from flight to creation, accordingly, and from the son's role to the father-image: Dedalus, the fabulous artificer; Ulysses, the paternal wanderer; Finnegan, the builder of cities. The technical and psychological paradox is that Joyce, as his comprehension of ordinary humanity increased, became less comprehensible to the common reader. He is commonly remembered not as the mature creator — forging, in mingled arrogance and piety, "the uncreated conscience of his race" — but as a winged figure poised for a break with the dominating forces in his background. Language, religion, and nationality were envisaged by Stephen as a series of nets to restrain that initial impetus. When his trial flight succeeded, and the creative process began, the metaphor was calculated to change. For the irreducible substances out of which Joyce created his monumental achievement were nationality, religion, and language.

2

THE first consideration, with an Irishman, is nationality. Joyce, like Stephen, was "all too Irish" — all the more Irish because he was a "wildgoose," because he resided mainly in foreign countries after his twentieth year, seldom as long as a year in the same domicile. From first to last, his underlying impulses were those of his racial endowment: humor, imagination, eloquence, belligerence. If other endemic traits are less in evidence, notably gregariousness and bibulousness, it is because they were so brilliantly exemplified in Joyce's father. A genial ne'er-do-well, a political job-holder, a man about Dublin — but there can be no substitute for the characterization of Simon Dedalus by his eldest son. The *Portrait* begins with the child's earliest reminiscence, a story told by his parent; it ends with the fledgling's departure from the parental roof. Its most dramatic episode occurs at the family's Christmas dinner. Here, in a vividly remembered argument, lies Joyce's basic premise: the long-delayed hope of independence that was frustrated again with the downfall of Ireland's leading politician, Charles Stewart Parnell.

The latent blood-feud with England had come to the surface, a few months after Joyce's birth, when two high British officials were assassinated in the Phoenix Park. Though the attempt to in-

criminate Parnell had been legally exposed as a forgery, a private scandal was brewing which finally discredited him. The desertion of his clerical supporters, so vociferously defended by Stephen's Mrs. Riordan, was a particularly sore point. Parnell's death soon afterward was the occasion of Joyce's first literary effort — a poem echoed in "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," his own favorite among his stories. The impact of the news upon Stephen, semi-delirious in the school infirmary, is registered in the *Portrait*. The state of the nation during the period that ensued, the period in which Joyce gathered his lasting impressions of it, he has diagnosed as a spiritual and temporal paralysis. The cure was further violence, which led to the founding of the Irish Free State; which had started with the uprising of Easter Week, 1916, four years after Joyce left Ireland for the last time.

He left too early for the Revolution; he arrived too late for the Renaissance. His undergraduate idol, the subject of his first published article, was not Yeats but Ibsen. He greeted the Irish Literary Theater with a polemic against folksy aestheticism. He outraged his college debating society by expounding the iconoclasms of European drama. On several visits home from the Continent, between the ages of twenty and thirty, he considered whether some journalistic or pedagogical niche existed for him in the cultural life of his native city. In his single play, *Exiles*, as in actuality, he pushed this problem toward a negative conclusion. In his short stories, *Dubliners*, the recurrent situation is entrapment. Their timid protagonists are trapped into marriage ("The Boarding House"), kept from eloping ("Eveline"), wistfully envious of colleagues who get away ("A Little Cloud"). In "Counterparts" a father makes his son the victim of his own frustrations. The plight suggested in "The Dead" is that of a mill horse harnessed to a carriage, pulling it round and round a public statue.

Escaping from the treadmill of Dublin, Joyce spent the rest of his life brooding upon it and writing about it. His insistence on calling its denizens by their names, and pointing out its local landmarks, held up the publication of *Dubliners* for several years. *Ulysses*, more comprehensively than *Dubliners* and more objectively than the *Portrait*, is saturated with "consciousness of place." The city is commemorated, street by street and hour by hour, as it stood on Thursday, June 16, 1904. The crones on Nelson's Pillar, spitting down plum-stones upon the pedestrians, sum up Stephen's departing attitude. His earlier description of Ireland, "the old sow that eats her farrow," is acted out in Circe's disorderly house, where men are figuratively turned into swine. No Dubliner will raise a hand to help the drunken Stephen, excepting Leopold Bloom, with whom he has nothing in common but humanity. Bloom, the ineffectual advertising man, the modern Ulysses, is "Everyman or Noman," every inch the Man in the Street. He is suspected, among many

other devices, of inspiring the Home Rule journalist, Arthur Griffith, with his Sinn Fein program.

Stephen departs for Europe promising "to write something in ten years." Joyce, living through the next decade in polyglot Trieste, finished the *Portrait* and began *Ulysses* in 1914. He lived through the First World War in neutral Zurich, a denaturalized British subject among exiles from many lands. In cosmopolitan Paris, during the period between wars, the appearance of *Ulysses* and the parturition of *Finnegans Wake* were international events. The latter coincided with the Second World War; and Joyce, returning to Zurich, died upon the operating table in 1941. In *Ulysses* he had looked upon battle as a teacher viewing a playing field. In *Finnegans Wake* all the world's great battles are reduced to a grand Irish free-for-all: "history as she is harped." But Ireland is Joyce's microcosm; his gigantic hero is compounded of many heroes; H. C. Earwicker stands for "Here Comes Everybody." "Easter-held," he enacts the regeneration of "Easter Island." Thus Joyce's feeling for his country, long dormant, is never dead. To cite his inimitable phraseology once more, it is merely "hibernating."

3

BUT racial inheritance is guided and shaped by cultural tradition, even as Ireland has been by Catholicism. Where the father is the embodiment of nationality in Stephen's recollections, his mother embodies religion. Her unquestioning acceptance is contrasted with her son's developing skepticism; their naturally affectionate relationship has all but reached an impasse when he leaves for Paris in 1902. Six months later he is summoned home to her deathbed. His refusal to take part in the family's prayers for her seems to have stimulated that remorse of conscience, that "agenbite of inwit" which re-echoes through *Ulysses*. Here Stanislaus Joyce interposes a revealing detail. Mrs. Joyce, he informs us, was already past praying for; it was not her request, but an officious uncle's, that James Joyce refused. Retrospectively, then, he has gone out of his way to sharpen the issue and dramatize the incident. His loss of faith becomes a credo. His enfranchisement brings its own discipline.

"Why?" asks Stephen's friend, Buck Mulligan (Dr. Oliver Gogarty). "Because you have the cursed jesuit strain in you, only it's injected the wrong way." The *Portrait* derives its pattern from the successive stages of a Jesuit education. Joyce was a prize student, albeit an embarrassing protégé, of zealous and thoroughgoing teachers. It was almost inevitable that they should suggest, and that he should very seriously consider, the possibility of entering the priesthood. That he felt the intellectual attraction of theology, as well as the emotional appeal of ritual, is evident in everything he wrote. Both are submerged in the cold terror of Stephen's

central dilemma between carnal sin and priestly absolution. Nature, which incites his heresies, inspires his true vocation. Pride of intellect ultimately ranges him with the forces of Satanic rebellion. The cry *Non serviam!* is his protest against Ireland's condition of servitude, against its many masters: Britain not less than Rome, Mammon not less than Caesar.

With the self-dedication of the priest Joyce took the vows of the artist. His imaginative constructions are therefore grounded on the rock of his buried religious experience. His view of human nature is based upon the psychology of the confessional. His aesthetic theory is a stimulating mixture of Flaubertian naturalism and neo-Thomism. His literary technique is richly colored by ecclesiastical symbolism; a series of notes on the liturgy of Holy Week, for example, accompanies the manuscript of *Stephen Hero*. There too he explains his conception of art as an "epiphany," a sudden illumination if not a divine revelation, a slight but definite insight into other lives, a fragmentary clue to the meaning of life as a whole. Even the stroke of the Ballast Office clock can have this effect, says Stephen, and we may regard *Ulysses* as an extended commentary on his remark. God is manifest, Stephen now believes, as "a noise in the street." The writer's vantage point is that of "Araby": an acolyte bearing his chalice through the streets of Dublin.

Typical of Joyce's Dubliners is Mr. Duffy in "A Painful Case," whose suburban existence lacks "any communion with others." Shivering with loneliness, as he walks among the lovers on Magazine Hill, he resigns himself to being "an outcast from life's feast." But Joyce does not, like Thomas Mann, sentimentalize his artists by assuming their exclusion from a comfortable bourgeois world. Joyce knows his petty bourgeoisie too well for that; he knows that they too are outsiders, estranged from each other. An inveterate stranger, his wandering Jew, Mr. Bloom, is obscurely involved in the destiny of Throwaway, the "outsider" that wins the Ascot cup. The other event of Bloomsday, the sinking of a New York excursion steamer with five hundred passengers aboard, implies that the members of any community are all in the same boat. Pausing for a moment in a church, Bloom envies the communicants because they are "not so lonely." Later, in a tavern, an anti-Semitic nationalist, anonymously known as "the Citizen," attacks him as an apostle of international peace and universal love.

The problem of *Ulysses* is the age-old attempt to put Christian precept into practice. The consequence is all too palpably illustrated by the anecdote of two drunks in Glasnevin Cemetery, who confound a statue of Jesus with their lamented friend Mulcahy. Beginning as it does with the Introit, the book proceeds to a blasphemous climax with the celebration of the Black Mass. Yet, as Bloom foresees: "Longest way round is the shortest way home." The autobiographical hero of Joyce's earlier volumes is de-

picted awaiting the Eucharist; the universalized hero of *Finnegans Wake*, who literally presides over a public house, is himself a host in more ways than one. Through the thickening intonations of his customers can be heard unexpected overtones of the Last Supper: "Pass the fish for Christ's sake!" The various rites of death and burial, which celebrate his wake, all culminate in some version of the Easter ceremony. Even the Phoenix, symbol of political desperation, fulfills its prophecy of resurrection. And the writer, expatriate and excommunicate, reasserts his sense of community and communion.

4

COMMUNICATION, however, brought further difficulties, which it was his special triumph to overcome. If "his destiny was to be elusive of social or religious orders," it was because he reserved his energies for order of another kind. "The first principle of artistic economy," he had found, was isolation; he had detached himself from his nationality and his religion; but he found his medium, language, pointing back to them. In the somber background, liturgical and scholastic, hovered the Latinity of the Church. In the embattled foreground loomed the Gaelic revival, though it never elicited more than a halfhearted interest from Joyce. In his enthusiasm for Ibsen he had learned Norwegian, and had even used it to salute the dying playwright with a brave and touching letter. At University College he had specialized in Romance Languages, and had shown such proficiency that there had been talk of a professorship. During his hardest years on the Continent, before a benefactor endowed his literary work, he worked as a commercial translator and as a teacher in a Berlitz school.

It is a striking fact about English literature in the twentieth century that its most notable practitioners have seldom been Englishmen. The fact that they have so often been Irishmen supports Synge's belief in the reinvigorating suggestiveness of Irish popular speech. That English was not Joyce's native language, in the strictest sense, he was keenly aware; and it helps to explain his unparalleled virtuosity. But a more concrete explanation is to be discerned among his physical traits, one of which we normally classify as a serious handicap. Joyce lived much of his life in varying states of semi-blindness. To preserve what eyesight he had, he underwent repeated operations and countermeasures. A school-boy humiliation, when he broke his glasses and failed to do his lessons, is painfully recollected in the *Portrait* and again in *Ulysses*. His writing tends more and more toward low visibility; his imagination is auditory rather than visual. If the artist is a man for whom the visible world exists, remarked George Moore, then Joyce is essentially a metaphysician; for he is less concerned with the seeing eye than with the thinking mind.

We may add that he is most directly concerned with the hearing ear. Doubtless the sonorities of Homer and Milton are intimately connected with their blindness. It is scarcely coincidental that Joyce, almost unique among modern prose writers in this respect, must be read aloud to be fully appreciated. In addition to his linguistic aptitude, and in compensation for his defective vision, he was gifted with an especially fine tenor voice. Professional singing was one of the possible careers he had contemplated. His singer's taste inclined toward opera and *bel canto*, romantic ballads and Elizabethan airs: not music but song, he liked to say. His poems, except for a few excursions into Swiftian satire, are songs; lyrics which, without their musical settings, look strangely fragile. Yeats, upon first reading them, praised Joyce's delicate talent, and shrewdly wondered whether his ultimate form would be verse or prose. Operating within the broader area of fiction, he was to retain the cadenced precision of the poet. Above all he remained an accomplished listener, whose pages are continually animated by the accurate recording of overheard conversation.

Joyce's style is distinguished not only by the rise and fall of its rhythms, but by its feeling for the texture of the particular word. Words assert a magical power over things. Treasured phrases enable Stephen to transform "the dull phenomenon of Dublin," to transcend "the decayed city" by communing with a rapturous seascape. Jotted impressions are conceived as epiphanies, mystical visions which link the beholder to the object beheld. Between the planes of inward speculation and external observation, Joyce maintains a serio-comic interplay. The narrative of *Ulysses* is identified with the internal monologue of three major characters; it also responds to such discursive influences as newspaper headlines and fugal variations; one chapter comprises parodies of the principal English stylists; and the whole may be studied as a comprehensive handbook of verbal techniques. In *Finnegans Wake* a universe of discourse, seemingly unlimited in space and time, is spanned by associations of thought and play upon words. Names of hundreds of rivers figure in the torrential dialogue, "Anna Livia Plurabelle," which took Joyce 1600 hours to concoct.

His pangs of composition have recently been described by Philippe Soupault as "a sort of daily damnation: the creation of the Joycean world." The perverse ingenuity of these later experiments has been deplored more frequently than deciphered. A long series of misunderstandings with the public inevitably reinforced those early vows of silence, exile, and cunning. Inhibited from writing naturally of natural instincts, Joyce ended by inventing an artificial language of innuendo and mockery. In *Finnegans Wake* he drew upon his linguistic skills and learned hobbies to contrive an optophone — an instrument which, for the benefit of the blind, converts images into sounds. Out of it come, not merely echoes of the past, but warnings of the future.

Mr. Earwicker's worldly misfortunes are climaxed by a lethal explosion: "*the abnihilisation of the etym.*" Pessimists may interpret this enigma as the annihilation of all meaning, a chain reaction set off by the destruction of the atom. Optimists will stress the creation of matter *ex nihilo* — and trust in the Word to create another world.

5

THE alternatives that Joyce suspends, the nihilistic and creative potentialities that now confront us, keep us in an ambivalent state of mind. He himself kept the balance by moving from a negative position to a positive accomplishment. But, because his self-portrait was so explicit, and his masterworks were so elaborate, this development has not clearly been understood. Readers are bound to remember Stephen, "the eternal son," stiff-kneed and self-doomed. They are less likely to think of the roistering alderman, the "folksforefather," who bears a closer resemblance to Simon Dedalus. Nor, until they penetrate *Finnegans Wake*, will they recognize that Joyce's attitude mellowed as his stature increased; that he is finally to be identified less with the prodigal than with the paterfamilias; he plays the demiurge, smiling down on his creations. Meanwhile, of course, the children continue to quarrel among themselves; the old issue between the civic and the aesthetic is belabored through many rounds by the priest-politician, Shaun, and Shem — who is a veritable caricature of the artist as a young man.

Though the *Portrait* ends with a striking gesture of denial, we must not forget that the last word of *Ulysses* is an emphatic "yes," or that Mrs. Bloom's affirmation is echoed by the conclusion to *Finnegans Wake*, in which nothing is concluded. The waters of the River Liffey, by wending again to the sea, re-establish the natural pattern of fertility. Here was the horizon that first opened up before Stephen when, seeking the light, he walked along the shore. Flying, he then realized, involved the risk of falling; but he was pledged, like Faust, to strive and stray. The falling cadence at the end of "The Dead" is characteristic of Joyce's early prose. His obsession with death gradually yields in *Ulysses* to a new concern with life; the fall of man, colliding with the law of falling bodies, is transposed into scientific terms: "thirty-two feet per sec." No fall but a rising, the reawakening of Finn MacCool and all the other sleeping heroes of Irish legend, is the theme of Joyce's literary testament.

Unlike the leprechaun-fanciers of the Celtic Revival, Joyce did not seek forgotten beauty; he evoked the past to illuminate the present. The results of this continual juxtaposition were an ironic attitude and an iconoclastic technique which temporarily aligned him with Ibsen and the naturalists. The shock aroused by his incidental frankness is travestied in H. C. Earwicker, who reproaches himself for

indecent exposure. Not exposure but synthesis is Joyce's final intention. His deeper affinities are with Dante, with the medieval iconographers, with the symbolic structures that art once built upon faith. But these, according to Aquinas, require wholeness, harmony, and radiance. How can they be constructed out of the fragments, the discords, and the obscure details of modern life? By proceeding through what William James termed "the stream of consciousness" to what Jung terms "the racial unconscious," beyond individual dream to collective myth. From two Italian philosophers, from Giambattista Vico's cyclical theory of history and Giordano Bruno's dialectical concept of nature, Joyce learned how to reconcile the principles of unity and diversity: "the same anew."

A phrase from his notebooks, "centripetal writing," seems to indicate his direction. The municipal motto of Dublin, *Obedientia civium urbis felicitas*, gets rather freely translated in *Finnegans Wake*: "Thine obesity, O civilian, hits the felicitude of our orb!" However, *urbi et orbi*, all roads lead homeward for Joyce. The world was his parish; his universe is parochial. The central human relationships, for him as for Proust, were warmly and tenderly domestic. Joyce's women tend to be either mothers or daughters, Goethean or Dantesque types like the rival heroines of *Exiles*, the maternal Bertha and the virginal Beatrice. His own outlook grew increasingly paternal, as he himself became intensively a family man. From 1904 his exile was lightened by the lifelong companionship of Nora Barnacle, who became his wife. He shared his musical interests with his son, and was especially devoted to his daughter, whose mental illness saddened his last years. His ripest and perhaps his finest poem, "*Ecce Puer*," marks the double occasion of his father's death and the birth of his only grandchild, Stephen.

Those who confuse a writer with his material find it all too easy to make a scapegoat out of Joyce. They make Proust responsible for the collapse of France because he prophesied it so acutely; and, because Joyce felt the contemporary need to create a conscience, they accuse him of lacking any sense of values. Of course it is he who should be accusing them. His work, though far from didactic, is full of moral implications; his example of aesthetic idealism, set by abnegation and artistry, is a standing rebuke to facility and venality, callousness and obtuseness. Less peculiarly Joycean, and therefore even more usable in the long run, is his masterly control of social realism, which ingeniously springs the varied traps of Dublin and patiently suffers rebuffs with Mr. Bloom. The heroine of *Stephen Hero*, who has almost disappeared from the *Portrait*, says farewell after "an instant of all but union." By dwelling upon that interrupted nuance, that unconsummated moment, that unrealized possibility, Joyce renews our apprehension of reality, strengthens our sympathy with our fellow creatures, and leaves us in awe before the mystery of created things.

LITERATURE AND HOLLYWOOD

by JAMES HILTON

1

THE book boom will doubtless recede now that the boredom of war is over — indeed, it is already receding — but it will have had lasting results in a considerable addition to the army of confirmed reading-addicts. No writer can complain of this result, any more than the journalist could have complained when, about fifty years ago, the popular press became the first beneficiary of popular education. What the war years have done is to extend somewhat to books the revolution that made the newspaper as necessary on the doorstep as the morning milk. Which probably points to an end of many things, including that special sacrosanctity attaching to books, as such, which makes the average reader clutter his shelves with stuff that he will never read again.

I could not myself think of more than a hundred books (from the Bible to Ring Lardner) that I am apt to reread — it takes me quite enough time to read new books that are worth reading once. Yet books are actually among the most indestructible things, and if, after reading, you discard them in a train or bus or restaurant, some well-meaning person generally runs after you with them. I welcome the likelihood that books at a magazine price (twenty-five or forty-nine cents) will encourage readers to love them and leave them.

Another likelihood is the decay of the older-fashioned relationship of author and publisher, but about this I am not so happy. Despite the traditional cat-and-dog relationship of the two species, I have yet to find any businessmen whose ethics are, on the whole, higher than those of book publishers, though it may be that my own experience has been fortunate. After *Good-bye, Mr. Chips!* first came out as a long short story on both sides of the Atlantic, I did not foresee any future possibilities, and a cable from an American publisher offering royalty terms for book publication inspired me to what I then thought was a smart idea — that is, to sell outright for enough cash to provide me with a holiday in Switzerland. I still cherish that pub-

lisher's cabled reply to the effect that, in his opinion, any outright sale would be against my best interests, and that he would give me the modest sum asked for as an advance. And, of course, knowing him personally now, I know also that, even had I insisted, he would have changed matters to my advantage when the book turned out a best-seller.

A Hollywood motion picture company, however, which bought the film rights at a low figure, made a fortune without, of course, suggesting any revision of the deal. I say "of course" because I have no complaint at all against this picture company. It is one of the best in the business, it is scrupulously honest, it treats writers well, it pays them what it has to, and believe me, that is beginning to be plenty. The fact that it held to a good bargain in dealing with me is matched by my own readiness to do the same with it should ever the occasion arise.

Perhaps I should add that the older-fashioned author-publisher relationship seems to be part of an international integrity which is now waging a last-ditch fight against what ails it. All over Europe, in ex-enemy as well as ex-Allied countries, there are publishing houses that have tried to swim against the tide; I get letters from them now, pathetically explaining that they owe so much but cannot yet pay because of currency embargoes, treasury restrictions, inflation, and so forth. Maybe I am credulous in believing them.

Anything that has survived for a hundred years or so is probably due for a change, but a few notions that the old-time publisher had might be considered evidence of a social conscience did they not stem from the eighteenth-century feeling that an author could accept a patron without being patronized — as today he cannot. To which there was the collateral feeling that a publisher had some sort of obligation to publish scholarly books that might not sell well, out of the profits of his runaway best-sellers. Perhaps some publishers still feel this, helped by the possibility that a scholarly book may nowadays even *become* a best-seller — for example, Schlesinger's *The Age of Jackson*.

On the whole, though, there are many signs that the book world is moving with the times — and

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the times are considerably out-of-joint. One can no longer be quite certain that any publisher exists who will turn down a likely best-seller because he considers it unworthy of the literary standards of his list. Publishers' advertising has become less scrupulous, more blatant; and a reviewer who says: "The plot is ingenious enough, and had the writing been equal to it, one could have recommended Mr. So-and-so's new story unreservedly; as it is, however, he is only moderately exciting," must always take the chance that he will be quoted as saying: "Ingenious . . . exciting . . . recommended unreservedly. . . ."

More books are ghosted; almost anyone in the news, however reputable or disreputable, has a name-value that some publisher would grab; a professor's authoritative study of American diplomacy during the nineteenth century will doubtless find acceptance, but there would be more spirited bidding for, say, Al Capone's *Memoirs of Cook County*. And Hollywood prize-money now passes direct to book publishers, not behind the author's back, but with the author looking on with bemused satisfaction.

Cutting in the publisher on Hollywood money is doubtless good business for Hollywood, since, apart from creating good will, it subtly influences the publisher to become a talent scout for the studios — a feeder pipeline to the gigantic gusher. Nor can it be said that the author is victimized. Indeed it is hard to diagnose his qualm if he has one — except possibly as a feeling that when he submits a novel to a publisher he would rather have it judged on its literary merits than by whether somebody thinks it will suit Greer Garson or Gregory Peck.

2

WHAT has happened, anyway, to the business of writing is a belated fragment of the Industrial Revolution. It sprang, you might say, from the spread of popular education, but it has been oddly clinched by the development of screen and radio — two rival media that do not impose a literacy test. For four hundred years the printed word has been the bottleneck through which the nectar of enlightenment had to pass; and only pedants will wholly regret the end of such a monopoly. Today it may accurately be said that never in history has it been possible to be better informed while at the same time remaining technically illiterate.

However, though the *necessity* to read is not what it used to be, the need for writers is greater than ever, since both screen and radio stuff have to be written; and it has been amply demonstrated that people who "hear" or "see" the work of writers become avid to read either the same writers or the same sort of writing. This again intensifies the demand for "easy reading" — not a bad thing in itself, for the best writers are either easy to read or

would be better if they were. There is, however, a constant pitfall in the fact that so many people learn to read printed words with difficulty but to believe them with no effort at all, so that, in effect, they come to believe the things they can read with least difficulty — which puts a dangerous premium on the glib, the popularizer, or the hasty synopsisist who finds it quicker to simplify by slightly falsifying.

All of which has probably done more to evict writers from their ivory towers than any amount of ideological preachment. The modern popular writer is in Big Business whether he likes it or not. In Soviet Russia, they say, he is the most privileged of all workers; while in America, if he is *very* successful, he can see his name in lights, can have his picture on the cover of *Time*, or can visit a department store and autograph five hundred books (all bought and paid for) any day he feels up to it. He is admired, envied, courted. He has an upholstered place in the scheme of things. He has become part of a giant Entertainment Machine which, as people's leisure increases, may well constitute the largest industry in every modern state.

Already the ramifications are so complex that he leaves much in the hands of his agent or business manager. He finds that whenever he has written a book he has also done something else; he has created a highly lucrative Frankenstein that can function in any of almost innumerable guises — motion pictures, radio, stage, television, phonograph recordings, even comic strips. Probably he enjoys all this, though in a way he may be a little bewildered by it, sometimes even bothered; because with every new form to which his work can be adapted he finds it passing increasingly out of his control into the giant hopper of the Machine.

The Machine is run for profit, but that is not its vital attribute; the Soviet Publishing industry, which is not run for profit, has the same Machine quality; ideas go in at one end and emerge as stereotypes. The same thing was true of the OWI. The final product is the Myth — the Hero Myth, the Happiness Myth, the Success Myth, and especially the Myth of the Great Man who is also the Little Man, the Fellow Who Might Almost Have Been Ourselves.

You make your popular hero by making your hero popular. He must be a Regular Guy. No longer usable is the type of Ossian's chieftain — "tall as a rock of ice; his spear, the blasted fir; his shield, the rising moon; he sat on the shore, like a cloud of mist on a hill." Your modern moviegoer and best-seller reader would sneer (and rightly) at such fustian, preferring the subtler flattery of the press agent who stresses how like, not unlike, the hero is or could be to ourselves — for example, "It is not generally known that the new King of Ruritania is a keen railway enthusiast and frequently drives the royal train" — or (*fine fleur* of this sort of thing) "Throughout the entire interview Van

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Johnson (or Bob Feller, or Stalin, or Henry Kaiser, or Professor Einstein) smoked a pipe — an old pipe which he fingered lovingly from time to time. . . .”

Democracy and autocracy alike seem equally susceptible to this kind of mythology. Hollywood is exactly geared to it. Goebbels was an expert handler of it. The Kremlin thrives on it. Perhaps only the obstinate artist — the really displaced person in this modern world — has deep misgivings about it, especially now that the Myth-making Machine has become so pervasively operative that we are beginning to take it for granted. Consider the crop of recent Hollywood film-biographies. Purporting to be “the lives” of Cole Porter or Sister Kenny, they bear, in fact, only that relation to truth which is deemed consistent with the Success Myth. Audiences, cynical enough to be aware of this, are also apathetic enough to forget it. Presumably they also like it, since Hollywood would do differently otherwise.

A few years ago I made personal contact with this aspect of the Machine when I wrote a short factual piece about a national hero who had been praised by Mr. Roosevelt in a fireside address and whose name had thereby attracted the attention of a well-known movie producer. Though a wartime propaganda job, I did not see why it should not be done as honestly as possible, the more so as it was a plain tale of simple human courage. When the producer wanted to inject a fictional love-story into his film version I was neither surprised nor shocked, but when he suggested I should incorporate the same fiction into the published work, I was obliged to tell him that this sort of thing wasn't done in the literary world, and that the book-buyer of something claimed to be true still attached meaning to the adjective.

Perhaps he should have replied that Hollywood standards increasingly *are* being accepted, and that if more people see a film than read a book, more people are disappointed if the book is not like the film than if the film is not like the book. The argument (based on arithmetical count, as so many bad ones are these days) would not have convinced me. I am bound to admit, however, that the logical trend is towards a Book of the Film of the Book. Take, for instance, the strange case of *Mrs. Miniver*. Thousands who bought the book after seeing the film must have been disconcerted by those slight, almost too charming vignettes of English life in wartime, with nary a German parachutist among them; some readers, perhaps, felt that Miss Struther had done them wrong.

Yet you couldn't blame the film company for buying the title and character of her best-seller; you couldn't blame the scenarists for inventing the story that wasn't there; nor could you blame the publishers for selling more copies of the book after the film appeared. Would it not have been worth while to commission a different writer (if Miss Struther didn't want the job) to produce a book ver-

sion of the film, thus adding yet another allotropic formation to the Miniver Frankenstein?

The movie producer who wanted his film fiction put into the book might also have pointed out that the claim of truth is increasingly an artifice of salesmanship in an age of “true confession” stories that are invented and “eminent medical authorities” who are nameless; to which I might then have agreed that a semantic Gresham's Law has affected adjectives to such an extent that when once I told somebody in Hollywood that a certain book was “good,” he answered doubtfully: “I guess you don't like it.”

Even in the wider world there has been a change of viewpoint — helped by and certainly adapted to the building of the Myth. Did the frank acknowledgment of the fact that Robert Sherwood wrote part of President Roosevelt's speeches disturb anyone? Probably not. Would, however, the public of the last century have been no more disturbed to learn that, say, Carlyle had ghosted for Gladstone, or that the Gettysburg Address was actually composed by Whittier?

And, to be logical, why stop at speech-writing? The late President was fortunate in having a magical radio personality; but for some future President who hasn't, why not borrow a Voice? And the step after that would be the Face — obviously one chosen for its photogenic qualities (the gnarled Massey-Lincoln, or the Harry-Davenport-Benign-Elder-Statesman, or the Spencer-Tracy-Plain-Man, or some other stereotype). Thus would be evolved a composite of assorted perfections, the sort of thing with which the English, more transcendently but no less deliberately, sought to buttress their King-Personality until Windsor kicked over the traces.

If all this should sound fantastic one might reflect upon the growing tendency of the public to identify actors and actresses with the parts they play. This is of course nothing new in itself (it was always a primitive urge to hiss the villain), but it is new when it is taken seriously, when protests shower in at the thought of Shirley Temple having a cocktail, when Ingrid Bergman is solemnly warned that her current part of a loose woman in *The Arch of Triumph* ill accords with her recent part of a nun. It would seem that the modern world sees fiction as fact almost as readily as it prefers facts with a coating of fiction.

3

IN ALL this mix-up, the writer of today is himself mixed up. The mass audience to which he has limited access in lieu of his former monopoly of a smaller audience gives him too often an illusion of leadership, when actually he is following or, if smart enough, diagnosing. The more popular he is, the subtler the temptation to concentrate on merely

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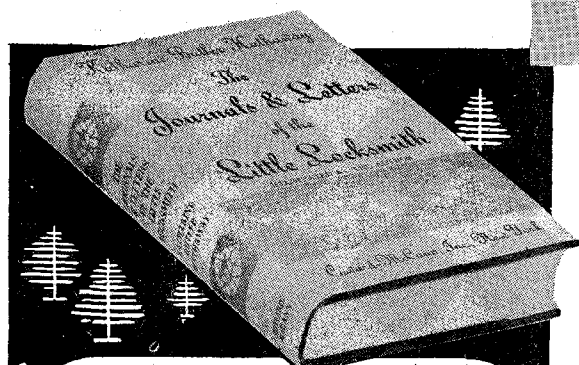


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appearing to be free-minded. That daring short story which editors with big circulations like so much, provided it does not offend anybody, the outspoken article that attacks someone whom every reader can readily identify as the other fellow, the motion picture that holds the mirror up to lifelessness but with amusing dialogue — these are the successful writer's occupational hazards, all the more dire because they are so easy to take. Indeed, it would not be surprising if, in the black market for his soul, he should jack up his price.

What is surprising is that writers, by and large, are as honest as they are; that they so often refuse big-time assignments to do small-time ones that they get more fun out of. They are certainly not overpaid when you consider the profits that others make out of them, though most successful writers will admit that they are lucky. In the purely technical department of their work they have grievances; the law of copyright, for instance, which is in drastic need of revision. (The other day I was faced with the possible republication against my will of an old potboiling novel I wrote twenty years ago, the copyright of which, when the original publisher went bankrupt before he could even pay the stipulated advance, apparently passed into the hands of a series of owners of whose existence I was not even made aware.)

Perhaps also an author has a legitimate grievance against the tax law that permits an oil well to have depreciation, whereas a writer, apparently, is expected to gush till he dies; with the further anachronism that an institution like Steinbeck or Marquand passes into public domain after a number of years, whereas an institution like Doubleday or Warner Brothers or, for that matter, Macy's, just goes on making money in perpetuity.

A few writers in Hollywood, led by James Cain, have attracted some recent attention by advocating an American Authors' Authority. This organization would take out and hold copyrights for authors, guard their rights, and lease (never sell outright) their work for screen and radio. It could be said that these reforms were broached as tactlessly as possible (the word "Authority" had an unfortunate ring and the suggestion of a "tough guy" or "literary czar" to run it was not a beguiling slogan for the setting up of what amounted to a closed shop for writers); but the whole idea would have been attacked in any event, if only for the reason that the Industrial Revolution in writing has created a bonanza to which all sides of the business are rushing to stake claims.

Naturally also this projected A.A.A., which might so much more agreeably and just as alphabetically have been called an *Association*, has been attacked on political grounds, since it emanates from the Screen Writers' Guild, which has many enemies both in and out of Hollywood. As a mem-

ber and former vice-president of the Guild, I can testify that it is amply what it originally set out to be — that is, a necessary advocate and defender of the rights of screen writers.

Whether, as has been alleged, it contains any Communists, I cannot accurately say, but I should be surprised if it didn't, since it would then be unique among modern social groupings, and I do not believe it is unique. Doubtless such Communists as it does or might contain would, if they obtained power in the A.A.A., seek to influence the ideological content of writing; which means that the demand for a closed shop (arguable if the Authority is to confer big benefits on all writers) should cause inquiry as to whether the present constitutions of the writing unions could ever be subject to amendments that would bar individual writers from membership for espousing minority causes.

James Cain, who is certainly no Communist, has already admitted that earlier fears among writers were due to a "mistake" he made in the early promulgation of the scheme, and a revised plan now drops the closed shop and definitely stipulates "that there be no discrimination in the rights or treatment accorded by the American Authors' Authority to any piece of written material by reason of its content." This is fine, if one were certain that such a stipulation could never legally be revoked by a majority vote, which is sometimes as tyrannical as even Molotov thinks it is. Reckoning free speech of infinitely greater importance than making more money, I am somewhat warily in favor of the A.A.A., as of a nice-looking baby panda that might or might not grow up with the right sort of disposition.

Profit, after all, is not the modern author's chief problem. It is the world he lives in, which, as it realizes his importance, gives him less and less real freedom, less even of that icy freedom of its indifference which enabled Samuel Butler, for instance, to remain for a whole lifetime busily and fruitfully a worst-seller, whereas nowadays only the accident of birth would have determined whether he were liquidated for "deviations" or chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club and commissioned by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to write a part in *Erewhon* for Mickey Rooney.

For the Myth, in a benign sort of way, is also totalitarian, and it has yet to be demonstrated that good art can flourish under any kind of totalitarianism at all. The Communist and the Myth-maker may jointly retort that art is useless unless it serves the Machine; but the odd thing is that lately, both in Russia and in Hollywood, there seems to have been a revival of this curious hankering to be useless. Perhaps it is that the artist, if he has sold himself without quite delivering all the goods, is feeling his art like the prick of an old conscience.

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THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT: PROS AND CONS

by AMOS NIVEN WILDER

I

THE publication of the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament means more than just the addition of another translation to those from which the modern reader can choose. In view of the auspices and circumstances of the undertaking, and the authority of the scholars who have carried it out, the new version inevitably constitutes a challenge to the position that the King James Version has held for more than three hundred years. Thus the issue raised by its publication is in one respect a tragic issue, since two supreme but incompatible values are here at odds: on the one hand, accuracy and faithfulness of rendering — the cause of truth, as it were; and on the other hand, the compounded spiritual and aesthetic treasures of a priceless heritage.

Evidently these opposed values are not totally exclusive of each other. Much of the older version survives in the new. Nevertheless, the reader of the new translation will soon be aware that in many respects this is not the Bible of his forefathers, and that the familiar cadences have suffered an alien intrusion.

When we recall that the King James Version, published in 1611, rested in great part upon earlier translations, we realize that its English is that of almost four hundred years ago. Evidently the time cannot now be far removed when this version will be so dated that we cannot wisely continue to give it the central place in the life of the church and of Christian civilization that it has so long enjoyed. The question is: Has that time already come?

The full difficulty of the matter appears when we remember that we must think in terms of all sorts and conditions of men. Whether our classic version can be called "living literature" today cannot be decided with reference only to the saints who were suckled upon it, and who know that "let" means

"hinder" and that "prevent" means "anticipate." There is ample evidence today that many of those strata that have in the past cherished this "noblest monument in English prose" have in the special conditions of our times become strangers to it.

Now, as in the time of Tyndale, the church must take the Scripture in the common tongue and idiom to the plowboy and the cobbler, the husbandman and the weaver. The King James Version arose out of the impulse to give the Bible to all classes. If today this purpose is frustrated by that very version, it may well be time for a new one.

To reinforce this reflection there comes now the new realization by our scholars of how popular in character the New Testament writings were in their origin. These, whether gospel or epistle, were not formal writings patterned upon the models of the schools, but were in every sense folk literature. They were writings, as has been well said, "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Their vocabulary, diction, and syntax were largely those of the unsophisticated masses of the Roman Empire. The papyri discoveries in Egypt have demonstrated this. Is there not then an anomaly in the transmission of such informal letters and memoranda as make up the New Testament in what at least now is the highly stylized and rhetorical vehicle of the King James Version? That New Testament which was given to the world first in colloquial and simple terms, and translated for the English people similarly in the popular diction of the age — are its character and import not belied by our traditional version today?

These considerations, however, are not conclusive. For one thing, we must be sure that we have a really superlative new version before we relinquish the old. Better the old with whatever limitations than a new one that fails to lay hold upon the deeper powers of the English tongue today. Just as it took the best part of a century of continuous retouching and revision to produce the Authorized Version, so it may be that the Revised Versions of 1881 and 1901 and the present revision, along with the many private translations of our time, are only the first phases in the production of a modern authorized version that will impose its excellence for centuries to come.

Author and educator, who served as an ambulance driver and then in the Field Artillery in the First World War, AMOS NIVEN WILDER took his B.A., B.D., and Ph.D. at Yale University, and was ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1926. After teaching at Hamilton College and at the Andover Newton Theological School, he became in 1943 Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the Chicago Theological Seminary and Chairman of the Department of New Testament and Early Christian Literature at the University of Chicago.



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It should also be said that the colloquial and informal character of the New Testament writings can be overstated. After all, these crystallizations of the faith of the earliest church have many formal and liturgical elements resting back on the heightened tone of the Old Testament and other sources. The vocabulary may be in large part that of the business accounts, receipts, wills, and private letters of the Greek papyri, but the movement and mood are quite other.

More important, however, is the question of the degree to which the Elizabethan language of our Bible is actually dated today. Opinions will differ widely on this point. It can be argued that the man in the street is not so modern as he appears or pretends; that, furthermore, he prefers an elevated diction and an unwonted or even esoteric vocabulary for many areas of his experience; and that the resort to a utilitarian common speech is not appropriate to the Greek New Testament. We may well watch the response to Olivier's Shakespeare as it goes forth on the screen. Yet it is worth noting that Olivier has felt it necessary to prune his Shakespeare extensively of its archaisms and ambiguities.

2

THE new translation claims superiority in two important respects: accuracy of rendering and intelligibility. Of these, the former is the more urgent claim and is, indeed, unanswerable. Defenders of the King James Version are put in a very difficult position here. If they continue its use as the canonical form of the church's Scripture, they inevitably appear to be indifferent to truth and to be less than scrupulous with the Word of God. Indeed, it might be claimed that they come under the malediction, at least negatively, of the closing verses of the Apocalypse.

Disregard of and indifference to scholarship were rebuked by Erasmus in his day:—

Why are we so precise as to our food, our clothes, our money-matters, and why does this accuracy displease us in divine literature alone? He crawls along the ground, they say, he wearies himself out with words and syllables! Why do we slight any word of Him whom we venerate and worship under the name of the Word?

The greater accuracy of the Revised Standard Version is manifest under numerous heads. This is not a matter of only an occasional correction. The true text or sense of the original Greek imposes change after change—many of them, it is true, of only slight consequence—upon the Authorized Version. These corrections arise chiefly out of our better knowledge today, first of the manuscripts and then of Hellenistic Greek language and grammar. If the great translations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries rested not only upon the zeal of the Reformation but also upon the fertile humanism

and scholarship of northern Europe, so this new version is the beneficiary of a great movement of the modern spirit in scientific and historical studies.

In the first place we know better now what the original text of the writings was. The great bulk of our oldest copies of the New Testament, whether in Greek or in the early versions, are comparatively recent finds. The King James Version was based on very meager textual resources whose corruptions the scholars of that day were not in a position to recognize. If we cannot any longer read the words of the angels' song in the familiar form, "good will to men," or include in the Lord's Prayer, "For thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen," it is because we have decisive evidence. Major omissions dictated by our fuller manuscript evidence—already, indeed, suggested in the Revised Versions—are the last twelve verses of Mark and the incident of the woman taken in adultery which appears as John 8:1-11 in the Authorized Version. The new version assigns these to footnotes, since it is clear that they were not originally a part of these Gospels or of any of the four.

Most significant of all are the emendations called for by our better knowledge of the Greek language of the time. Here it is that the discoveries of papyrus documents have played so large a part. Thanks to these aids and to other gains from modern study, many improvements can be made today in translation. For example, interpreters have always been puzzled by Matthew 28:1, "In the end of the sabbath as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week." "In the end of the sabbath" would mean at sunset on Saturday. We know now on various grounds that the Greek underlying the first phrase should be translated "after the sabbath." A telling revision occurs in connection with the exclamation of the centurion at the foot of the cross, Luke 23:47, "Certainly this was a righteous man." This becomes "Certainly this man was innocent." Instead of "the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not," we gain the illuminating reading, "and the darkness has not overcome it." Again, "the foolishness of preaching" becomes "the folly of what we preach." The great oath of the angel at one of the climaxes of the Book of Revelation (10:6), "that there should be time no longer," becomes "that there should be no more delay"—that is, before the Judgment. Such corrections are numerous.

The greater accuracy of the new version appears also in the correction of other types of errors or ambiguities in the older one. The Greek word for "slave" is regularly translated "servant" in the Authorized Version and, indeed, in the Revised Versions. This has had unfortunate results. Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed has pointed out that even sophisticated writers like H. W. Van Loon "have totally misconceived Paul's attitude to slavery, the most important social problem of New Testament times." Van Loon in his contribution to *Whither*

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Mankind, edited by Charles A. Beard, remarks (p. 55) that "to this very hour not a single theologian has been able to prove that Paul and his followers regarded the serf as anything but a two-footed piece of cattle." Goodspeed in a recent volume, commenting on this, calls attention to Paul's numerous references to slaves, his instructions to Christian slaves and masters and his intercession for a runaway slave. The new translation, by its correct rendering of the Greek word *doulos* as "slave" at various points, removes much of the ground for this kind of understanding.

The Revised Standard Version claims superiority not only in accuracy of rendering but also in intelligibility. By freeing themselves of the archaisms of the Authorized Version and the stiffness of the Revised Versions, the revisers have aimed at a diction and style divested of all unreality and awkwardness. At the same time they have preserved a great deal of the language, cadence, and overtones of the Authorized Version. This is by no means a "modern speech" translation. Thus they have sought to carry out the mandate of the sponsoring body, which ruled that this revision should be "in the direction of the simple, classic English style of the King James Version."

To detail some of the more obvious stylistic changes: the antique personal pronouns, "thee," "thou," "ye," have been abandoned, except in prayers, together with the corresponding archaic verb endings in -est, -eth, and the like. The omnipresent Semitic "and . . . and" is avoided, as well as the idioms uncongenial to English, "and it came to pass" and "he answered and said." Further examples of usages now unreal and here dispensed with are "behooved," "haply," "holden," "I go a fishing." "Posterity" is substituted for "seed," "near" for "nigh," "waist" for "loins," "grain" for "corn," "neighborhood" for "coasts," "tax" for "custom," "well" for "whole," "slapped" for "buffeted," "penny" for "farthing." The effect of these changes is to modify unmistakably the style of the New Testament, although the spirit of many extended sections remains the same.

Thus it is claimed that the new version has greater reality for the modern reader. Intelligibility in a more precise sense is attained by discarding numerous Elizabethan terms which have lost or changed their original meaning or are in any case ambiguous. The Fourth Gospel's "Comforter," an inadequate and negative term today, becomes "Counselor." "Prevent" becomes "precede," "let" becomes "restrain," "lively" becomes "living." A recent writer has remarked upon the fact that the word "security" as used by Shakespeare has been "a total traitor to itself." This is suggestive of the degree of change of English speech.

Defenders of the Authorized Version will grant

the greater accuracy of the new translation and will admit that it has advantages in point of intelligibility. They will argue, however, that if what is sought is a powerful conveying of the substance and import of the New Testament, then it is a gross error in strategy to forgo the rhetoric and associations of the King James Version. The heart and imagination of men are dull enough without forgoing our best resources for stirring them.

The Authorized Version, thanks to the circumstances of its origin and the accumulated overtones of its long use and the degree to which it is interwoven into the fabric of our language and literature, constitutes a unique vehicle for that moving of the emotions and sensibilities without which the conceptions of the Bible cannot properly register themselves. To abandon it is to uproot a growth that binds together and guarantees the best culture and spiritual life of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. If reality is what is wanted in a translation of the Bible, surely, it will be said, the kind of reality mediated here is a more significant one than the restricted reality conferred by a mistaken contemporaneity of diction. The King James Version admits us to the reality of a timeless culture and a historic church.

Moreover, specific shortcomings and infelicities in the new version will be pointed out. One could make a list of terms used which strike the reader as colorless and flat, such as: "very *expensive* ointment," "that I might not be *pained*," "God has so *adjusted* the body," "your faith is *futile*," "what is sown is *perishable*." This reader is not happy with the locutions, to "tell" a parable, or "pray . . . to send," or "put out into the deep." There appear, indeed, to be real solecisms—for example, "from him who takes away your cloak do not withhold your coat as well"; or "the Son of man is coming at an hour you do not expect"; or "We stone you for no good work."

The new version, on the other hand, frequently delights us by the felicity of its renderings. The revisers have been successful in finding a middle ground between the familiar and the novel. The diction has vigor, simplicity, and sobriety. The gain in clarity appears particularly in certain parts of Paul's letters.

Because of its excellence this translation confronts us with a painful dilemma; the kind of dilemma, however, that life constantly imposes between old and new, between heart and mind, between value and value. Church bodies, pastors, and educators will have difficult decisions to make. They will be well advised for the time being to use both this version and the King James Version, taking careful account of the occasion and the purpose in view. But they may well be warned by the great principle of Tertullian, "Christ our Master called himself truth not custom."

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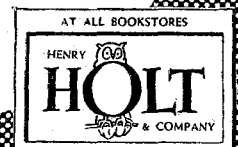
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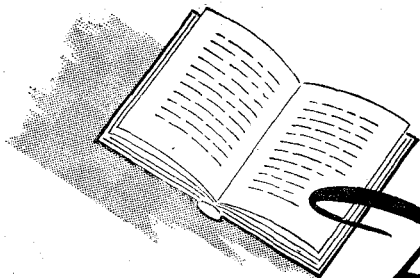
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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

SPEAKING from Hollywood, Mr. James M. Cain would set up an American Authors' Authority, which would include authors, dramatists, screen and radio writers, and to which authors would assign copyrights on all their material. Mr. Cain, whose soapbox is of Hollywood platinum, is unquestionably sincere in his protest that some writers do not receive their fair share, and like Petrillo he wants "to help the boys."

The first of Mr. Cain's novels, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, was sold to the movies, and the author was attracted to California, where as a scenario writer his earnings, I should guess, have been not less than \$1500 a week. His grievance is directed not so much against his salary as against certain studio practices — for instance, contracting far in advance for the work of a promising newcomer, or refilming (without fresh royalties) a story which had been sold to the studio outright; and last but not least, he objects to the enormous discrepancy between the author's fee and the box office receipts. (Mr. Cain has said that on three of his filmed novels he made \$45,000 and the producers \$12,000,000.)

According to the *New York Times* there are between seven and eight thousand Americans who today live by creative writing. If Mr. Cain's Authority is established, they would, all of them, be eligible for membership, and to it they would be expected to surrender copyrights on their new manuscripts. The Authority would then act as their business or literary agent, leasing but never selling outright the serial rights, the book rights, the radio, screen, and reprint rights.

It is quite possible that Mr. Cain's Authority could secure a larger cut of the Hollywood profits. It is

also quite possible that the Authority would exert itself far beyond the limits now contemplated. Suppose that the union leaders in California do score a decisive victory in the studios, and that on the strength of this they are advanced to the national offices of the Authority. Suppose also that the Hollywood representatives are of Communistic persuasion. Then what began as a local grievance could be inflated: the Authority would swell until it was imposing a party line on all writers. As a next step, the Authority might refuse to deal with magazine editors and book publishers who preferred to print the independents. In short, as Dorothy Thompson puts it, Mr. Cain is trying to out-Goebbels Goebbels.

There is, to be sure, an invidious comparison with anything that has to do with Hollywood, as Mr. Cain might have realized before he took up the cudgels for the other crafts. His inference that writers are generally underpaid, I think is hogwash. A good sensational novelist — Mr. Cain fits in this category — can net (before taxes) \$20,000 for his serial, \$15,000 to \$20,000 for his book royalties, and \$15,000 to \$20,000 for his film rights, not counting the chicken feed from his short stories. This does not happen every year, but if it happens only once in three it represents an average of close to \$20,000 a year. The good sentimentalists like Temple Bailey and Lloyd Douglas far exceed this figure; so do the serious novelists like Hemingway, Marquand, and Steinbeck.

I venture the estimate that there are a thousand writers in this country today who are earning comfortably more than \$10,000 a year. If you compare this to the \$2500 salaries a well-to-do community pays the public school teacher, and concede that schoolteaching is only a step behind writing in its public influence, then writers such as Mr. Cain are not underpaid.

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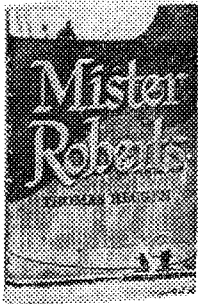
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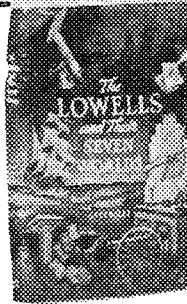
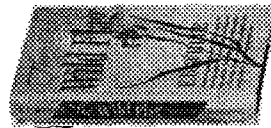
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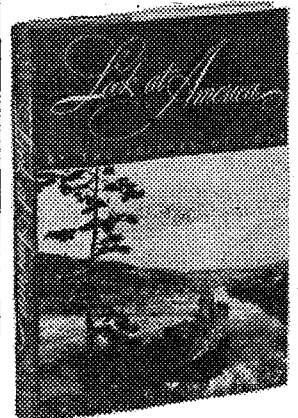
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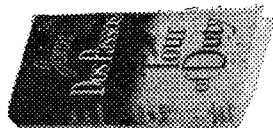
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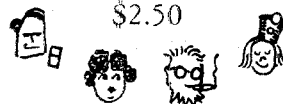


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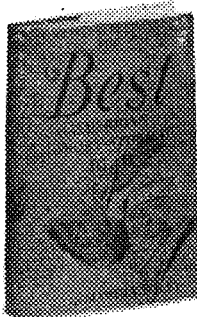
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Stevenson and Charles Scribner (known in the office as "the Czar"), between the Czar and John Galsworthy, between Edith Wharton and W. C. Brownell, between Edward L. Burlingame and J. M. Barrie — the kind of friendship which made Maxwell Perkins, one of the ablest editors of our time, indispensable to F. Scott Fitzgerald, Tom Wolfe, James Boyd, and Ernest Hemingway in their early and most productive years. *Of Making Many Books* is the story of Scribner's bookmaking for one hundred years, a story which Roger Burlingame, with access to a fascinating correspondence, has told so congenially and so fairly that I could wish the book in the hands of every beginning writer and as a source in our schools of journalism.

Life is like that

In *The Lost Weekend* Charles Jackson explored with surgical honesty the self-deception and degradation of the alcoholic. His was an unsparing, if painful, portrayal of an experience which has come home to too many American families since Prohibition. In *The Fall of Valor* Mr. Jackson with equal audacity attempts to characterize the emotional starvation of a college professor who gets tired of his wife and falls in love with a Marine. Making allowances for Mr. Jackson's diagnosis of the arid Puritanism in our make-up and saluting him, as one must, for his courage in laying open a murky subject, I must still report that this is a dull story, about dull people, dully written. The theme, and I suspect we shall meet it more frequently, need not be narrowed down to the triangle of an anemic, dry-as-dust professor, his starved and expostulating wife, and a handsome, dumb baboon. Had Mr. Jackson written with the candor of Gide or the artistry of Thomas Mann we should not have had to plow through these sand dunes of dull repetitive conversation, nor endure the reactions of people about whom one can have neither excitement nor affection.

Mr. Mann calls *The Fall of Valor* "a work of striking fidelity to life." In his praise he ignores, as he does not in his books, the obligation of a novelist to see the truth and to interest the reader.

I think it is time to take off our hats to John Marquand; I think it is time that we acknowledged the increasing skill which he brings to his fiction: his shrewd observation, his true ear for dialogue, his humor, his mimicry, and his satire. I think it is time that people stopped disparaging his books because they are so darned easy to read.

I put *B.F.'s Daughter* at the head of Marquand's shelf and count it a far better novel than *The Late George Apley*. B.F.'s daughter, Poll, is one of those strenuous, acquisitive women whom we have bred in our prosperity and whose dominance is so wearing to the husband. She is fully alive, a person who is growing steadily in the reader's mind from the first page to the last. The two protagonists in the book, B.F., the self-made tycoon, and Bob Tasmin,

the well-bred family man, are a pair whose humanness rises above clever disparagement. The relationship between them is, I think, oversimplified at the outset, but as the story matures, so do they. And their reaction upon each other is something to watch in its sure, consistent revelation.

Mr. Marquand's satire, whether of New Dealers, of the Pentagon, or of the brass hats in the Pacific, as his devastating take-off of the Intellectual, is fresh, timely, and engrossing. The three themes which give his story its force — the father-daughter relationship, American acquisitiveness, and the lover-come-back-to-me — are much more germane to American life than, shall we say, homosexuality.

The book reads like a breeze, and rereading it will discover glints one missed in the rush. Mr. Marquand is skilled in arresting the contemporary moment (Bob's homecoming is a single instance), to make it stand still in perspective while he illuminates its humor, its folly, and its pathos.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS NOW AND THEN

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

MR. ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT's memory may have been good or bad, his notes adequate or trivial. Plainly his book *As He Saw It* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$3.00) is not that of a trained, responsible observer or reporter. It is obviously indiscreet and in dubious taste. Its appeal lies in its "inside" quality — the allusions to Churchill's intemperance and Stalin's terrible jocosities, the author's quotations of his father's confidential comments, the not very happy atmosphere of keyhole reporting.

The "serious importance" of Elliott Roosevelt's book is in the charges contained in his Introduction and Conclusion. In the former he writes: —

I shared his [F.D.R.'s] most intimate thoughts and listened to his most cherished aspirations for the world of peace to follow our military victory. I knew what conditions he predicated for the structure of world peace; I knew what conversations led to them; I knew of the bargains and the promises.

And I have seen the promises violated, and the conditions summarily and cynically disregarded, and the structure of peace disavowed. . . .

Franklin Roosevelt was the wartime architect of the unity of the United Nations . . . [his] ideals and statesmanship would have been sufficient to keep that unity a vital entity during the postwar period . . . the path he charted has been most grievously — and deliberately — forsaken.

In his Conclusion, he charges that the sabotage of Franklin Roosevelt's program for peace was the work of "a small group of willful men in London and Washington." More specifically he says: —

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I am thinking of the career men in the State Department whom Father never trusted, including certain men often mistakenly referred to as our "experts" on foreign affairs. I am thinking of the reactionaries of both major parties in Congress. . . . I am thinking of our guardians of the "free press." . . . And I am thinking, too, of the men who have shrunk our foreign policy down to the size of the atom bomb, the Army officers who — considering apparently only their professional futures — are prepared out-of-hand to condemn civilization to a heap of rubble.

These charges, immensely important if true, do indeed merit serious consideration. They are backed by no evidence, specific or general, no documentation, no revelations, either personal or official. They represent no more than an opinion, passionately held. But the charges are so ugly, involving as they do, deliberate treachery on the part of F.D.R.'s own party, of his own appointees and liegemen, as well as betrayal by sinister career diplomats, soldiers, and Congressmen, and, of course, by big business men working diabolically behind the scene, that they should not be accepted without sharp question and analysis.

Undoubtedly the majority of Americans approved President Roosevelt's foreign policy and his program for a post-war world. He earnestly desired and successfully strove for a wholehearted coöperation between Soviet Russia, the United States, and the United Kingdom in the prosecution of the war. And he held it essential that such loyal team play should continue between these powers, in the structure of the United Nations, if peace were to be achieved and maintained. Over a year has passed since V-J Day; that loyal coöperation is a wreck and a ruin, and the people of the world, their best hopes deceived, face the chaotic present and the dreadful future with doubt or despair in their hearts.

So much, few will deny. Does it follow, as Elliott Roosevelt charges, that the collapse and destruction of his father's policies are due to willful sabotage by forces in or behind the American government? I see nothing in his book or in the public record to substantiate such an accusation. On the other hand, evidence accumulates that the present unhappy situation is due to a combination of three elements: Russian suspicions and ambitions, British Imperial backings and fillings, and American ineptitude. Our "statesmen" have not denied or betrayed Mr. Roosevelt's policies. They have simply been incapable of implementing them. At a period which cried aloud for the most competent and careful professional skill in the conduct of our foreign relations, we have seen them fumbled and kicked around by four Senators — amateurs all — former Senator Truman, former Senator Byrnes, and Senators Vandenberg and Connally. The result is deplorable, but it is not, as Elliott Roosevelt charges, treachery.

It is almost a fixed idea in this country that the professional, the thoroughly trained specialist, is *ipso*

facto suspect. In a democracy where one man is as good as another, or says he is, the average ignoramus fears and resents superior training and accomplishment. This attitude is not consistently maintained. We prefer to have a tooth pulled by a qualified dentist rather than by an itinerant harvest hand. But certain professions in which a lifetime of specialized training is not too much, we regard as open fields for enthusiastic amateurs.

Particularly the field of diplomacy has been regarded as an excellent arena in which a former mortician or cattle breeder, now a Congressman or Senator, may display his God-given talents to the dismay of the effete diplomats of Europe and the delight of the people at home. It would be hard to conceive of a more tragic error. Resolved to its essentials, the business of diplomacy consists in implementing the practical working out of a policy or program dealing with foreign nations. For any contracts approaching similar complexity in domestic affairs we would employ the services of the most skilled and experienced lawyers in that particular specialty.

In foreign affairs, one would naturally assume that we would call on the services of our trained and experienced personnel, on men who had devoted their lives to the study and practice of contractual and other relations between sovereign powers. It could hardly have been believed that any administration could enter the immensely complicated field of treaty-making after a global dismemberment such as that of World War II with only a vague, genial theory as a policy, with inadequate preparation, and lacking a clear-cut, definitive, and detailed plan for every major issue. It is even more inconceivable that the conduct of these negotiations should have been entrusted to men whose experience was limited to the consideration of domestic issues with an eye always cocked for the reaction of the American voter.

No one can read Mr. Sumner Welles's profoundly impressive arraignment of our foreign relations, *Where Are We Heading?* (Harper, \$3.00), without admitting the woeful failure of improvised, empirical diplomacy. One may admire or dislike Mr. Welles, approve or oppose his theories of high policy; but no fair-minded man will deny his competency in his profession. We may, at this date, admit the justice of his charges that our treaty-makers approached their immensely difficult problems unprepared, unsure, inexperienced. Furthermore, this reviewer, at least, discounts altogether the cheap retort discourteous that Mr. Welles's criticisms of men and maneuvers are based on pique or personal chagrin because he was shelved, elbowed out of the picture at a most crucial moment in his own career and in American history. His is the wrath of a trained intelligence which is forced to observe great affairs handled with amateurish trial and error.

In his book, certainly one of the most forceful, hard-hitting documents ever written by an American public servant, Mr. Welles fights with bare knuckles

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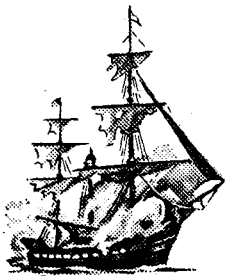
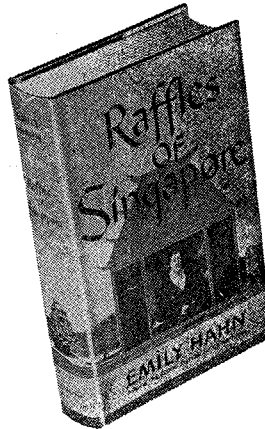
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and pulls no punches. He delivers his opinions in phrases, sentences, and paragraphs which have an eighteenth-century roundness and finality, which remind one of the inevitable, comprehensive annihilation of an opponent as practiced by Gibbon or Samuel Johnson. Of the Security Council, he writes: —

To any impartial observer the contrast between the hopes and anticipation, and the reality, was shocking. . . .

The American delegate, Mr. Edward Stettinius, had scarcely demonstrated during his brief career as Secretary of State any of the qualifications required in the position to which he had now been appointed. Of his good intentions there could be no question. Of his wholehearted desire to bend his every effort toward making the Security Council a success there could likewise be no doubt. But, devoid of any knowledge of international relations or even of modern history and lacking the personal qualifications desirable in so high an office, Mr. Stettinius, it was painfully evident from the outset, could play only a meager part.

Of the Americans at Potsdam he says: —

This meeting was held as scheduled in the latter part of July of 1945. It was attended on behalf of the United States by both President Truman and his newly appointed Secretary of State, James F. Byrnes. Neither of these two new directors of American foreign policy possessed the slightest knowledge of international relations. It is no disparagement of President Truman to state that he had neither the familiarity with modern history, the grasp of international affairs, nor the innate flair for foreign relations possessed by his predecessor. Nor did Secretary Byrnes display any of these qualities. . . . good intentions and sincerity under such conditions cannot be sufficient. The stark truth is that the United States was placed at a tragic disadvantage.

At London: —

Mr. Byrnes, who assumed the Secretaryship of State in one of the most critical moments of world history, had only the most tenuous comprehension of the currents and crosscurrents of international affairs.

At Moscow: —

With regard to the Balkan peace treaties, the United States flagrantly reversed the position that she had taken at London. She agreed to the exclusion of France from the negotiation of those treaties. What was far worse, she agreed to recognize the Soviet-installed governments of Rumania and Bulgaria provided those governments took in two representatives of "democratic parties not hitherto participating in them." Such a face-saving device was counter to the spirit and to the letter of the Yalta agreements. Its acceptance by the United States constituted a cowardly retreat from the position for which Franklin Roosevelt had stood inflexibly at Teheran and at Yalta in behalf of the creation of freely elected and representative governments throughout Europe as an essential safeguard for future peace.

These criticisms are largely concerned with the inadequacy of individuals. There is no flat state-

ment here that the principles announced by President Roosevelt were willfully denied; there is the definite assertion that they were jettisoned through weakness or incompetence.

For President Roosevelt's wisdom at the point where high policy and military strategy meet, Mr. Welles has the deepest respect. He thoroughly endorses the principles of coöperation in the post-war world which the President outlined at Yalta. "But," he warns, "a policy declaration, such as that made at Yalta, unless it is supplemented by agreements of the most detailed character, meticulously phrased, and implemented in every point, is not in itself sufficient to bring about practical results. It cannot too often be emphasized that the mere announcement to the peoples of the world of desirable objectives does not advance them along the road which leads to those objectives."

The tragedy of recent American diplomacy, he says, lies both in the failure to carry out a policy and in the abandonment of principles.

It is with a certain escapist relief that one turns from Mr. Welles's jeremiads to a lucid historical review of another crisis in world affairs and of diplomacy as practiced 130 years ago. In the Introduction to *The Congress of Vienna: A Study in Allied Unity* (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.00), Mr. Harold Nicolson — well known both as a diplomat and as a delightful essayist and historian — warns the reader: "The analogies between the events described in this volume and those which we are now experiencing are so frequent that they may mislead. . . . Events are not affected by analogies; they are determined by the combinations of circumstance." Nevertheless, to most laymen the similarities between the conditions faced by statesmen after the defeat of Napoleon and the dissolution of the French Empire, and those following World War II, are so striking that their study presents a fascinating field for speculation.

The likeness between Napoleon and Hitler has been noted often. The chaos which followed the continental — almost the global — wars of the Napoleonic period has its enlarged counterpart today. And the intrusion of Russia on a grand scale in the European equilibrium was as disturbing then as now. To settle and bring order out of this chaos, the statesmen of Europe met and deliberated at Vienna and labored to create a stable order for the future. The outstanding personalities in the Congress were the spokesmen for the great powers — the unstable autocrat, Alexander of Russia, Metternich of Austria, Talleyrand of France, and Castlereagh representing Great Britain. Although each of these men upheld definite policies and principles, often considerably at variance, the Congress of Vienna was more than the scene of a conflict of ideas; it was also the stage for a conflict of personalities — among them some of the most powerful, intelligent, and, perhaps, unscrupulous of their time.

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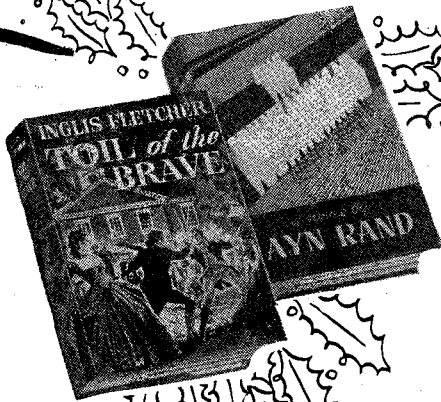
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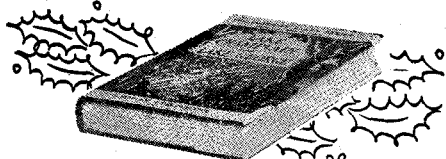
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It became the fashion in later years to belittle the achievements of the Congress of Vienna, to regard with pious horror the casual, horse-trading methods of treating conquered minorities and other helpless and hapless political units, to lament the lack of moral principle governing the public and private conduct of the statesmen of Europe. It is true that by modern standards these statesmen treated ethnic groups as little more than pawns in their game, although the Congress did, for the first time in history, attempt a census and a survey of the peoples of Europe; and it is also true that the chief actors were men whom it would be possible to characterize as scoundrels.

Talleyrand, the brilliant opportunist who turned his coat and his creed and his allegiance whenever the turning was good; Metternich, who allowed no niceties of honor to interfere with his lifelong pursuit of a Balance of Power; the imperturbable Castlereagh, with his stubborn insistence on the vital interests of his country's sea power and a peaceful Europe — these men represented perhaps the conflict between patriotism and personal uprightness which old Sir Henry Wotton had in mind when he defined an ambassador as "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth."

Yet, between them and in spite of everything, they accomplished a task which we are slowly learning to regard in its true proportion as little short of stupendous. With all its faults, the order they created endured for a hundred years. There were minor, one-campaign wars, but no general involvement, no overturning of the Continental order, between 1815 and 1914.

To us, in this advanced age with its accelerated approach to suicide, that seems a strangely long period of peace and calm. They *did* create a world in which one could travel from one end to the other without a passport or other papers, without apprehension even of delays — surely a curious world by the standards of today. This peace was the work of experienced diplomats. Alexander was the irresponsible amateur, and there was always danger that his uncontrolled vagaries, however benevolent, might wreck the whole creation. The Congress of Vienna was the greatest laboratory experiment in the usefulness of "career men."

Mr. Nicolson tells the story, both of the events preceding the Congress and the course of its deliberation, with insight, clarity, a restrained humor, and a very pleasant style. His sense of the dramatic is under complete control. His reticence on the subject of historical analogies is nicely contrived to stimulate the reader's imagination. And his understanding of the characters on his scene transforms them from historical cardboard figures into credible men and women. His book should be required reading for all commentators on foreign affairs, for all students of diplomatic history — for all men, in fact, who are willing to learn, from experience of the past, lessons which apply most urgently today.

THE CHRISTMAS LIST

JANE COBB and HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

In November we reported on 140 late spring and early fall juveniles — and were profoundly depressed. The books seemed, on the whole, dull, patronizing, and overinstructive, with very little recognition of the child's longing for action in his stories, or his right to be amused. Since then we have read 115 books from the late fall list, and have found the experience much happier.

We are glad to report that 35 books were outstanding, and skillfully designed to hold the child's interest. There were, of course, plenty of books *ex machina*, more stories of long ago than of today, and an excess of books with their emphasis on an elaborate foreign background instead of on a warm, human story — always for six to nine year olds!

BOOKS FOR THE SIX-TO-NINERS

Marta the Doll, by Eloise Lownsbury, is a happy and notable exception to this last complaint. It is a truly warm and human story, tenderly written, about a little Polish girl and her first doll. The plot is brisk and dramatic, and the background of Polish farm life is charming and unforced, with a lovely quality of kindliness. The patriotic note is struck rather more constantly than seems necessary in a book for children of this age group, but the story has so much appeal that the somber undertone cannot detract from it.

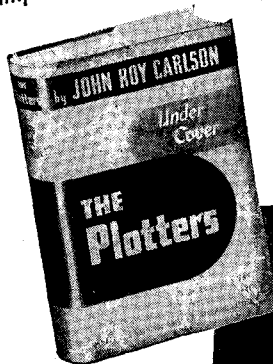
An exceptional book for this age is *Miss Hickory*, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. Miss Hickory is a doll made from an apple twig and a hickory nut. Her owners move to Boston, leaving her to shift for herself through the long New Hampshire winter. How she managed, what she ate and wore, the highly individual character of her friends, and the Christmas miracle in the barn, are a skillful blending of fact, fantasy, and woodsy detail — told in prose as clear and delicate as an etching. The ending is original and entirely unexpected.

In *Blue Ridge Billy*, by Lois Lenski, we have a splendid bit of Americana. This is a regional story, with customs, manners, speech, and the Blue Ridge Mountains deftly interwoven with the plot. It has adventure, a still, a tough father, a happy ending, and music. The music is a vital part of the story, and Miss Lenski has a fine collection of hill-billy ballads. It is a pity that the music couldn't have been included. Miss Lenski has written other regional stories and every child should have them.

The Monkey with a Notion, by Glenn O. Blough, is another good one. Any child will love this story of a pet shop, its irritable owner, and the pets themselves, whom she could not bear to sell. The plot includes a small boy, a policeman, and a fire.

Animals, of course, always have appeal. *Shooting Star Farm*, by Anne Molloy, and *Some-*

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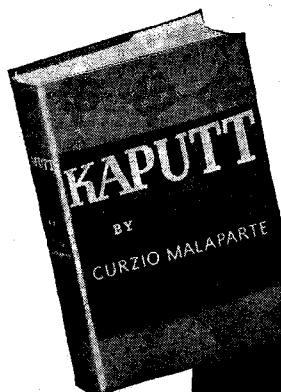
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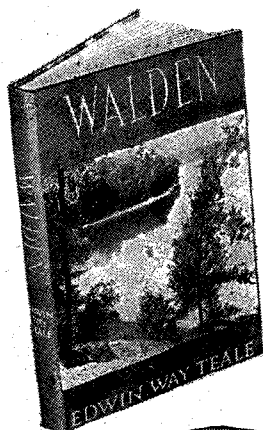
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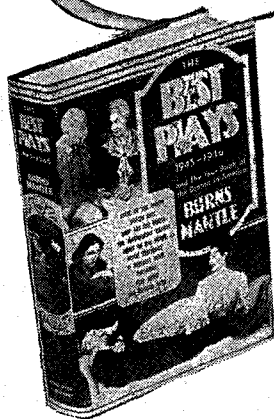
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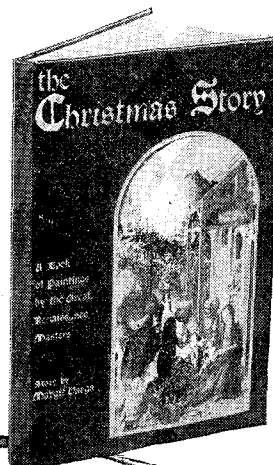
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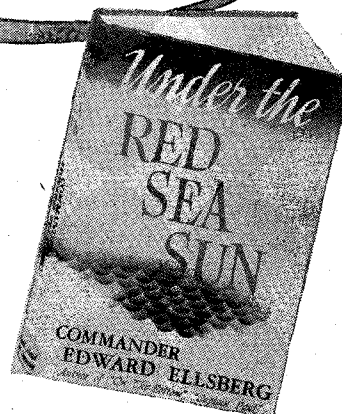
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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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thing Always Happens, by Mary Graham Bonner, have very satisfying animals. *Shooting Star Farm* is a lighthearted story, mostly about horses, but also about a nervous grandmother, little girls, a mean man, and an exceedingly entertaining and thoroughly maddening pair of twins, who hate fresh air and talk a private language which nobody else understands. The hero of *Something Always Happens* is a fabulously lucky little boy who is given two bear cubs. This statement, plus the title, is all that need be said.

There was some nonfiction, too. We liked *Big Tree*, by Mary and Conrad Buff. Without undue personalization the Buffs have made their account of a giant sequoia and its centuries of life not only interesting, but very dramatic. The illustrations are beautiful.

South American Zoo, by Victor von Hagen, is a simple, clear account of South American fauna, their habits and customs and why. There are about three pages to each specimen, all carefully and strikingly illustrated.

And speaking of illustrations, Grosset and Dunlap should be congratulated on their superb "Illustrated Junior Library." *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Arabian Nights*, *Pinocchio*, and *Tom Sawyer* are all fascinatingly illustrated, and look sturdy enough to stand the beating they will undoubtedly get. There is also a complete *Alice* with drawings by Tenniel, as they should be, though some of them have been colored with faint pastels to brighten them up — if they need brightening!

Another good religious book has turned up, too — *God's First Children*, a retelling of Old Testament stories translated from the Swedish by Esther Salminen, and with lovely, imaginative pictures. The book is clearly and tranquilly written, with direct quotes from Bible verses and psalms, which give the book dignity without detracting from its simplicity.

FOR TEN AND OLDER

The ten-year-olds and teen-agers are lucky this time. There are school stories, Boy Scout stories, adventure, biography, and a particularly fine Western.

A Date for Diane, by Elizabeth Headley, gets first place as a school story. It is written with skill, sympathy, and an abundant humor which laughs with, but never at, the fourteen-year-olds. And it's all there — the anxiety about the first date, the frenzies about clothes, the interminable telephone conversations, the picnics that go haywire, the inexplicable reaction of parents to lipstick and low-cut evening dresses, and the desperately important school activities, all presented from the serious point of view of fourteen. There is no caricaturing of the young in this book, no visible preaching, no patronage. These wholesome, normal kids feel as fourteen has always felt, and always will feel. And the boy question is handled wisely and

with great understanding. The ending, in which Diane is taken to a junior dance by a "sophisticated older man" of nineteen, is, quite by itself, a very good thing for any youngster to read.

Mountain Pony, by Henry Larom, is a splendid story of a boy in the Wyoming Rockies, and believe it or not, the scene is Wyoming *today*, with a new kind of rustler — the game rustler — who carries his booty away by airplane. And the young hero's uncle is game warden! Furthermore, the local color is not vaguely Western, but clearly and crisply Wyoming. We hope Mr. Larom will give us more Americana.

Black Sheep Patrol, by Stanley Pashko, will appeal to every boy, Scout or not. There are fires, rescues, detective work, rivalry with a neighboring Scout Troop — everything, in fact that a boy yearns to be mixed up in.

The Angry Planet, by John Keir Cross, really had us going. We were spellbound. It's a modern Jules Verne story, involving three children and two scientists and a rocket ship, outward bound for Mars. They were three weeks on the way, and what happened on that peculiar planet after their arrival has us convinced that either Mr. Cross has one of the most inventive minds of this generation, or else he has been there himself. Read it and see; you can give it to the children afterward.

The Wonderful Year, by Nancy Barnes, won a prize, and deserved it. She has written a good, sound book for girls, combining the exigencies of life on a Colorado fruit ranch with the exigencies of beginning adolescence. It's a story of growing up, well and understandingly done, with no dull moments and with really delightful humor.

The Hidden Treasure of Glaston, by Eleanore M. Jewett, is a story of the twelfth century, and of lame, thirteen-year-old Hugh, left at the monastery of Glaston by his father, who is fleeing the country, suspected of conniving at the murder of Thomas à Becket. There are knights, intrigues, miracles, hidden treasure, the Holy Grail, and a great deal of history made very real. The manners and customs of the time will be absorbed happily and painlessly by young readers of either sex.

Christmas Tales for Reading Aloud, compiled by Robert Lohan, should make everybody happy, young or old. It is a collection of 52 Christmas stories by notable writers. The stories are short, and have been chosen, as the title points out, for their suitability for reading aloud. They are vivid, colorful, and fast paced. It is unnecessary to mention their artistic merit.

BOOKS ABOUT RACE PREJUDICE

Among the books for children, we were greatly encouraged to receive several dealing with race problems. *Paul Robeson, Citizen of the World*, is a biography of the great singer, by Shirley Graham. Miss Graham errs, along with most writers of juvenile biographies, in praising her sub-

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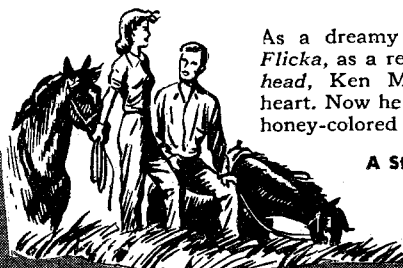
A vigorous, romantic novel that recreates with warmth and charm the youth, courtship, and marriage of Ulysses S. Grant. "Intensely sympathetic . . . engaging."—*New York Herald Tribune Book Review*. \$3.00

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MARY O'HARA

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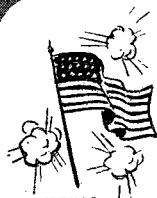
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#1

laugh riot

THE EGG and I

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An autobiography by **Joseph Fort Newton**

The story of a liberal minister whose magnetic personality has won him international recognition. "Here is a man who has lived richly, read and studied widely, thought keenly and felt deeply—a great human."—*Religious Book Club Bulletin*. **\$3.00**

COMPANY • Philadelphia, New York

ject too fulsomely. Robeson's life speaks for itself. It doesn't need double bowknots of laurel.

Tradition, by Anne Emery, is a high school story of two young Japanese-Americans in a stuffy small-town school, and of their struggle to win acceptance by their contemporaries.

Bright April, by Marguerite de Angeli, is for the six-to-niners — the charming story of a little colored girl and her Brownie Scout Troop.

But the prize package of the lot is Florence Crannell Means's *Great Day in the Morning* — an extraordinary, beautifully written novel of a young colored girl in high school and later at Tuskegee. Lily Belle is attractive, intelligent, amusing, and beset with problems of boys, clothes, career, and a too pretty roommate. Life at Tuskegee and the portrait of Dr. Carver are done with warmth and skill, and Lily Belle's similarity to any witty white girl should do more to promote understanding between the two races than any amount of sermonizing.

FUN FOR THE VERY YOUNG

Of all the juveniles, however, the merriest are those put out for the very young indeed. It is really unfair to select only a few for review, since nearly all of them are excellent, and it is hard for the adult to go wrong if he consults his own taste and buys something he can stand rereading. So we are recommending those which went over the biggest with our own two guinea pigs, aged two and four.

Baby's Treasure Book of Words, with pictures by Ethel Hays Simms, despite its forbidding title, is one of the best ABC's we have come across. The letters are shown in three ways; capitals, small letters, and script, and each letter has a page of pictures scattered all over, without design. We were sure this was a bad idea. We were wrong. Four-year-old Margaret pores over it by the hour — the more pictures the merrier — and is rapidly learning her alphabet with no help from anyone.

The Leaky Whale, by Laura and Jack Johnson, is equally loved, and the pictures should amuse even the most humorless adult. *Daddies: What They Do All Day*, by Helen Walker Puner, has filled a long-felt want by convincing the children that their father's departure for New York to work is not just a personal eccentricity. *Pancakes for Breakfast*, by G. A. Paull, concerned exclusively with animals and food, had the solid success it deserves, and for Loris Corcos's *Jonathan Bangs Said No-o-o*, we cannot be sufficiently grateful. It is a book expressly for two-year-olds, with good pictures and a simple, rhythmic text, easily memorized. Margaret "reads" it to her brother — and peace reigns.

It must be accepted, of course, that adult taste is not necessarily the child's taste, and that goes for us as well as the next editor. We were inclined, for example, to dismiss Irena Lorentowicz's *What's*

in the Trunk as mannered and artsy-craftsy, but Margaret has no such complaint. She will tolerate no fewer than three successive readings at a stretch, and she hopes to work us up to half a dozen. By way of handsome apology we shall be glad to recite Miss Lorentowicz's book to her from memory — and backward if she prefers.

THUNDER OUT OF CHINA

\$3.00

Theodore H. White and Annalee Jacoby

SLOANE

SOME Americans, not long ago, were listening while a European analyzed the trend of politics in Europe. Several of them were a little astonished that an anti-Communist European could take so lightheartedly the mortality rate in the institution of monarchy, and one of them made the suggestion that since the Communists and the whole radical left are strongly anti-monarchist, we ought not to look so complacently on the fall of European thrones.

To this suggestion the European replied that now, as throughout history, when a king is deposed it is the enemies of the king who claim to have taken the lead in overthrowing him; but, he added, the fact is that monarchs fall because they are no longer supported, not because they are attacked. Regardless of what the king is like as an individual, he said, no monarchy has ever fallen that had not already become, as an institution, thoroughly corrupt.

If this is true in Europe, then the major thesis of Theodore H. White and Annalee Jacoby is that the laws of politics are the same in Asia and in the West. The most important contention in their book is not that the Communists are a rising force in China, but that the key to Chinese politics is the fact that the Kuomintang is rotting away in corruption. As the rot spreads and the corruption flourishes, they say, there is a corresponding shrinkage in the Kuomintang's ability to rule, to build, to get rid of its own undesirable party bosses, or to recruit younger, more honest, or more competent men.

They emphasize the importance of growing loss of confidence in the Kuomintang in the great cities and among the business men — the places which were once the stronghold of the Kuomintang, and the people who were once its most active supporters. "With a feeling of nausea the people of Shanghai watched the government they had welcomed back sell licenses, sell privileges, mismanage foreign relief supplies . . . saw the old opium rackets flourish again under the guidance of some of the Kuomintang's most powerful men."

Of the Communists, they argue that the question of Communist "loyalty" in a coalition government is more or less academic. "Only if the new government moves energetically forward to reform can the Communist protestation of loyalty be tested. If a new government of China resists change as rigidly as the old, there will be unrest, upheaval, bloodshed, and the Communists will make the most of the opportunity."

The detailed exposure in this book of the weakness and unpopularity of the Kuomintang will greatly increase the uneasiness and apprehension, already widespread in this country, about the wisdom of our policy in China.

Both of the authors worked in China for *Time*, and what they have to say is "curt, clear, concise" — but, for some odd reason, it never came out in *Time*.

OWEN LATTIMORE

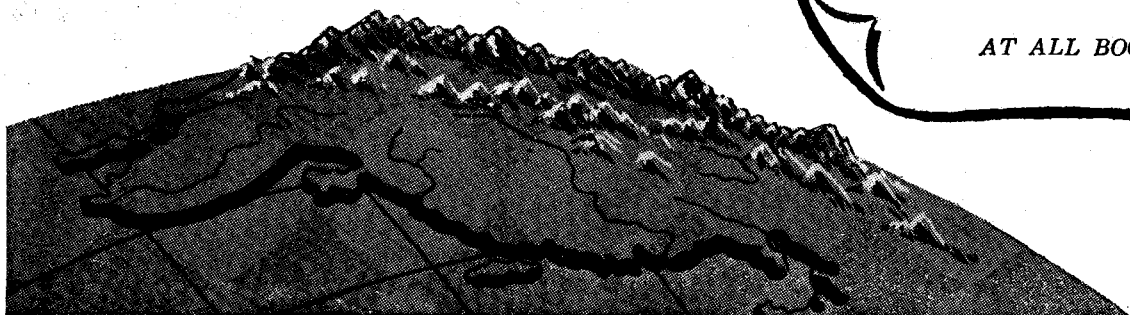
This is a book about the boiling point of the world—about revolution in the East, world peace, or the next world war. It is also a book about one-quarter of the earth's people and what effect their conflict will have on the issues of our time.

Thunder OUT OF China

By THEODORE H. WHITE and ANNALEE JACOBY

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION FOR NOVEMBER

"The first full-length portrait of Kuomintang China since the war began in Asia nine years ago, this book is of national importance, and bears directly on our fate to come. It may remake American policy. The lid is really off, and the American public can see what kind of dictatorship they are backing in the name of democracy. We can be proud that this vivid, bitter, honest book will be widely read."—*N.Y. Times Book Review*. \$3.00



Other SLOANE books



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Illustrated and decorated by JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE II. Here is a book to delight the heart and eye. Full of the good and savory things of rural living, these poems by a great poet, and the illustrations by a well-known artist, capture all the joys of the four seasons in the country. \$2.75

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

William
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A Checklist of Christmas Books for the Family

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☐ **LOST MEN OF AMERICAN HISTORY** by Stewart H. Holbrook. A fascinating parade of obscure or forgotten people—mavericks, unorthodox thinkers, inventors, and business men, prophets ahead of their times—who made important contributions to America's history. "As exciting as any detective yarn... it moves skilfully through the kaleidoscopic pageant of our past."—Bernard De Voto. \$3.50

☐ **FRONTIER ON THE POTOMAC** by Jonathan Daniels. An intimate portrait of our nation's capital, by a man who as long been part of the Washington scene. Here is everything—senatorial committees and hotel-room conferences, stiff state dinners and noisy cocktail parties, Presidents, lobbyists, and little stenographers from Minnesota. \$2.75

☐ **LAND OF PROMISE** by Walter Havighurst. Filled with legends, anecdotes, and colorful episodes, this is the story of the old Northwest Territory, comprising the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota. Here is its history, from wilderness days to the seeming present, told by the author of *The Long Ships* passing. \$3.00

☐ **COUNTRY JAKE** by Charles B. Driscoll. A sensitive autobiographical reminiscence of boyhood and youth on a Kansas farm. It tells of the fulfillment of a typically American dream—the dream of an education as an escape from the dreary monotony of farm life. Mr. Driscoll now writes O. O. McIntyre's column, "New York Day by Day." \$3.00

FOR MOTHER

☐ **THE WALL BETWEEN** by Elsie Oakes Barber. Christy adored her husband, a handsome young minister. But her romantic dreams came tumbling down when she had to move into an ugly parsonage at the edge of city slums. His warm, human novel tells how she finally scaled the wall that religion seemed to erect between her and her husband. \$2.75

☐ **UNEASY SPRING** by Robert Molloy. This book is guaranteed not to solve any world problems, but it does solve the problems of one American family in a way that will make you chuckle or grin. It is about a lonely widower, a pretty young singer, a motherly widow, an unhappy little boy, and a pert bobby-soxer. \$2.75

☐ **AMERICA'S FABRICS** by Zelma Bendure and Gladys Pfeiffer. This beautiful book, with more than 800 illustrations, tells the whole story of modern fabrics. It covers well over a thousand different fabrics, from heavy asbestos fire curtains to the most gossamer of synthetics. \$10.00

☐ **IN THIS THY DAY** by Michael McLaverty. A simple, lyrical novel about an Irish boy, his struggle against a dominating mother, his unfulfilled love for a dark-haired girl. As the *Irish Times* says, "This is one of those books that one can fall in love with." \$2.50

☐ **PEOPLE BEHAVE LIKE BALLADS** by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. When a poet observes, people behave like ballads—and the ballads are gay and tragic, beautiful and grotesque. Robert P. Tristram Coffin's latest collection of simple, mespurn verse about the people and folklore of backwoods Maine. \$2.25

your bookstore

MACMILLAN

T. H. White

PUTNAM

In a satiric tale, Mr. White brings to life again the Lilliputians of *Gulliver's Travels*, places them on a little island in England, and has them rediscovered by a bespectacled twelve-year-old called Maria, an unhappy and frustrated child. Maria tries to play God or Führer to the tiny people and in turn is rescued by them from the machinations of her governess and the Vicar, as evil a pair of villains as have darkened literature in fifty years.

Mr. White's style is ornate and sly. He satirizes the stately diction of the days of Addison and does a superlative caricature of a learned professor. He is at his best when illustrating the tortuous paths which the historic mind follows while ignoring the great event which is whirling around under its nose.

One dilemma of the book lay for me in deciding how to read it. As a tale of adventure I was glad to believe again in the Lilliputians—I knew they had existed before, why not again?—but the world to which Mr. White brings them, which he makes quite clear is in our time, I could not accept.

Maria and her governess are living in England during the war—but there is no war and they and the palace Malplaquet become fantastic beyond belief. This was a disappointment. I did not want the very real Lilliputians to be put in a fairy tale that could not have happened. But the incredibility of the big people destroyed the reality of the little people and their brave fight.

The other dilemma lay in my uncertainty as to what Mr. White was satirizing. Each page has its neat digs, but I was not sure that I was not missing the big intention. It is inevitable to compare *Mistress Masham's Repose* with the other satire of the year, George Orwell's *Animal Farm*. Mr. Orwell used no fireworks of style, but his animals struggling so gallantly against their pig dictator made their message unequivocal and deeply moving.

Mr. White is sparkling and erudite. He demands the attention of the brain, he tickles the fancy; one applauds his brilliant passages, but the heart is not touched. One puts the book down with a sense of frustration that somehow the real implications, political and literary, have been buried under a mass of shining verbiage and are lost.

GRETCHEN FINLETTER

1 1 1

UNDER THE RED SEA SUN \$3.50
Commander Edward Ellsberg DODD, MEAD

In *The Year of Stalingrad* Alexander Werth, who interviewed Stalin recently, emphasizes what few of us understand: that the Russians as a people know almost nothing of the war outside Continental Europe. But Massawa, that torrid and humid port in Eritrea, which Commander Edward Ellsberg converted into a naval base of vital importance in defeating Rommel in Africa, is probably just as unknown to Americans as to the Russians.

The Red Sea is not an easy area to make interesting. Those who have been in it usually want to get away from it and forget it. And Massawa is so much worse than any other part of the Red Sea that Port Sudan and Jedda are by comparison health resorts.

Rejoining the service at the age of fifty, Commander Ellsberg was offered a choice of Iceland or the Red Sea for salvage work. He chose the Red Sea. *Under the Red Sea Sun* is his twelfth book. He is now a captain in the Naval Reserve, but he retains the rank of commander on his title page as a *nom de guerre*, one may say.

There are a number of novel features about Ellsberg's career. He is the product of Annapolis and the United

There is still time to read these books yourself and see
what *grand Christmas Gifts* they'll make



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A Checklist of Christmas Books for the Family

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☐ **EAGLES FLY WEST** by Ed Ainsworth. A vivid, exciting historical novel about California's early days, by a well-known California newspaperman. Through mutiny, hurricane, war, and politics, Shane Malone battles his way to happiness. \$3.00

FOR SISTER

☐ **TATOOSH** by Martha Hardy. If she's an outdoor girl, give her the delightful first-hand story of a Seattle schoolteacher who spent three months as a "lady lookout" or the United States Forest Service on one of the highest peaks in the Cascade Mountains of Washington. \$2.75

☐ **MADEMOISELLE'S HOME PLANNING SCRAPBOOK** by Elinor Hillyer. A beautiful and practical guidebook for every girl who dreams of having her own home. It is full of inspired suggestions for building, buying, renting, decorating, or remodeling a home. Ten big envelopes to hold samples, clippings, and sketches, bound right in the book. \$3.75

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☐ **BLUE-WATER MEN AND OTHER CAPE CODDERS** by Katharine Crosby. All who know Cape Cod and all who have ever dreamed of going there will enjoy this book about Cape Cod and its people. It tells about the great sailors of her days, about piracy, witchcraft, bundling, and bootlegging. \$3.50

t your bookstore

MACMILLAN

States Navy of the era of Admirals Sims and King. He has specialized in salvage with spectacular success. Salvage to Ellsberg is not merely a profession, a science, and an art. It is a passion. No vessel seems so lovely in his eyes as when she is on the bottom of the sea and he is given the exquisite and delicate job of raising her, as from the dead.

In addition to his status as a naval officer, an engineer of remarkable originality, and an executive who can work miracles, Ellsberg is a writer. Ordinarily, when such a feat as he records in *Under the Red Sea Sun* has been achieved—the restoration of a ruined harbor full of sabotaged German and Italian ships, docks, and a floating crane—the officer responsible would turn over his data to a professional writer, who would do a professional job. But no professional writer could do this so well as Ellsberg himself has done it. The intrusion of a journalistic mind, either as a collaborator or a ghost, would be fatal to the authenticity of such a tale. This gift of writing, quite apart from his gift of getting work done, was obvious in *On the Bottom* long ago. It is obvious here in his latest book. We cannot say that a writer has been lost in the salvage man. For most of us laymen Ellsberg is salvage personified. He can explain the most technical thing so simply, dramatically, and entertainingly that it is as exciting as a mystery thriller; much more exciting than some of them. He has the art to dramatize disaster. When we gaze at his map of Massawa harbor, with its score of sunken wrecks, our eyes brighten, our blood pressure rises. We know that Ellsberg is going to raise those wrecks. We know he will face incredible difficulties; he will fight with the modern naval equivalent of beasts at Ephesus; but we know also that he will win. He always does. And he conveys his own fine feeling of triumph, of a job well done. Read what the British Admiralty thought of him.

There is another side to the Ellsberg character, which has not been mentioned but which is important. He is a diplomat. He can get on with the British. He had Eritreans, Arabs, Italians, and Persians to work with, but his crowning glory was that he got along with British officers and dockyard civilians in Massawa. Like the whiskey that Grant used, this uncanny ability of Ellsberg should be isolated and packaged for the rest of the military personnel. Ellsberg was an ambassador, not so much of good will as of intelligence and character. When he met men of supreme technical ability it was deep calling unto deep. After reading this most excellent book one can only echo Napoleon's remark after meeting Goethe: *Voilà un homme!*

WILLIAM MCFEE

NOT SO WILD A DREAM

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Eric Severeid

KNOFF

ERIC SEVAREID'S *Not So Wild a Dream* is among the finest of autobiographies of American correspondents. It is more than a book about adventure in strange lands, among grim tumults of arms. It begins with a boyhood in the Dakotas, as World War I diminishes into history; it portrays life in the wheatlands; recaptures the excitement of an adolescent boy's journey by canoe through the wastes of Canada to the Great Slave Lake and Hudson Bay; recounts wanderings among hoboes in the Pacific hinterland; spells out the bleak discoveries made during an apprenticeship at newspaper work in Minneapolis; chronicles the author's adventures with ideas at the University. Here was preparation. The fateful voyage to Europe in the late thirties, pre-war observation and reporting on the progressive dissolution of a precarious peace, and a job with CBS completed the course.

Not So Wild a Dream grows from this foundation



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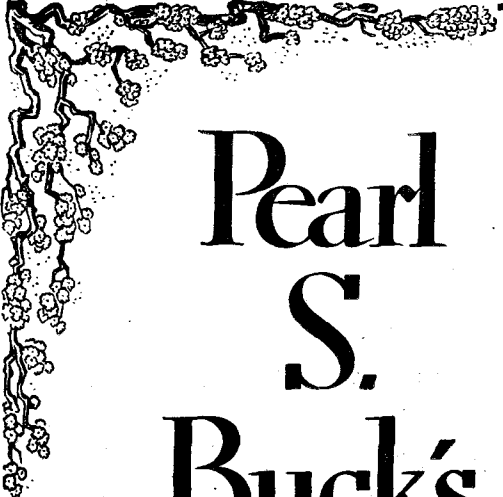
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As captain of a group of hostesses in an interracial canteen for servicemen during the war, Miss Halsey was involved in a difficult and challenging experience and, for all her familiar skill at provoking chuckles, has emerged from this experience a wiser and graver person. Clearly, she is no impractical zealot urging all in our land to embrace some flamboyant Faith and to follow some distant Gleam.

One of the major clues revealing Miss Halsey's maturity in the practice of what she so eloquently preaches is her recognition that in the day-to-day living of a democratically honest life there must be room for choice, even for those people whose choices we hate; and that attempting to understand the point of view of one's opponent is eminently more productive than clubbing him over the head with one's own self-righteousness or choking even valid morality down his unwilling throat. For her pains, assuredly, Miss Halsey will give new courage to those who serve on the race relations front. She will perhaps unseat some fence-

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WE FOLLOW two men and two women through the intricacies of contemplated divorce and marriage in this novel of love in post-war America. Mark Bycroft, a weary veteran whose modest ambition is to get out of the Army as soon as possible and settle in the country with his wife Regan and their child, returns home to find he has lost both his wife and his Connecticut farm. Regan, to whom the war has been worth while, since it brought her a lover, has attached herself to Bill Symes, a bounderish but charming fellow who knows "important" people and advises the State Department on unmentioned matters. Into Mark's dark forest of disillusion and indecision comes Stella Harmon, a war widow alternately trying to bury and to recall the past, dead to life at thirty.

Enmeshed in the tangle of these four lives are Miriam Sparrow and her husband Dick, whose loyalties are severely strained by the fact that he is Regan's divorce lawyer as well as Stella's close friend; Octavia, the Bycrofts' maid, who possesses the qualities of compassionate understanding which her mistress so totally lacks; and Neddy, a wordless child of six, who apparently knows all but reveals nothing.

Miss Weston's people drift in and out of crisis with emotional reactions so faint or undeveloped that it is hard to care which roads the four wanderers will choose or with whom they will travel. We have little incentive to follow them. We are asked to understand, for instance, that the turning point in Stella's life occurs when she sees a man sitting in a restaurant who reminds her of Alec, her dead husband. On the strength of this chance physical resemblance she feels herself "transfigured" and follows him about town in a trance for weeks before they meet.

As is frequently the case, the author has found vice easier to portray than virtue. Regan and Symes are recognizable, if exaggerated, types of ambitious, predatory men and women, while their more benign counterparts remain flat and wavering shadows.

MARY PINCHOT

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Masuo Kato

KNOPF

AMERICAN-EDUCATED Masuo Kato, a Japanese foreign correspondent for twenty-two years, has written in *The Lost War* the first inside story of Japan's defeat. He begins with a defense of former Ambassador Nomura from charges of complicity in the Pearl Harbor attack, and goes on to cover the war as he saw it on his return to Japan from America, from mid-1942 to the surrender on the *Missouri*.

The Lost War is an interesting account, for the most part not previously available to the American public, of why the war was lost. It contains some excellent reporting, particularly the analysis of the collapse of Japan's suicide attack spirit, and the description of the Tokyo air raids.

There are a few inaccuracies and omissions in his story. Kurusu's aviator son, for example, was not killed in combat with the Americans, but was shot — presumably accidentally — by the Japanese. The discussion of American psychological warfare, correctly described as amateurish until the end of the war, does not mention the Japanese



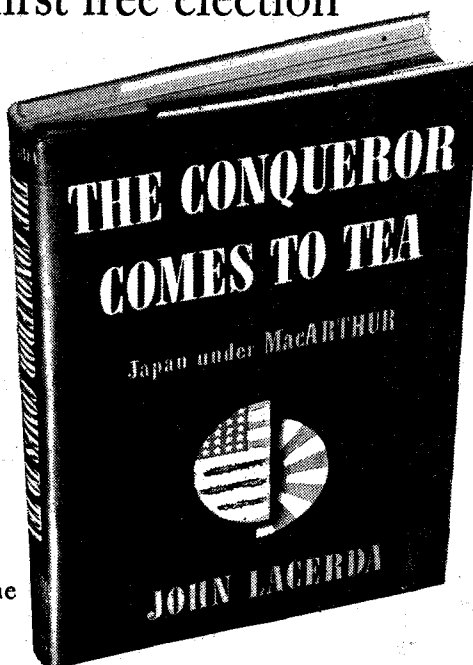
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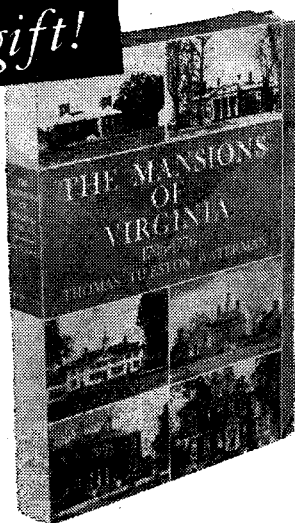
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broadcasts of Captain Zacharias, USN, just before the surrender. The description of the Japanese top command's falsification of production figures and casualties casts doubt on some of the figures provided by Mr. Kato himself.

The author is bitterly critical of the Army and traces the origin of the war to its invasion of China. There is, however, little criticism of the imperialism which was accepted by the Navy and the industrialists, as well as by the Army, and he does not emphasize the fact that the real disagreement in Japan was not whether East Asia should be ruled by the Japanese, but what methods should be used to attain this end. In spite of Mr. Kato's disclaimers, we are left with the impression that Japan's greatest mistake was not starting the war, but losing it.

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By experience, Dr. Jerome Davis is well equipped to see Russia in historical perspective. Before the United States entered World War I, he served as Y.M.C.A. secretary in charge of prisoners of war in Turkestan, and subsequently became director of all Y.M.C.A. activities in Russia. He visited the Soviet Union on a number of occasions during the inter-war years, and on his last visit, in 1945, spent more than a year traveling all over the country, including the areas devastated by the Germans.

His small book, a third of which is devoted to giving a picture of Stalin, whom he interviewed on two occasions, cannot be said to add very much to the already available knowledge of Russia. What is of interest is not so much the subject matter, but the spirit in which the book is written. Dr. Davis expresses warm sympathy for the achievements of the Russian people during the grim quarter of a century devoted to "building socialism in one country." He is not altogether uncritical, but critics of Russia will consider some of his statements unduly mild; for example when, in speaking of the purges, he writes: "Fanaticism, hysteria, and bureaucracy inevitably caused some injustice — but the guilty were tried."

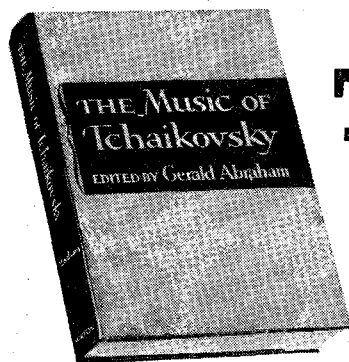
In answering some of the questions most frequently asked about Russia, he is refreshingly forthright. The Soviet Union, he says, will exercise great influence in neighboring countries "regardless of whether or not the Soviets follow a 'hands off' policy," because certain Soviet ideas have "undeniable attraction" for the peoples of these countries. He declares, after talking with Stalin, that Stalin "does not consider it wise, or even possible, to impose Communism on any country," and does not wish to have Communist regimes "set up in the occupied areas now." At the same time, Dr. Davis believes that in the occupied countries freedom of speech, of assembly, and of the press "will more resemble the Russian pattern than that of the West." He is convinced that a war against Russia would be suicidal, and that "America cannot afford to support a British anti-Russian program designed to protect British power and wealth." Russia, he adds, is afflicted with certain "infantile diseases," to use Lenin's phrase, but our cooperation "can help the Russians to broaden themselves."

To those among us who assert that Russia is aggressive, Dr. Davis answers: "The only desire of the Russian people is to rebuild their shattered territory, develop their natural resources and be happy and prosperous on a higher standard of living. They do not want to dominate the world but they do want equal rights in the world community. . . . In her treatment of minority nationalities Russia has much to teach the rest of the world."

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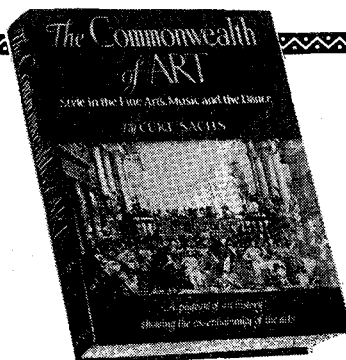
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THESE letters are so stimulating that one sits, pencil in hand, making frequent underlinings. They are the observations of a good man, a sound artist and critic, a rich mind, a responsive heart. And the style almost brings back the living voice of an eager conversationalist.

J. B. Yeats's philosophy of life and art was based on the individual — and on the emotional, rather than the intellectual, individual. "And happiness . . . what is it? I say it is neither virtue nor pleasure nor this thing or that, but simply *growth*. We are happy when we are growing." This growth begins in the senses, "that is, in the concrete — and then crowns itself in the spirit, the richer the concrete the richer afterwards the abstract."

In 1921 he wrote to his son: "Had you stayed with me and not left me for Lady Gregory you would have loved and adored the concrete life for which as I know you have a real affection. What would have resulted? Realistic and poetical plays — poetry in closest and most intimate union with the positive realities and complexities of life." Although J. B. Yeats had loyally written to his daughter in 1912, "On the whole, I am very glad that Lady Gregory 'got' Willie," he had been restive about the relationship. He was too much the admirer of his son's poetry to wish it diverted into Lady Gregory's magnetic zone. Eventually W. B. Yeats, who acknowledged that he and his father were in "telepathic communication," adopted criteria very close to those expressed in these letters.

J. B. Yeats lived in America, New York specifically, from 1907 until his death in 1922. His love of America never faltered, but his dream of her as a nation which would in time produce "the greatest poetry and the greatest art" was soon dissipated. Four years before his death he acknowledged "America leads the world," but she "will pay for it a great price. She loses literature and art and poetry — I mean of the great kind, the kind that matters." Nevertheless, he loved the people and the land, and delighted to express this — especially to English friends. "There are many lovely things in America, and I would advise any Englishman as soon as he has finished his University education to come here that he may cleanse himself of English vulgarity."

Doubtless one reason for the old man's enthusiasm was that "Hope, the great divinity, is domiciled in America." Yeats subsisted on hope. It is touching and laughable to note how often he boasted of triumphs yet to come. "If I live another six months I am quite sure everyone will see an *immense change* in my fortunes." Again, "Two Fortune-tellers, nay three . . . predict for me the most tremendous success." Later still, "I am in my 75th year and feel that life is just beginning; 45 years ago a lady cunning about the future told me that I would not win success till I was very old and that then it would be *universal success*." He was in his eighty-third year when, suddenly, he died, the pot at the end of the rainbow still just beyond his grasp. Luckily, the rainbow was everything for him.

No review of these wonderful letters would be complete without this fragment wherein he sums up his beliefs: "Nothing is ever really lost, and if we could see our world and all that takes place on its surface, and see it from a distance and as if from the centre of the sun, we should find it to be a fine piece of machinery working to certain ends with an absolute precision. I had in my only philosophy a faith founded like that of Socrates upon the basis of my conscious ignorance — it is a sort of sublime optimism . . . *I think it is the only doctrine for poets.*" With this central theme in mind, the reader has a key to the wit and observations and convictions he is to encounter.

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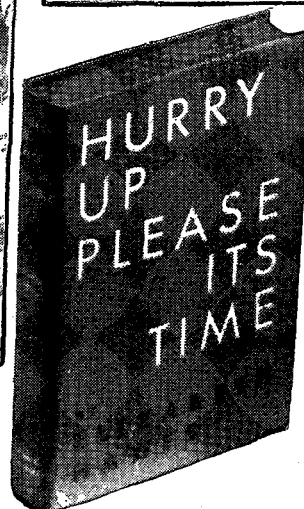
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CHAPTERS XXV-XXXVIII

.....

Summary

The story opens in the Headquarters of Brigadier General Casey Dennis, who is in command of a Division of our heavy bombers based in England. On this cloudless afternoon the station is "sweating it out" awaiting the return of the B-17's from their mission over Germany. To the Headquarters comes Elmer Brockhurst, the war correspondent of a powerful American syndicate, who suspects that this is no ordinary mission. To the Headquarters also comes Captain Lucius Malcolm Jenks, a bomber pilot with a DFC and nineteen missions to his credit, under arrest because he has refused to fly today.

While General Dennis is attempting to draw the boy out, they are interrupted by the arrival of Major General R. G. Kane, his superior officer. Kane is escorting Dennis's classmate at West Point, Cliff Garnett, who is also a Brigadier and who has flown across the Atlantic as an emissary from the United Chiefs of Staff. Kane and his officious aide, Major Prescott, are shocked to discover the impending charges against young Jenks. They remind General Dennis that Jenks's uncle is Congressman Malcolm of the Military Affairs Committee. They are still more shocked when, with Garnett fresh from Washington listening in, Casey bluntly describes the mission Jenks refused to fly.

It is Operation Stitch, which Dennis has long planned and Kane has acquiesced in (but not reported to Washington). It means three days of the deepest, most hazardous bombing they have yet attempted over Germany — Posenleben the first day, Schweinhafen the second, Fendelhorst the third; it means sending the B-17's nearly two hundred miles beyond the range of friendly fighter cover.

Today is the second leg, and a strike signal has already been received from

Colonel Ted Martin, who is leading the Division. When Cliff Garnett (Martin's brother-in-law) hears that forty planes were lost over Posenleben yesterday, he can hardly contain himself. Such huge losses, he argues, will frighten the United Chiefs and may jeopardize the entire bombing program.

But General Dennis is not to be shaken. He explains grimly that a Czech mechanic has flown over to them, intact, one of the new German jet-propelled fighters, that he and Ted have tested it, and that it "can run us out of Europe in sixty days." At that moment the roar of the returning bombers is heard overhead.

They come in low, and ship after ship is yawing jerkily from the suction of gaping shot holes. The "Urgent Virgin," the bomber Jenks refused to pilot, staggers in on one sound motor and with wounded aboard; she tries for a belly landing, plows in, and explodes. Colonel Martin's Group is the last to appear, and when Ted, grimy and exhausted, walks into Headquarters, it is with the report that forty-one have been shot down and two lost in the Channel.

The battle damage is staggering to General Kane and General Garnett. And Colonel Martin multiplies Dennis's troubles when he explains that through a mistake in sighting they did not hit their objective, Schweinhafen. Garnett protests that Operation Stitch must be discontinued. But General Dennis is adamant. They have been waiting five weeks for this weather, and he insists that they must go after Schweinhafen again tomorrow. The argument is interrupted by the entrance of the lead bombardier, Lieutenant Goldberg, who reports that what they blew up — by accident — was the Nautilus Torpedo plant at Gritzenheim.

COMMAND DECISION

by WILLIAM WISTER HAINES

An American writer whose first two novels, *Slim* and *High Tension*, were Atlantic-Little, Brown books, WILLIAM WISTER HAINES served three and a half years in the Army Air Forces. Sent overseas in September, 1942, he spent thirty-three months on the Staffs of the 8th Air Force Composite Command, 8th Fighter Command, 8th Air Force and United States Strategic Air Forces, working the last eighteen months of the European War for that Command in the Office of the Assistant Chief of the Air Staff for Intelligence, Royal Air Force. — THE EDITOR

25

GENERAL KANE understood at once what had happened. In all the world, he thought, there was no man who had luck like this. Nothing new, just a fresh instance of the kind of thing that dogged him interminably. The thought of how the Germans must be laughing at him was galling.

The Germans could afford to laugh. They had everything, over there: a short defense perimeter and impenetrable weather to reduce even the simplified problem of defending their economy with flak and policing it with swarms of cheap, expendable fighters. They had a docile, industrious people, a press that knew its place, no Congress, no allies, and a leader who loved war and warriors.

They had even had the whole Spanish campaign for maneuvers and testing. Kane's contemporaries in the Reich had had an easy and profitable dress rehearsal for the whole war. The men who had gone down there had gained practical experience, advanced three or four ranks in a season, and come home to permanent promotion, decorations, and adulation.

He thought of them bitterly, Kesselring, Lohr, Von Griem, Sperrle, Stumpf, Richthofen, Jeschonnek, Galland, Harlinghausen; he had met many of them in Berlin on a brief observation tour before the war. He had stayed in a cheap hotel and pondered the problem of squeezing taxi fares out of what his Government thought a suitable per diem, while these men flashed through the Kurfürstendamm and down the Unter den Linden in their sleek black Mercedes cars which the police saluted.

He shook his head heavily now, aware of the tightening silence through which the other men were regarding him. He had to deal with this now, somehow; it was always this way. There was never time. Turning to Dennis he spoke slowly, warily, half fearful still of further and worse disclosures waiting behind that expressionless face.

"You told me you'd destroyed Schweinhafen."

"It was a mistake, sir. We hit this Nautilus place."

"Whose mistake?"

"Mine, sir. The preparatory instruction —"

"No you don't," said Martin. "The briefing was perfect. I led the Division and I loused it up myself, General Kane."

Goldberg broke in, "These gentlemen are both covering for me, sir. I was well briefed and I was on the sight. It's my fault, sir. I just got mixed up in the fighting."

It was too much. Kane could feel himself giving way again to anger. "Why did you *get* mixed up? Were you scared?"

"Yes, sir. I'm always scared but —"

The fool would talk all night if permitted. Kane wheeled on Dennis. "This *is* your fault, General, entrusting a mission of this importance to a bombardier who —"

"General Kane, Lieutenant Goldberg is on the fourth mission of a voluntary second tour over German targets. You owe him an apology."

Glancing back and forth now between the deepening purple of Kane's anger and the white-faced intensity of Dennis, Evans began to realize what was happening. As Brockhurst had warned that afternoon, he was going to see a General fired. At the first suggestion of the idea he had relished it. Now he realized that Dennis was fighting in his own way, and within limitations, everything that Evans himself hated about the Army, fully conscious of the risk as he took it. What was more, he was fighting capably. And now Goldberg addressed Dennis with quiet composure through the ominous deepening silence of Kane.

"It's all right, sir. General Kane just doesn't understand."

"I understand," said Kane icily, "that you've made a fool of me and the Army Air Forces, letting us report that we've destroyed a target we didn't even touch. This could embarrass the Chief. Do you realize what I'd be justified in doing?"

"Yes, sir. You ought to shoot me for wasting the

lives of four hundred and eighteen men this afternoon. I'd be grateful if you did."

Without saluting, Goldberg turned and walked out the Ops room door. Kane was still staring, as incredulously as the others, when he heard Brockhurst speaking. The words came to him as if from very far away but they were clear.

"I think I'd take it easy on that one, R.G."

Brockhurst had not intended to intervene. It was costing him an increasing effort to remain either neutral or silent.

What met the eye was two exhausted men compressed to the combustion point by the weight of command. Brockhurst himself could not be sure yet of the merits of the argument. He could be, and was, appalled by the process of the solution unfolding before him.

Brockhurst knew that Kane and Dennis were widely considered to be, at their differing levels of operation, the best that the Army could produce. He had not interrupted the argument to protect Goldberg. What he had feared was that the passion of either Kane or Dennis might explode.

It warmed his sympathy to see that Martin was already working for the same purpose. Ordinarily the Colonel was almost openly contemptuous of Kane. Now he was addressing him as if he had never cursed a Commander in his life.

"—and I know the boy spoke out of turn, sir. But he isn't our Division bombardier by accident. He made the best patterns in his school, his Squadron, his Group, and his Wing. He volunteered for this second tour of German targets only because he knows how much we need him. He knows how much the Germans would like to get their hands on him, too. The mistake was *my* fault, General. It was rugged out there and I couldn't get off the nose gun for more than seconds. Jake threw a perfect pattern just where I told him to while I was standing all over his hands on the sight, shooting."

Kane had had time to regain his temper. He nodded now and his voice was warm with friendly curiosity. "You were shooting, yourself, Ted?"

Martin grinned and the whole room seemed to relax.

"Four boxes, sir. Those Krauts must have had an order for nothing but frontals today."

Prescott, noting Kane's interest, spoke earnestly. "May I ask how many you got, sir?"

"Who could tell in a mess like that?"

"You're being modest, sir. How many did you report at the interrogation?"

"I didn't go to it."

"It might be important, sir. How many do you think?"

Martin remembered that this was giving Dennis time to cool off. "Well, three I was shooting at came apart but I guess every top turret and nose gun in our element was working on 'em too."

Prescott stepped over and turned the claim board toward Kane. "Three more would make an even

hundred, sir, our first. In the circumstances today's claim report and battle damage should be especially carefully done, sir."

"They certainly must, Homer," said General Kane.

Prescott eyed his watch. "There would still be time for a correction to make the Sunday papers at home, sir."

"Correction on claims, you mean?"

"Of course, sir. One hundred."

Kane pondered a minute. "Round numbers always sound suspicious, Homer. Make it a hundred and one. General Dennis, can you provide Homer and Brockie here with a place to write a press release?"

Too late, Brockhurst realized that he often underestimated Kane. With his head cool the General was as clever a man as he had known. He spoke out bluntly. "General, are you manipulating me out of here?"

"Brockie," said Kane, "you have my promise. I need help from you now."

"Evans," said Dennis, "get these gentlemen what they need." He walked over and held open the door himself with obvious relief as the Sergeant followed Brockhurst and Prescott out.

26

GENERAL," said Kane, "this is very serious."

"I tried to tell you before, sir."

Kane could feel the compressed anger in the retort and he regretted having aroused it. He had half decided to relieve Dennis but it was not a thing to do precipitately. A change now would run through the whole structure with seismic dislocation. If he requested Garnett, who would get Garnett's job with the United Chiefs? Who would get whatever impending job had placed Garnett in such a manifestly intermediate position? Kane knew he could probably precalculate the chain of changes but he needed time with his most private card index. "Ted, how many men in the Division know this?"

"Not many, sir. Most of the camera ships were lost or shot up. Both recce planes are unreported today. Most of the men were too busy fighting to care where we were."

"For all they knew, you might have had a signal recalling you or changing the target en route, mightn't you?"

"I might but I didn't," said Martin.

"Cliff, do you think it's fair to the Chief, in the circumstances, to report this immediately?"

"I'd have to think that over, sir," Garnett answered evasively.

"We haven't much time to think," said Kane. "Sending the Chief into that meeting with this hanging over him is practically sabotage. I reported a successful strike to Lester in good faith. Ted admits that even he was mixed up. There won't be confirmatory recce for a couple of days. We could use them to put the Chief in a very strong position."

"Yes, we could finish the job," said Dennis thoughtfully.

"Casey! Half the United Chiefs are Admirals. Naval objectives are a legitimate —"

"This one was Fourth Category," said Dennis bluntly.

"They don't know individual targets on that level," snapped Kane. "This is a significant contribution to the Naval War. If we use the remaining two days of this month on Naval objectives *under fighter cover* we can average down losses, set new sortie and tonnage records, and put the Navy under obligation to the Chief just before that allocation meeting."

"And that would be the end of Stitch," said Dennis.

"Casey, today could be the end of daylight bombardment."

"*Could* be. The Germans' first good day with jets will be."

This time Kane covered his annoyance. If Dennis's years as a test pilot had not taught him that flexibility survives where rigidity breaks, that was his misfortune. But the moment for breaking stress was not yet at hand. Kane wanted time to consider it without the pressure of those six eyes and ears measuring everything he said. He smiled. "Casey, let's take these pictures down to your light table. We'll rejoin you in a minute, gentlemen."

27

TED MARTIN had realized that a private session with Garnett was unavoidable. His brother-in-law honestly thought other people's difficulties could always be relieved by a good heart-to-heart talk, with himself doing most of the talking. Through the earlier quarrels and reconciliations Ted had endured such talks attentively, hopefully. Now they were powerless to penetrate the indifference which had closed like scar tissue over the old pain. As the departure of the others locked them together again, Martin amused himself by beating his brother-in-law to the punch. "Well, how do you like life in a military bucket shop?"

The question threw Garnett off balance. He always forgot, between their meetings, Martin's disconcerting bluntness. "Ted, how long has Casey been like this?"

"Like what?"

"So tense, strung up, unreasonable?"

"It's a tense job. Were you sent here to replace him?"

"I don't know. It occurred to me, of course. The orders just said: 'Visit Fifth Bombardment Division for Tour of Observation.' It was very unexpected. Unfortunately, I couldn't see the Chief personally before leaving, because he was in a meeting with some very important people from Hollywood."

"What does Percent think?"

"Percent?"

"Kane."

Garnett smiled. "Between ourselves, he asked me confidentially if I'd been sent here to replace him."

"Jesus! You haven't done anything bad enough to get a second star have you?"

This time Garnett had to force the smile but he managed it. "The same old rebel Ted."

"What's Percent jittering about, Cliff? Is Washington on to him?"

"You know how the Chief is, Ted. He likes to keep 'em guessing."

Martin sat down on the map table, took out cigarettes, lit one, and then returned them to his pocket without offering Garnett one. He inhaled and blew out a long cloud of smoke before nodding somberly. "I know. And then he wonders why he can't get the truth out of them. Well, they can learn it from Casey now — or wait about sixty days and learn it from Galland."

"Ted, why in God's name didn't you tell us before?"

"Casey tried to, through channels. But the channels between us and you are clogged up with homemade statistics these days."

"Why do you think Kane sat on the report?"

Martin smoked thoughtfully, but he did not answer.

Garnett took out a cigarette of his own and lit it slowly. Nothing would change Ted's views about the Army.

"Ted, you shouldn't be flying missions."

"My insurance is paid up."

"I don't mean that. Helen's worried about you."

"Lots of girls are worried. How's she coming with the kid?"

"It would ease her mind to know that you're not flying."

"I haven't told her I am."

"She knows you; you wouldn't promise not to."

"Did she ask you to work me over like this?"

"You've done more than your share," said Garnett. "Think of those years before the war."

"Somebody had to do that too."

Garnett paused. He was always finding himself on the defensive with Martin and he knew it was probably his own fault. "Ted, I know you and Casey think because I don't wear my wings to bed the way you do I don't understand air problems. But flying isn't the only part of this; it's only the part for young men. The Army needs your experience."

"The way they needed it at Dayton?"

"Ted, the Chief knows now that you were right. But the whole Board heard you tell Lester he was an opinionated goddamned ignoramus. That just isn't the way to get things done."

"What have they done with that lousy plane since? Killed a lot of kids for nothing. Casey and I told 'em six years ago it wouldn't fly if they amended the law of gravity. This is the same thing, Cliff."

Now we're beginning to get good bombardment from Casey and kids like Goldberg, in spite of those old bastards. This time they haven't got either the guts or the sense to use it for anything but political log-rolling with the Navy."

"Washington isn't a bowl of cherries, Ted. But changes are coming, big changes and a lot of advancement."

Martin laughed. "I bet. If you guys can keep this going long enough there ought to be three stars shining on every ring."

Garnett controlled himself. It was useless to argue and his time was short.

"We're outgrowing that, Ted. And you've got a lot of fine service behind you."

Martin studied him more closely. Most of his mind had been on Dennis and Stitch. He realized that he should have known all this palaver was Cliff's way of coming at something important, to him.

"Which way are you changing, Cliff?"

"Frankly, old man, I'm not sure. Nothing's settled yet but I have reason to think the Chief has confidence in me, and big B-29 jobs are coming up soon, jobs that will start with two stars. The Commanders will pick their own Chiefs of Staff and they're a cinch for Brigadiers to start. Think it over, boy."

Martin laughed. "Me, a Chief, with all those papers?"

"Adjutants do that. But if the Chief knew I could add your operational experience to my knowledge of — er — higher echelon procedure, it would wrap it up. He remembers you."

"He should," Martin grinned impenitently.

"Well, he admires guts."

Through the blackout curtain on the window now they suddenly heard a protesting spasm of coughing barks from the tuning of some near-by recalcitrant motor. Inwardly, Garnett cursed the distraction.

Martin tensed, ears up, forehead furrowed until slowly the spasm settled into a smooth, muted droning. Then, with a quick shake of his head he looked back at Garnett. "Thanks, Cliff, but as long as Casey will have me —"

"Ted, he knows there's nothing for you here as his A3 but those same Eagles. He'd release you. Casey isn't selfish."

"He'd make me go but —"

"We'd be a perfect team," urged Garnett. "I'd fight the Navy and you could fight the Japs. Think it over and for God's sake quit this flying. There's no sense throwing yourself away when by waiting a little —"

"The Krauts aren't waiting, Cliff."

"Ted, there'll be good jobs in the Jap war when this one's washed up." He saw Martin's quick smile and hurried. "And those B-29's are going to be sweet."

Martin bit, hard. "What have they done about that frame expansion, Cliff?"

"They're getting it. I'll tell you the whole story later. But I want you to think about this."

"Have you spoken to Casey?"

"Not yet but —"

"Well, don't till I think it over, or the whole deal's off. Now, what else does Helen want?"

"She wants you to pick a godfather for the impending heir."

"Who?"

"Well, we've talked about it but of course she wants your views, too. The doctor thinks it will be a boy and R.G. will be a name to conjure with some day, Ted. He's always been fond of Helen and it would be especially appropriate if it happens while you're still here."

"I'll think it over," said Martin shortly.

"Think straight, boy."

28

FROM a vantage point in the Ops room Evans watched Kane and Dennis pass on their way back from the light table to the Brigadier's office. One glance showed him that the dispute had not been settled. Evans followed them into the office.

"The man doesn't live who could tell those pictures apart," Kane was saying.

"Preliminary 2300 serviceability, sir," Evans interrupted.

He had seen Dennis drop his wife's letters for this as quickly as he now turned from Kane to the board. He could almost feel the intensity of those eyes on the hand with which he chalked the figures up. Stealing a glance around he saw with indignation that the others were making free with Dennis's cigars but the General had eyes only for his board.

"One twenty-six — that's fine."

"Them guys on the line really got their fingers out tonight, sir."

"And they're still promising twenty-three more in time for bomb loading?"

It had been a rule of Evans's Army career never to volunteer information. But he had broken several of his own rules today already. Again he had it in his power to assuage some of the anxiety in Dennis. "Twenty-five, sir."

He was rewarded by a fleeting smile. "Twenty-five! Thank Cahill for me, Sergeant."

"Sir, them officers are still waiting."

"Let 'em sleep while they wait but keep 'em."

As Evans made for the Ops room he had a further reward in the cool self-possession of the voice Dennis now addressed to General Kane. "Sir, we've got the planes and the weather. The people at the Groups are waiting for the order —"

In the doorway itself Evans had to stand aside for the hurried passage of Major Prescott and Brockhurst.

Inside the office Kane looked up at the interruption with obvious relief. Swallowing his annoyance

Dennis observed now that Brockhurst was looking disturbed and skeptical, his forehead creased with a heavy frown.

Prescott, however, had taken on a new animation. His face glowed with the happy flush of creative endeavor. "General Kane, I think this time I can promise you something really good. I borrowed some of General Dennis's draftsmen and I'm having them make three by five mountings for the panels — flat white board with glossy black lettering. The first title will be 'The Doom of an Axis Torpedo Factory' —"

"Jesus F. Christ!" Dennis exploded.

Kane whirled on him, but Brockhurst was faster. Stepping between the two he blocked Kane with his shoulder.

"General Dennis, what's so tragic about destroying a torpedo factory? Aren't they worth-while targets?"

"The last one might be. The first twenty-odd would scarcely inconvenience them."

"But if it's a start —" persisted Brockhurst.

Dennis didn't care whether the correspondent ever learned the theory of bombardment or not, but he had seen Kane and Garnett look at each other over that reminder. He amplified, speaking ostensibly to Brockhurst. "The Navy can win the sub war in the Atlantic if they get their fingers out. Can they strike the Germans in Germany?"

Brockhurst nodded quietly but Garnett took it up now. "You forget the interservice coöperation angle, Casey."

"Did you get my memorandum to your bosses on that?"

"He did not," said Kane. "You know that was too provocative."

"It was generous, sir," Dennis retorted. "I wrote them, Cliff, through channels, that I'd take any Naval target in Germany the day after they took those battleships in and shelled the fighter-plane factory at Bremen."

"Can I use that?" asked Brockhurst eagerly.

"God no!" said Kane. "Half the United Chiefs are Admirals."

29

KANE had recognized that memorandum as one of the best staff papers he had ever seen, terse and undeniable with Dennis's clarity and force. He had pondered the possibility that it might cut through some of their overriding restrictions like a blowtorch. But he had had to ponder also the hazard of applying heat to higher councils.

"Sir," said Dennis, "may I send the order?"

"Casey, we *can't* lose another forty planes at Schweinhafen the day after we've told them we destroyed it."

"Sir, you can wait till the mission has taken off to send the correction. If you will release the Division to my discretion on the weather now —"

"No. Whichever of us got hung we'd still be sabotaging the Chief."

"If we don't we're sabotaging bombardment, sir."

Kane did not reply at once. He was conscious of the eyes upon him and acutely aware of the reservation with which Brockhurst was now palpably weighing everything he heard. But he was not thinking of Brockhurst or even of Dennis now. He would have to answer Dennis. What troubled him was answering the older questions which the Brigadier's passion had rekindled deep within Kane himself.

Frowning with abstraction he walked over to Dennis's desk, selected and cut a cigar through a silence so tense that Major Prescott did not even risk offering to light it for him. The steady drone of the motors outside carried clearly through the muffling of the blackout curtains; their insistence was a sound always in the background of his thought. It had reawakened another Kane.

"Casey," he said. "We're not *sure*. I've spent twenty-five years doing and preventing things that would have made or wrecked the Air Corps. The Chief has spent thirty. You don't realize how we've fought."

"No?" challenged Martin.

"No!" Then, remembering where Martin had spent the day, he softened his voice. "You're giving your youth. We've already given ours. Casey has named a son after Billy Mitchell — long after. We took Billy's side when it meant Siberia. They deadened the Chief in a Cavalry School. I went with him and stayed. I amended the Army Regulation for the Disposal of Manure for him, in longhand. They didn't give us typewriters in those days."

"But we never gave up. We did those crazy publicity stunts and we kept our own fund for the widows. We wrote anything we could get printed, we went down on our knees to Hollywood for pictures, we tested without parachutes, we flew the mail through solid glue. The year Göring won the Munich Conference without throwing a bomb, our whole appropriation wasn't as big as the New York City Public Safety budget — and we bought a lot of Congressmen liquor out of our own pockets to get it."

Memory quickened in him as he spoke. But now Brockhurst broke in. "Why don't you sell this story?"

"You don't sell stories in uniform," said Kane. "We were still taking turns with obsolete junk when the country was told we were going to have an Air Force of fifty thousand planes. No one bothered to say how long it would take to make them, or how long it takes to make a pilot with a chance to live. Oh no! We were going to have fifty thousand planes and our boys were never going to fight in foreign wars."

"So the country went back to sleep and we

started making a modern Air Force — out of promises and what was left over after the best of our planes and teachers had been given to every god-damned Ambassador in Washington.”

“Wasn’t that smart, to get experience?” asked Brockhurst.

“There wasn’t any experience for daylight precision bombardment. The Germans and the British had tried it and said it couldn’t be done. The Chief said it could. And there were times when some of us had to force his hand — but there was never a time when he wasn’t taking the rap. We were just beginning to get the tools to get started when we were in it ourselves, with a double war and a fifty thousand plane paper Air Force that didn’t add up to fifty serviceable bombers.”

He shook his head, trying to clear it again. But when he looked up, those steady gray eyes were still fixed inexorably upon him.

“Maybe we did boast and exaggerate. We had to get the public behind us. Who *was* telling the public the truth then? A hell of a lot of our stunting was encouraged, higher up, to cover the difference between what the country was promised and what it had.

“We used to dream of Fortresses to use in mass formations of — *six!* My God, Casey, if we’d had, even in 1941, what you’ve lost this week we would have had a Munich of our own with the Japs that would have made Hitler’s Munich look like a Rotary meeting. But instead we had diplomacy and a good-neighbor policy. Now we’re beginning to get an Air Force and you want me to risk the whole thing on a premature showdown.”

30

LOSSES hit Dennis below the belt. For him the hardest duty of the war had been learning to live with his losses. Night after night and hour after hour of every waking day they were with him, always in the background of everything he had done and in the foreground of everything he must do.

He had thought about them as deeply as he could think, without finding solace. What explanation there might be beyond the limitations of his own thought he did not know. He realized that he had spent the best efforts of an active mind on problems which were essentially rational, mechanical, and soluble.

The freedom Dennis was entrusted to defend depended upon his killing Jenks. It must be done as an example to other young men who might be reluctant to kill or be killed in defense of the concept of freedom that biologically indistinguishable young men in Germany were similarly encouraged to destroy.

It had all been done before and would be done again. The battle cries differed; the end was homi-

cide. Dennis judged, on past performance, that they would continue it, intermittently, until the race had achieved its only inferable purpose in extinction. The evidence seemed plain that, of all the purposes men had, the most certain and recurrent was homicide.

The experiment of precision bombardment was, he still considered, a promising therapy. It could no more end wars than a doctor can confer immortality. It did appear to promise a quicker, cheaper termination of this particular homicidal fever than the previous practices of bloodletting by bayonet. It was unproved, but the idea of reducing opposition by disarmament rather than by death seemed sound, if feasible.

For this, Dennis had taught himself to look past the doom in the strained young faces that swarmed off the trucks from the replacement centers. He himself had had a voice in determining the duration of the tour of duty that fixed the mathematical odds at two to one against the individual’s survival. He had been able to do it by looking beyond the boys he could see, toward the indeterminable point where this never ending stream of immolation would finally stop. It was not enough to think of the boys who were here. He had to think of the ones who might be spared coming.

For this he knew that forty planes was cheap for a target of consequence. One boy killed for statistical effect was wanton murder. For this he knew that milk runs over France were a delusion that could only mean more telegrams to different families later. An occasional easy mission was, of course, indispensable. There had to be a limit to what was asked of any individual. The current requirement of twenty-five missions was as close to that limit as he had dared to recommend.

But, if the therapy was to succeed, the country had to get its bodies’ worth out of those twenty-five missions. To send two hundred planes over an easy Channel target, even if they returned without a scratch, meant the loss, by graduation, of eight competent crews; it meant the country had to provide eight more green crews. It meant saving the boy who was here now, to kill the boy who was training at home. By longer projection it meant saving aviators to kill infantrymen, in a ratio not determinable.

There were times when Dennis doubted that Kane remembered this. He knew that many of his Senior’s burdens were imponderables even more elusive than the terrible ratios which tormented himself. But some of these imponderables were part of a peacetime past. Kane was still fighting the bitter clinical disputes which had preceded this experiment in blood itself. It was possible that his long struggle for the knife had vitiated his capacity to use it.

Dennis had read that the human body replaces itself, tissue by tiny tissue, so systematically that every seven years sees a complete change in the structure. Studying Kane now he wondered if the

human character and spirit likewise changed to different substance in the old mold under the same inexorable combustion of time and energy. This man fumbling with his apprehensions of past problems was not the Kane he had known. Or Dennis was not himself. Strain had changed one of them. To believe he was the one was to believe himself unfit for this Command. It was possible but others had to judge that.

Now he cut through the continuing tirade of Kane's lamentations curtly. "Sir, that's all true. But the point of the whole struggle was to get the Air Force in time."

He walked over and tapped the Swastika on the wall. "They're still ahead of us technically. It's enough. These things can be the end of bombardment unless we check them now."

"Casey," protested Kane, "I've lived with the things that can be the end of bombardment. Do you remember the fight to get our first Fort? Do you realize how the Navy wants them now, for sub patrol and to protect the repairing of those battleships Air Power couldn't hurt? Do you realize how the Ground Forces want our pilots for Company Commanders? Do you know how the British want these Forts for night bombing? Do you know there's a plan to fly Infantry supplies to China *with bombers*? Do you know what the Russians want? Don't you realize the United Chiefs are half Admirals, the Consolidated Chiefs half British? Don't you know why the whole Air Corps holds its breath every time the Prime Minister goes to Washington?"

"On Tuesday every damned one of these factions will have a voice in that meeting. Every one had some pet reason for wanting us to fail, some sure-fire strategy of Naval blockade or attrition by defensive, or building a road across the Himalayas, or breaking German morale with pamphlets, or any other way to keep a nice war going.

"Tuesday, this Tuesday, they'll be waiting for the Chief like buzzards and you want to send him in there with three days of prohibitive losses hanging over the allocation we've got to have to prove our theory."

"Damn it, sir. It isn't a theory any more. We got Posenleben beyond fighters, with one Division. And Ted did wreck that torpedo plant today even if it was the wrong target."

Martin held his breath at the outburst but this time it was with hope. Kane had his temper firmly in control again. He seemed to be measuring every word Dennis spoke. Rising now he walked over for a long look at the two red crosses before turning back to them. There was no trace of rancor in his gravity.

"I know, Casey," he said. "With time and planes we can do the same thing to any factory in Europe. But they *don't* know it yet and the whole thing's at stake here and now. It isn't just a matter of a few losses this week or even a lot in six months.

The Germans are going to kill a lot more of our people. But they won't be any deader than all the ones who've been killed in the last thirty years, to give us air power.

"You can concentrate on Germany but I'm fighting the tough part of this war against the Ground Forces and the Navy and the Congress and the White House and the people and the press and our goddamned Allies — every one of them with a different idea of fighting this war just as the last one was fought, only more slowly.

"You think I don't know that the boys call me old Percent? You think I've enjoyed spreading this mug of mine around the press like an heiress? You think I haven't known what they could do to me for the statistics I've juggled, the strike photos I've doctored, the reports I've gilded? You can worry about losses and you should. But I've spent twenty-five years watching men, my friends, killed and broken and disgraced and discarded for one single idea — to get us an Air Force. Now you want me to gamble the whole thing to save a few casualties next winter."

"Sir," said Dennis implacably, "if it were a few casualties, we wouldn't be discussing it."

Kane relapsed into silence and Brockhurst felt a darkening presentiment. He knew that decisions like this one were not made on the abstract merits of the case. Dennis was sustaining the inequality of his position by sheer moral force because Kane was afraid of the moral force that sustained Dennis. But Brockhurst knew that men with power to do it destroy what they fear. Kane had the power.

And yet in this he was misjudging Kane as many men did. For Kane's mind, as always, was working far above the levels of the present decision. He was acutely aware of that moral force in Dennis, aware of his own vacillation in the face of it. But he was thinking that what was troublesome at his level might be invaluable at another. If they had had a man of this determination in the last Congressional hearing, instead of that mealy-mouthed Lester, whose brilliance never lost a point or won a fight —

Of course Dennis was young, but Kane knew that this war would be the end of him and most of the old gang. They'd have to retire while their temporary ranks held. There wouldn't be another bonanza like this in their lives. Dennis would not retire. With one more star and a good war record a man like that could fight the Navy. He had everything except caution.

Time was with Dennis and the young men now. They had the best war in history in their hands. If he could preserve Dennis, if he could fuse just enough caution into that power and passion —

THE opening of the door broke his reverie. He looked up with a clearing snap of his head to see a

young Major hurrying in proudly with a weather map in his hand.

Major Davis interrupted the conference with an unscientific sense of personal importance. He knew the impropriety of this feeling but could not resist it. For weary months he had been summoned and dismissed, like a bellhop. This time he bore information that warranted a voice in affairs. Haley had warned him that Kane himself was in the room. Davis had rejoiced in reminding Haley that there were no data indicating correlation between Kane's whereabouts and incipient Polar Turbulence. Dennis had told him to report change instantly. He had change to report. His confidence was confirmed, upon entrance, by the instant, complete attention he could always command from Dennis — for a minute.

"Excuse me, sir. You said if anything special —"

"Of course, go right ahead, Major."

"We've a flash from Iceland, sir. Only preliminary but it does indicate a most interesting condition. A cold mass of a rather exceptional nature has formed eccentrically —"

"Never mind the genealogy," said Dennis. "What's it going to do?"

It was always like this. Davis compressed his indignation. "Blanket the continent, sir, if —"

"When?"

"On present indications late Monday afternoon unless —"

"When will it close my bases?"

"Best estimate now, sir, is any time after 1500 Monday."

Davis held his tongue now. They could chew that one over and then ask him. But Dennis did not ask him. He burst out savagely, "I always said God must love Willi Messerschmitt."

He brooded through a black silence and then, remembering Davis, nodded brief, absent-minded dismissal. "Bring confirmations or further changes as they come in."

Davis retired with a frustrate and highly unscientific inner imprecation that the Army Air Forces and all their Generals could go to hell.

Kane watched the closing of the door with an uneasiness he could only hope he was not showing. His mind had been made up even before he heard the weather. In the long run he knew that the Allies would win this war, jets or no jets. He had resolved to save Dennis for the permanent wars among the services. A man of his force was too valuable to be destroyed by misfortune in a temporary foreign campaign. He told himself now that the only question remaining was how to whip Dennis without breaking his spirit. Even to himself he did not yet admit a deeper uncertainty as to whether he could, in a showdown, whip Dennis at all. As if aware of this the Brigadier was already challenging him again.

"There goes our summer, sir. We'll make it now or bite off our nails waiting for another chance."

"Casey, I'm sorry, but two more days of prohibitive losses just now —"

Dennis exploded. "God damn it, sir, it's *not* a theory any longer. Can't you see why we're having these losses. Do you think the Germans would fight like this if they weren't scared of our bombardment?"

Martin saw Kane shake with this blast. But Kane checked himself and spoke to his aide. "Homer, make a note of that, for the Chief."

Prescott whipped out a notebook, bent over the map table, and fixed his shocked eyes upon Dennis. The Brigadier, as if conscious of the narrowness of this momentary reprieve, paused for a minute before continuing with an earnest, low-voiced sincerity more moving than any vehemence.

"We've scarcely scratched Germany yet, sir, but look what we're doing to their Air Force. We're doing what no other weapon in this war has done or can do. We're making it fight, on *our initiative* where it can't refuse in order to rest and rebuild. We are tearing it up *over Germany*. The German Air Force has been the balance of power in this whole war, ever since Munich. It took their Ground Forces everywhere they've been. It beat the Polish Air Force in three days, the Norwegian in three hours; it forced the Maginot Line and beat the French in three weeks —"

"Homer," said Kane, "be sure you're getting this."

"The Royal Air Force," continued Dennis, "won a brilliant battle from it but it was a defensive battle, over England. The German Air Force rested a little and then knocked off Yugoslavia and Greece for practice, captured Crete, dominated the Mediterranean, chased the Russians to Moscow and the Volga, and got close enough to that Caspian oil to smell it. They blockaded the North Cape and very nearly cut the Atlantic lifeline to England itself. Peterson would have done it if Göring had given him two Groups instead of one Squadron. And even after that they took Rommel to the gates of Alexandria."

"Now where is that German Air Force, sir? Already we've made them convert bomber Groups to fighters, we've made them switch their whole production, procurement, and training programs. We've made them pull Operational Groups off the Russians and away from Rommel to put them over there, across the Channel, against us."

He walked over and banged the map with his fist, and his voice was rising again now.

"Now the Russians have been able to mount and sustain a counteroffensive. Our own people in the Med have air superiority and they're advancing with it —"

"Get every word of this down, Homer," breathed Kane.

"Well, get this too, Homer," rasped Dennis. "The Germans know all of this better than we do. They've been willing to loosen their grip on their

costliest conquests and break the whole balance of their Air Force for just one thing — to defend Germany itself from us. They've done it because they know something else. They know that fighters, Spits and Hurricanes, saved England from both decisive bombardment and invasion. Now they've got a better fighter than those were. They intend to make Europe as impregnable as the British made England. And they're going to do it, just as surely as we sit here with our fingers in our asses and let them!"

Major Prescott coughed discreetly through the enveloping silence. "Do you want that in, too, sir?"

Kane did not hear Prescott. He had been listening to Dennis. It was the burning sincerity of the plea which had illuminated again for him the old dream. He was seeing in fact the old vision of Air Power itself, the vision he had followed, the vision for which he and his kind had planned and pleaded and promised.

And yet it remained a glittering gamble. Kane knew far better than Dennis how bitterly the levels above him were torn with their own disunities, political, strategic, nationalistic, now that they had achieved the suppression of Air Power to an auxiliary level. He knew the quarrels and compromises, the delays and disagreements, the wary stalemates between military strategy and international policy, the sacrifices of lives to save faces and of faces to save the fears that were older than any passing war.

Kane looked past the waiting Dennis to the map now, but even as his quickening eyes swept toward Germany, they hung on the chalk marks on the loss column of the Ops board. He shook his head and clearly heard Prescott repeat his frightened question.

"No, not that part exactly, Major. Just the sense of it. Casey, I agree with you entirely, my boy. But we've simply got to wait until we're a little stronger."

"Sir," said Dennis, and they could all see him controlling himself with evident effort now, "wars are lost by waiting. If it were a question of potential strength there wouldn't be any wars."

"But it isn't like that. Decisions are won by the margins available at critical times and places. The Allies waited, at Munich. The French and British waited, behind the Maginot Line. The Germans waited, for a little more relative strength to invade England. The Russians waited, until they had to take on the German armies without an ally in the field. We waited, for more strength to coerce Japan."

"Now we're forcing the fighting, at terrible disadvantages of distance, defenses, and weather — on a margin so thin we cross ourselves before counting losses — with a bomber that 30-millimeter cannon will make obsolete. But we're doing it. We have, *now*, the advantage of the offensive, precariously,

but we've got it. Advantage is cumulative. If we stop now and wait for the cycle to swing again, we'll be waiting for them to put a roof on the Continent. I'm not trying to tell you that Operation Stitch will win the war. But no battle anywhere in this war has been won without aerial supremacy. Operation Stitch is the price of that."

He stopped. The muffled drumming of the motors outside and the clacking of the teleprinter in the Ops room filled part of the silence; the rest of it hung heavily over them all. Kane knew now that Dennis was not going to yield. He could relieve him, of course. But Dennis believed these things and would say them elsewhere, anywhere, even in Washington itself if Kane sent him back there. On the other hand, if Washington itself decided to relieve him — Kane shook his head and rose with quick decision, the others springing up after him.

"Will you gentlemen wait in the anteroom, please."

He saw Garnett's angry flush at being included with the other ranks but he offered no modification of the order. After a second Garnett followed the others out, closing the door himself.

"Casey, I'm taking Cliff back to my Headquarters with me at once and releasing the Division to your discretion."

"Thank you, sir," said Dennis quietly.

Kane hesitated, wishing to say more, remembering that the spoken word cannot be unsaid. Dennis did not need things spelled out for him but his deep, haunting anxiety made Kane speak against his wiser instincts.

"Casey, you realize what can happen?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Well, I hope it doesn't. Good luck, my boy."

He was turning toward the door when Evans stepped in from the Ops room, reluctantly extending a sheet of teleprint paper.

"Top Secret relay from General Kane's Headquarters for the General, sir."

32

AFTER observing Dennis's defense of Goldberg that evening, Sergeant Evans had gone to the Top Secret files and read the plan labeled Operation Stitch. One perusal of it confounded him. The Army, or at least the Fifth Division, did have a sensible, logical plan. Evans was dazed until he remembered what was going on in the next room. That confirmed it all. This plan was so good that it was requiring the exertions of a Major General to resist its use.

Evans had shaken his head, wondering why Dennis had not already been court-martialed. And yet Kane was evidently vacillating. Against all previous experience, Evans himself had begun to hope, when the reality of the clattering teleprinter spelled out the message he now handed General Kane.

Standing by at attention he watched Kane wilt visibly through a quick reading of it before handing on the message to Dennis. "It's from Les Blackmer, Casey."

Dennis read aloud slowly: "Impossible contact Chief yet. Considered opinion here implores moderation and low losses during critical three days next especially in view of Part Two which follows. Two: you are again advised imminent visit three high-ranking members House of Representatives Military Affairs Committee, arriving Prestwick probably this night. Contact Embassy at once. Representative Malcolm will particularly wish to see his nephew, Captain Lucius Malcolm Jenks O-886924371 your Command. Suggest his assignment special escort duty this visit and must remind how opportune would be decoration Captain Jenks if eligible either presently or prospectively. End Washington. Signal Casey for God's sake find General Kane and tell him wise men from west already Prestwick arriving Croydon daylight. Embassy frantic. Signed Saybold for Kane."

Dennis lowered the paper slowly. But Kane did not wait to hear. "Sorry, Casey. You will put maximum sorties and tonnage on the safest Naval target you can find, under fighter cover, tomorrow. I'll take Jenks with me in my car and make — er — medical arrangement."

"Sir, this is impossible."

"Nothing's impossible, Casey. We're doing it."

Dennis wheeled on Evans: "Sergeant, get those two officers —"

Evans sprang for the door. Kane did not speak until it had closed. His voice was regretful but firm. "The charges will be quashed. We'll have a formal presentation for the visiting firemen here tomorrow, timed so they can lunch afterward and then watch the return of the mission. You will instruct any plane sufficiently damaged to jeopardize landing to use one of the other stations. I'll have a citation written for Captain Jenks in my office tonight."

He looked up indignantly as the door opened and two officers wearing medical insignia appeared. Their faces were puffy and their blouses ruffled from sleep but the elder saluted smartly. "Dayhuff and Getchell reporting as ordered, sir."

"General Kane," said Dennis, "Major Dayhuff is my Division Medical Officer. Captain Getchell is Flight Surgeon of Jenks's Group."

"Well —" Kane did not extend his hand.

"Major, tell General Kane exactly what you told me."

"General Kane, there is no satisfactory medical explanation of Captain Jenks's conduct. He acknowledges this and says he expects no medical exoneration."

Thoroughly alert now, Kane studied the doctors closely. A presentiment was warning him to caution, as it had warned him earlier in the evening against a showdown with Dennis. He spoke more civilly,

feeling his way. "Mightn't that in itself be an indication of neurosis?"

"Doctors can be wrong, sir. In our opinion he's normal."

"Have you made a formal record of this?"

"Not yet, sir. We shall."

"Do you think this is simple fear — cowardice, Major?"

"No, sir. Any man in his right mind is afraid to fly these missions. The cowards welcome a medical excuse not to. This man apparently doesn't want one."

"Have you any idea of why he refused to fly?"

Dayhuff nodded a graying head to his junior. Captain Getchell chose his words with slow, conscientious care.

"We don't consider this a medical matter, sir. But Captain Jenks has mentioned some of his ambitions to me, in fact to anyone who would listen. He has been very frank to say that he intends to make something out of this war."

"How?"

"Politically, I believe, sir. At first Jenks made a noticeable effort to be popular in the Group but the effect was — well, contrary to his hopes. His operational training phase was not harmonious. By the time we entered combat status he was distrusted by the others and very resentful. When the men rode him he used to say that not only they but the whole Army would come begging to his door some day and then they'd learn something about who ran the country."

"Mightn't that, in itself, indicate — er — instability?"

"Sir," said Dayhuff, "if we took to diagnosing ambition for an aberration we'd be lots busier than we are."

"Thank you very much, gentlemen," said Kane.

They saluted and withdrew. As they went, Dennis noted that Evans had re-entered with them and had overheard the conversation. He dismissed the Sergeant with an abrupt nod of his head.

33

CASEY," asked Kane thoughtfully, "are these doctors our own?"

"No, sir. Civilian reservists."

"Hmm. Of course we can get Jenks to our own people —"

"One of these men is from Mayo and the other from Hopkins, sir. They will sign the report."

Dennis had hoped that he would not have to do this. He knew now that he would and he was a little surprised at the calmness that possessed him.

It had been like this when he was testing. All through the preparation there were doubt and nervousness and tension. Then, with the take-off, those things dropped behind. It became very simple. A man did all he could first to eliminate needless risk.

Then he forced the intended risk until something broke — sometimes the plane, sometimes the man, sometimes the prevailing boundaries of gravity and momentum.

Dennis had done it before; he was going to do it again now. He studied Kane's troubled irresolution as calmly as he had once studied his instruments before nosing down.

"Umm. We've got to do *something*, Casey."

"I know a way, sir."

"What?"

"If Jenks had been acting under direct, secret orders to hold himself in readiness for this escort duty and to discontinue flying missions until he had performed it, he would have been justified in refusing the mission without explanation. If the right orders, suitably dated, had been delayed, in channels, in this Headquarters —"

Kane got it at once.

"Exactly, Casey, exactly. I won't forget this, my boy."

"I'll attend to the whole thing," said Dennis, "*as soon as I've ordered the Schweinhafen mission for tomorrow.*"

He saw Kane's face twitch. "Casey, this sounds like blackmail."

"You've told me, sir, that there were times when you forced the Chief's hand."

Kane managed a smile now. "You have your orders."

Dennis looked deliberately at his watch. "Then at five nineteen I charge Jenks with desertion in the face of the enemy."

"General, I order you to release Captain Jenks to me."

"I understand the order, sir. But the charges will be filed, the evidence heard, and the trial held in this Headquarters unless you promise me Schweinhafen tomorrow and Fendelhorst the next day I judge suitable."

"Casey, really, my boy, this is preposterous. If you'll just consider —"

"I have considered, sir."

"You realize that I might not be able to — protect you?"

"I do, sir."

"Well, if you want to take the personal risk I *can* release the Division. I was really going to anyway before that signal."

Dennis had already picked up the black Admin phone. He kept his back toward Kane while ordering Jenks's release to the Major General's personal custody, so as to give Kane time to collect himself. When Dennis faced him again, Kane managed an air of sorrowful gravity. "In the circumstances, Casey, I'll have to signal Washington the correction on today's strike."

"I understand that, sir."

"Well, don't come to the gate."

With an angry slam of the door Kane was gone. Turning in his tracks Dennis opened the Ops door

and shouted for Haley. His face was calm when the startled Colonel appeared.

"Put Stitch, Phase Two, Schweinhafen, on the printer at once for all Groups for tomorrow. Bomb and fuel loadings as before; routes and timings to follow."

Martin hurried in from the anteroom now. "Casey, Percent went out of here burning like a fuse. What the hell did you do?"

"Twisted his tail a little. Get going, Haley."

"Sir, you're sure you mean Schweinhafen?"

"Certain. I'll sign it in a minute but get it clicking."

Haley raised appealing eyes to inform the heavens that this was none of his work and hurried out the door.

34

THE door had hardly closed on Haley before Martin's anxiety expressed itself. "Quit smirking and tell me what you did."

"I traded him Jenks for Schweinhafen and Fendelhorst. Jenks's Uncle Malcolm of the House Military Affairs Committee is arriving here tomorrow."

"Casey, this is suicide. Percent can phone Washington."

"Well, it was the last card. He might play straight."

"Might."

"You can't tell, Ted. I can remember when Kane had guts. Let's go to work."

He had started for the Ops room door, when Martin's voice stopped him. "Casey, Cliff said Helen wants me to pick a godfather for the kid. Will you take it?"

Dennis was so pleased that he had to hesitate a second to cover his embarrassment. "You trying to queer it for life?"

"I'm serious, Casey."

"Well, sure."

"And I want you to promise me something."

"What?"

"If he ever wants to join the goddamned Army you'll take a club and beat his brains right out through his tail."

"I know what you mean," said Dennis slowly.

Martin walked over to him now, unpinning the wings from his blouse as he came. "But after you get 'em beaten out he'll probably become a pilot. If he does, give him these."

He extended the wings. Dennis looked from them to Martin's face without moving a hand. By conscious effort he kept his voice light.

"Nuts. All I owe him's a silver cup and a blameless example through life. You give him those yourself."

"You keep 'em, I might lose 'em."

"No you don't, Ted. You're sitting here, biting your fingernails, tomorrow."

Martin shook his head. "No dice, Casey. Schweinhafen's mine."

He had known this was coming and had meant to prepare himself for final, unequivocal decision but there had not been time. There never was time. Dennis looked at the set face before him and tried to stall until his head cleared. "Listen, Ted. Any of the others can —"

"Not tomorrow. They hear too well."

He knew his own face must be twitching now as Kane's had. "What do you mean?"

"You know damned well what I mean. Percent can double-cross you with a counterorder from Washington and signal a recall or change of target after we've started."

"I — I had thought of that but —"

"You won't have to tomorrow. Let's go. I'll get myself some Benzedrine and meet you in the Ops room."

He felt the impact of metal in his palm and tried to speak but no sound followed Martin.

35

ELMER BROCKHURST had thought that in the course of the war he had attended enough Staff, Command, and Press presentations to inure his stomach to anything. But on the bright Sunday morning of the second Schweinhafen mission he sat in General Dennis's office, listening to the presentation General Kane was staging for the visiting Congressmen, with a feeling of degradation that occasionally bordered upon nausea.

For this ceremony the office had been transformed into a miniature theater. Brockhurst himself, the three Congressmen, Prescott, Garnett, and Dennis were the audience, seated in a little semicircle facing Kane, who lectured them, using for illustration a series of wallboard mounted exhibits which Evans held up in turn upon the map table.

Through the open windows came the intermittent droning of the motors in the repair hangars but it was only a feeble, fitful chorus. The parking stands were bare again. The faint whine from the stratosphere was a solitary plane circling with monotonous steadiness through the sub-zero altitude to freeze the ice cream for the impending lunch party.

"— and now, gentlemen," Kane continued blandly, "because Naval objectives are such a vital part of our over-all strategy I have had Major Prescott prepare for you a special presentation on 'The Doom of an Axis Torpedo Factory.'"

Prescott stepped briskly to the center of the stage, took the pointer from Kane, and raised a folder in his hand so that the audience could plainly see the oversized TOP SECRET lettering upon the cover. Kane seated himself and accepted a cigarette from Mr. Malcolm. Prescott waited through the lighting of it before beginning solemnly.

"I am compelled by duty, gentlemen, to remind

you that the contents of this directive, which General Kane has authorized me to read you are — Top Secret."

He paused with the insinuating hesitancy of a strip-teaser fingering the first buttons. Brockhurst saw the Congressmen stir and quicken in their seats. He noticed also a faint, rippling readjustment of the jaw muscles which had locked Dennis's face into the bleak, expressionless mask he knew so well.

It was only, Brockhurst knew, in the details of its painstakingly staged prevarications that this particular presentation differed from others he had heard and would hear. As far as he knew, the presentation was one of the many military novelties of this war. The device had reasonably respectable origins. The theory had been, in the beginning, that these functions informed the Commander.

Since no one man could keep the details of ever changing global warfare in his head, no man tried to. They were kept in the heads and files of batteries of Staff officers. These men read the news, the signals from other Commands, the discoveries of Intelligence, the reports from lower echelons, and even the public prints. These, in continuous process, they digested, compared, and collated, changing colored pins on maps and lines on graphs with indefatigable intent to simplify. Then at the appointed time daily the great man, of whatever Command, seated himself and absorbed this predigested knowledge as painlessly as possible from the voices, maps, charts, diagrams, statistics, and, finally, the opinions of his underlings.

From its humble beginning the institution of the War Room Presentation had grown. The drama inherent in the daily ceremony could not resist improving upon itself. War rooms became the showcases of Command, the artful illustrations of alibi.

Presentations were coached until they became full-fledged daily theatricals to which Commanders led important guests with serene confidence of the desired impression. For as information became drama its reporters kept pace with tacit understanding that the actor's first duty is to please. From the brutality of the ancient tradition that the bearer of bad news is beheaded, the War Room Presentation had advanced so far that bad news simply was not borne.

And over it all the dark, dramatic mantle of military secrecy spread its protective folds.

"— we knew, gentlemen," Major Prescott continued, "that this one factory was manufacturing sixty-one point three per cent of the delicate timing mechanism for war heads —"

Had anyone been looking, Brockhurst's expression might have seemed cynical.

"— and so, gentlemen," Major Prescott dropped his voice an octave and the Congressmen obediently leaned forward, "we attacked. On this panel you see the pictures of the factory before —"

Brockhurst watched Evans shift the panels without expression and wondered what the Sergeant

was thinking. Evans was thinking of his conversation with the Warrant Officer, a leathery old cavalryman, who had delivered the thirty-odd chunks of wallboard in a special truck from General Kane's Headquarters that morning before dawn.

"No War Room?" asked the Warrant Officer. "What the hell does General Dennis do?"

"Plans missions," said Evans. "Ever heard of them?"

Together they had remodeled Dennis's office for the purpose. Major Prescott had appeared presently, sleepless but fresh with excitement. It had been his idea to dispense with the expert sceneshifters in favor of Evans. He had pointed out to Kane that a certain mechanical crudeness would probably be even more effective than their usual polished performance.

Prescott and the Warrant Officer had coached Evans to their satisfaction before Prescott retired to study his lines. Evans had decided that he could afford some of the combat crews' fresh eggs in exchange for further confidences. Under their influence the Warrant Officer had thawed for commiseration.

"Better hit the latrine first," he concluded.

"It's as bad as that?"

"Prescott won't bother you unless you got a weak stummick," said the Warrant Officer, "but that Kane, he could put his mouth to a horse's ass and blow the bridle off its head."

36

DENNIS became aware that Major Prescott had finished and was simpering over the commendations of the visitors. He judged it was five minutes since he had looked at his wrist watch and decided it was absurd to stick to his resolution not to look at it again for ten. The glance showed him it had been two and a half.

By now Ted was well beyond fighter cover but yesterday they had had thirty-four minutes before the shooting began. Even allowing that they had not picked up the expected tail wind east of Paris — He shook his head and made a new resolution to concentrate on Kane, who was about to resume the major part of the presentation. The signal would come when it came and nothing he might think now would alter it.

As Prescott resumed his seat the glowing glances of the Congressmen showed Dennis why Kane kept him for an aide. He could see that even Garnett was impressed with what the Major had made out of yesterday's mission. With an inner chuckle he wondered suddenly how long Kane would be able to keep Prescott. Garnett was just the man to arrange wider horizons for an aide who could snatch triumph out of disaster as fluently as Prescott. Then his chuckle sobered on the reflection that Garnett himself might not now be returning to wider horizons.

"Finally, gentlemen," said Kane, "we come to the health of our personnel. If there is one thing a Commander must be vigilant about, it is the physical and moral welfare of his troops. We never forget that the nation has given us these boys in trust. Graph, Sergeant."

Evans held up another chunk of wallboard, crisscrossed with multicolored graph lines.

"I have issued a directive throughout our Command," continued Kane, "that the orders of doctors are final authority. Sometimes it has ironic results. One of our officers knew he was overdue for the dentist recently but like most men he tried to put it off. However, when the inspecting Lieutenant said, 'Sir, I must remind you of the Commanding General's directive' — well, gentlemen, I went to the dentist."

He grimaced ruefully and waited. There was a second of hesitation before Prescott cued with a laugh which enabled the Congressmen to get the point.

Brockhurst watched the trio from America react. Field and Stone smiled dutifully now but the whole room resounded to the booming tumult of Malcolm's belated laughter.

"Good God! Ain't that rich? Majuh Gennel bein' sent to the dentis' by a damn Lootennan. I declah! You ain't fixing to do us like that, are you, Gennel?"

Something in the riotous volatility of that laughter reminded Brockhurst of Huey Long. Malcolm looked plumper on the surface but there was power in that heavy figure and a darting cunning in the beady little eyes. Malcolm had invaded this drab little island in the full protective coloration of his native jungle. He wore a lavender shirt with matching tie, a diamond stickpin, and bright yellow shoes. The white felt hat now rested halfway back on his bald skull in acknowledgment of his presence indoors. Especially in these somber surroundings he looked like a prosperous clown. His native state was strewn with the political corpses of men who had thought him one.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Malcolm," said Kane, "my directive gives me no jurisdiction over the health of the Congress."

He let Malcolm laugh again before sobering briskly to work. "This, gentlemen, is our Command's over-all health record compared with twenty years' peacetime averages for the whole Army."

His pointer traced the rise and fall of the curves rapidly. "You will note that in almost every instance our curves of incidence are substantially below normal. This is respiratory complaint, this curve digestive, this one neurosis, a point of particular pride for our rest-house and morale program. The American boy, gentlemen, is a very healthy young animal."

He paused with the patient innocence of art concealing its art and Brockhurst watched Mr. Field reach naïvely for the bait. "What's that red

curve that sticks up higher than the others, General?"

"The history of war, gentlemen, has always shown a remarkable affinity between Mars and Venus. I have observed that the American boy is a healthy animal and that condition produced its own paradox. The red curve is our rate of venereal disease."

"Mahs an' Venus!" roared Malcolm. "Good God, ain't that rich! Looks to me like one thing heah—about ain't rationed noway."

"Well, of course, gentlemen," Kane feigned an exaggerated gravity, "that's the one argument that could be produced for our switching to *military* bombardment at night." He let them smile over this and then continued briskly again. "You can see that our curve is going back down to normal now."

Obligingly, Mr. Field reached again. "What put it up for that period, may I ask, General?"

"A factor over which a simple soldier has no control, sir; springtime."

This time it was Mr. Stone who broke the silence that followed Malcolm's laughter again. Stone, Brockhurst had noticed, was the most attentive of the three, a bleak, graying man of fifty whose taciturnity had prepared Brockhurst for his New England twang. It sounded rueful now. "Well, happens so in our paaat of the world too."

Kane beat Malcolm to it this time with a booming laugh of his own. Dennis's watch now showed him that there were six minutes more he would never have to live again.

"That, gentlemen," said Kane, "is a little résumé of this Command's part in the big effort. I am at your service."

Malcolm bounced from his seat as if sprung. Then, with the floor won, he hesitated, head down, hands deep in his pockets, round face grave with solemnity now.

"Gennel, we are deeply grateful. I think I can speak foh my colleagues an' foh ouah country in thankin' you fum the bottom of ouah heahs. It ain't a easy matteh to express the things a man feels to come oveh heah onto foreign soil an' find the American flag flyin' an' unde it a fiel' Commandeh who is woythy, not only of the great nation that sent him heah but of the American boys he comman's. When we get back to ouah own post of duty in the Congress of the people in Washin'ton, an' I can see ouah civilian leadehs theah, most of whom I am fohfortunate enough to count among my closes' frien's, I can promise you they are goin' to know fum my own lips how fohfortunate this country is in some of its Gennels."

Kane did not bat an eye. "Thank you, Mr. Malcolm. You will do the country a greater service if you can make the people at home realize that the full credit belongs to our boys. I have always thought of Command as a trusteeship, bestowed by the people who send us these boys, upon us who have to take them and train them and guide them and protect them until we finally face the awful decision of sending them into battle.

"War gives Commanders little time for religious thought, gentlemen, but in our darkest hours I find comfort in the teachings of our Chapel at West Point. Often at night I think back on the parable of the talents. There must have been moments of terrible discouragement for those servants who were trying to serve their master as best they could with what was given them.

"There is a great lesson for all of us in their fidelity but I think the greater lesson is to be found in the humility those experiences teach us about the wisdom of the master who knew what he was doing when he tested his subordinates. Sometimes I have had to pray that our shortages and inadequacies here are only a test through which the Greater Wisdom is measuring our faith and confidence in the people we serve—until we have proved ourselves worthy of greater talents to use in their service."

He let his voice trail off into a subdued silence, wondering, as always, whether he had overdone it. Ordinarily he would not have worked so hard on any delegation below the Senate level. Prescott had said that the touch of the parable put this effort into the Cabinet caliber. But this was not an ordinary situation.

The accident of Malcolm's relation to Jenks had delivered this trio into Kane's hands before even the Hemisphere Commander had a chance to harden their ears with his heterogeny of hopes. It was not an opportunity to muff.

Of Malcolm, Kane was serenely confident. The Jenks affair was a sword of many blades, as Dennis had taught him. Stone was a cold fish; he had the look of a man who remembered his regional folklore of wooden nutmegs. Kane was still worrying about him when the innocuous-looking Mr. Field cut through the echoes with a pointed question.

"You mean you want more planes, General?"

37

DISMAYED as he was, Kane showed no trace of his inner misgiving. Field had been docile enough through the military matters, following every statistic with the quiet attentiveness of the earnest Pilgrim. The case hung on getting him back to those. Inwardly cursing the impulse that had made him risk oratory on Congressmen, Kane reverted to crisp bluntness. "If the nation wants aerial supremacy we *must* have them, sir."

Field looked thoughtfully at the map and scratched the back of his head. Stone spoke up now with troubled sincerity. "The nation wants aerial supremacy everywhere, General. They all keep telling us the same thing; the people from India, China, Africa, Australia, the Navy, the British, the Russians —"

"I'm sure they have their problems, Mr. Stone. But a simple Field Commander would be overreaching his duty to try to evaluate the higher strategy.

I only know that my boys have been given the most important and difficult mission of this war."

"How do you figure that, General?" Field's question was mild enough but Kane did not need a second lesson in the penetration behind that mildness. It was touch and go but he had worked hard through the night and he was confident of his memory. He paused, frowning as if summoning words of his own.

"Because it is our mission, sir, to destroy the German Air Force. We are doing what no other weapon in this war has done or can do. We're making it fight, *on our initiative*, over Germany, where it can't refuse. We are tearing it up *over Germany*. The German Air Force has been the balance of power in this war ever since Munich —"

Brockhurst, recognizing the rhythm of these words now, glanced at Dennis. The Brigadier was studying the sky outside the window intently. Brockhurst saw him raise his left arm as if to look at his wrist watch but instead of doing so he lowered it into his lap again and kept his eyes fixed on the sky.

Turning, Brockhurst saw Prescott, checking off sentence after sentence, with little jerks of his strained face, as Kane continued through the speech. Kane had a bad minute or two with the sequence of the campaigns but he got through them. Then, as if sensing the relief in Prescott's face, he swept on with gathering confidence. The Congressmen were entirely his now. They were leaning forward with rapt concentration as Kane came to a carefully amended conclusion of the speech.

"— we are pinning that Air Force down in Germany, gentlemen, destroying its factories by systematic plan and destroying its effective, operational planes by combat. We are winning aerial supremacy, and the reinforcements you give us are the price of that supremacy."

Brockhurst stole another glance at Dennis and there stirred in the back of his mind some lines he had not recalled for years:—

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools, . . .

But Dennis was not hearing it. Brockhurst doubted that he was even aware of it. His eyes were still on the sky outside. The only sign he showed of having heard Kane's conclusion was to glance briefly at his wrist watch.

"Gennel," said Malcolm, "I consideh that a mastehful summary, mastehful."

"Thank you, Mr. Malcolm. I hope I've been able to show you —"

"General," said Stone, "that's interesting but we have other problems, too. The air war isn't the only one."

"We never forget that, Mr. Stone. We hold it a high privilege to pave the way for our companion services. No battle in this war has been won without aerial supremacy, as I pointed out."

"That may be true here," said Field. "But the Navy thinks —"

"Sir, coöperation with Naval objectives is one of our foremost commitments. You gentlemen have just heard Major Prescott explain how General Dennis sent this Division all the way to Gritzenheim to knock out the most significant torpedo factory in Europe. We knew it would cost us heavy losses but if there's one thing this Command prides itself on it's looking at the war as a whole. Ample replacements are essential if we're to continue fulfilling that part of our directive which gives Naval objectives a very high priority among our target categories."

"You're getting most of the available replacements now," said Stone. "What did you say your loss rate is?"

"Loss and claim chart again, Sergeant."

Evans shuffled through the exhibits and produced another twenty square feet of wallboard. Its essential information, like that of the rest, could have been written clearly on a playing card.

"Over-all rate four point nine per cent so far, sir."

"That's computed up to?" Field persisted patiently.

"Last Sunday, sir," said Kane quickly. "We only total calculations at the end of each week."

"What are losses this week, General?"

"I'll have to tell you tomorrow, Mr. Stone, when I've heard from all the Divisions."

He nodded quickly to Evans for removal of the board but Malcolm spoke up now with authority in his slow accents.

"Just a minute Sahgent, till I see if I can get this thu my haid. What were losses in this Division, Gennel?"

Kane hesitated. "Have you the figures, General Dennis?"

Dennis rose before answering. "Ninety-four lost outright, five in the Channel, and thirty-odd damaged beyond economical repair, sir."

38

BROCKHURST saw both Kane and Garnett start at the mention of the planes in the Channel and the Category E's. These were never included in public reports. The explanation was that such information might comfort an enemy who presumably did not know of them, after several years of his own cross-Channel bombing operations. Malcolm appeared to cogitate before proceeding with silky deliberation.

"Neah about a hund'ed an' thirty, out of what over-all strength, Gennel Dennis?"

"It varies with the replacement flow, sir. The average runs from one eighty to two hundred."

Malcolm's face clouded over slowly as if struggling to cover an unbearable personal pain. "That would mean betteh than 60 puh cent in this Division against

youah over-all average of less than five, wouldn't it, Gennel Kane?"

"For this Division, for this week, yes," admitted Kane. "But we had two exceptionally bad days. When these losses are figured into the aggregate average —"

"I undehtan' the aggregate average, suh, but I don't undehtan' this discrepancy between Gennel Dennis's Division an' the othehs. Perhaps Gennel Dennis will explain his own self."

Dennis spoke with quiet patience: "This Division has the only extension tanks for especially distant targets, sir. Both these operations were beyond the range of friendly fighter escort."

"An' the boys who were lost were deliberately sent beyon' the range of friendly fighteh coveh?"

"Yes."

"May I ask who ohdehed these operations?"

"I did."

"On youah own authority?"

"Yes."

Kane intervened quickly now, showing obvious agitation.

"General Dennis was quite within his technical authority, Mr. Malcolm. It happened that when these particular attacks were ordered I was too engrossed with other duties to keep myself entirely cognizant of the changing weather picture. In those circumstances all Divisions are released to Commanders' discretion."

"I undehtan' the technicalities, Gennel Kane. No one expec's a man of youah responsibilities to plan every attack foh every Division every night." He paused to let the exoneration sink in before continuing. "But the fac's appeah to be that the minute youah back was turned Gennel Dennis took it on his own self to ohdeh these disastrous attacks."

"They were not disastrous," said Dennis evenly. "Posenleben was the best piece of bombing in this war. As for yesterday —"

"That was a great success," interrupted Kane. "The Navy has been very eager for us to destroy that torpedo plant. It was a great piece of inter-service coöperation and a very bright spot in General Dennis's record."

"Gennel Kane," said Malcolm, "I honoh youah loyalty to youah subohdinate Commandeh but it looks to me like ouah boys are payin' a pretty bloody price foh Gennel Dennis's recohd."

"They're paying a bloody price for the whole country's record, Mr. Malcolm," said Dennis quietly.

"You consideh the country's responsible foh you sendin' these boys beyon' frien'ly fighteh coveh?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"How did you vote on the fortification of Guam?"

"What?"

"How did you vote on the fortification of Guam?"

Stone's chuckle broke a perceptible silence. "By God, Aaaathur, he's got you."

Malcolm's ruddy face was turning livid.

"We'll see who's got who —"

"Arthur," said Field evenly, "it's not our place to criticize operations. What are you attacking to-day, General Kane?"

"Why — as you gentlemen know, I was on my way to you at the time of the determinative weather conference. I think General Dennis can explain the details more clearly than I."

As if unconscious of Malcolm now, Dennis walked quietly to the wall, stripped the masking curtain from the map, and pointed with a finger as he explained unemotionally.

"This is a three-pronged operation today, gentlemen. General Salmond's Division is attacking the Brest shipyards and sub pen. General Endicott's Division will attack a submarine repair yard at Emden almost simultaneously. The Fifth Division is attacking the Focke-Schmidt Aircraft factory at Schweinhafen."

The others crowded over to the map for a closer examination. Brockhurst noticed that General Kane's red cross through Schweinhafen had been erased during the night. The black markings indicating Schweinhafen and Fendelhorst gained prominence from the proximity of the heavy red cancellation of Posenleben. Malcolm scowled at them thoughtfully.

"Seems to me I heard this Division attacked Schweinhafen yestehday, Gennel."

"The target was cloud-covered, Mr. Malcolm," said Kane quickly. "Colonel Martin, who had been instructed for that very contingency, very wisely decided to take the torpedo factory instead, knowing how long we had been planning on it. It was a wonderful piece of air generalship, gentlemen. Colonel Martin is our outstanding flying Commander."

Stone pondered. "Is that the Martin who was in hot water over plane tests a few years ago?"

Kane smiled benignly. "Colonel Martin was a very impetuous young man, Mr. Stone, but those qualities are standing us in good stead now."

Field nodded now with an air of remembrance. "It seems to me, if I recollect rightly, that plane he complained of never did come to much. Will we have a chance to meet him?"

"Later," said Dennis. "He's leading the Division today."

(To be concluded)